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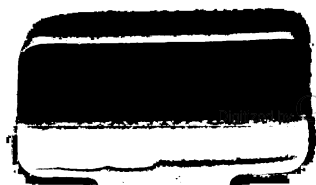
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M. P. Tilley
March - Feb., '40



MUSSEL MOU'D CHARLIE, THE LAST OF THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.
From an old Print. [See Song and Note, No. CCIV., pp. 424 and 510.]

4

JACOBITE SONGS AND BALLADS

(SELECTED).

*WITH NOTES,
GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE STUARTS,
INTRODUCTION, GLOSSARY, &c.*

EDITED BY
GILBERT S. MACQUOID.

LONDON:
WALTER SCOTT, 24 WARWICK LANE.
1888.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the present edition it will be found that there are many alterations from the last.

A few songs which appeared in the last edition, and which could not be classed as strictly Jacobite, have been omitted, while, on the other hand, upwards of thirty songs have been added. The whole collection is, almost without exception, confined to the productions of the Scottish muse; Shenstone's "Jemmy Dawson" forms the most noticeable variation from this rule. (See song and note No. cxli.)

The order of the songs has been a good deal altered; those written since the days of Jacobitism have been put in a separate list and classed as modern. The notes have been in nearly every instance enlarged, in many cases rewritten, and some are entirely new. Short details have, as a rule, been given about the known authors of the songs. An index to the first lines and a glossary have been added, and the genealogical note and table have been extended. The editor begs to thank most gratefully Professor J. S. Blackie, Dr. Charles Mackay, Dr. Charles Rogers, and Mr. F. B. Bickley for kind information, and the press for valuable suggestions.

Library
R
Morris P. Tully
5.28.48

INTRODUCTION.

7-6-48 M.F.
IN the following poems and ballads the arrangement is as nearly as possible chronological, so as to give in some measure a history of the events which they commemorate.

Among the number will be found many poems of great beauty, dramatic power, and pathos, while some, though characteristic and humorous, are little better than doggerel. What must chiefly strike the reader, as he looks through these songs of the people, is the wonderful variety they show, and the forcible way in which they exemplify the manifold feelings and passions of human nature.

The Highlanders were essentially a conservative people; they clung to old fashions, and they resisted fiercely all attempts at innovation. Throughout the songs this conservatism is predominant; the cry is constantly for the old ways and the old insular line of kings; and the bitter feeling against the House of Hanover seems to be greatly due to its foreign element and to its new-fangled customs.

But, apart from this love of old fashions, as one reads the history of the Stuarts, it is difficult to account for the veneration in which the ill-fated family was held, unless we give great weight to the powers of personal fascination which several members of the family possessed. It was customary among some historians to lay stress upon the ill-luck of the Stuarts, and to declare that even the elements

warred against them; but when their acts of government, or misgovernment, are considered—and this applies more particularly to the Stuarts who ruled over England—it is remarkable that they met with even as much success as they did, and that they were tolerated for so long a time.

To a collection of this description there seems to be little need for a preface, the songs speak so strongly and so feelingly for themselves.

The songs and notes in this volume are chiefly taken from Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," in two volumes, and from "Jacobite Minstrelsy," a collection founded to a great extent upon Hogg's book, and which was published in 1829. Much additional valuable matter and information have been gained from Peter Buchan's MS. collection, his edition of the wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald, Dr. Charles Mackay's "Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland," and his "Book of Scottish Songs," Dr. Charles Rogers' "Modern Scottish Minstrel," and "Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne." Among the other books consulted may be mentioned Johnson's "Scot's Musical Museum," Crome's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," Peter Cunningham's edition of "The Poems and Songs of Allan Cunningham," W. S. Douglas' edition of "The Works of Robert Burns," 1877-79, the Rev. T. Thomson's "Works of the Ettrick Shepherd," Professor H. Morley's "Library of English Literature," Hume and Smollett's "History of England," Chambers' "History of the Rebellion," Lord Mahon's "History of England," Swift's "Journal to Stella," Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," Dr. Doran's "London in the Jacobite Times," Jamieson's "Dictionary of the Scottish Language," etc., etc.

James Hogg, or the Ettrick Shepherd as he was more familiarly called, versified a number of songs from translations of the Gaelic which were furnished to him by different people, and he called his versions imitations from the Gaelic rather than anything else. Some songs he entirely composed himself, and others he altered.

The Ettrick Shepherd was born in 1770 in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, in Selkirkshire. His ancestors had been shepherds for centuries. His father, Robert Hogg, for a time wooed fortune as a farmer, but after losing all his property he became a shepherd again.

James, after some schooling, was brought up as a shepherd. The boy's fondness for music made him save up his money until he had enough to buy an old fiddle, and he used perseveringly to practise thereon in a shed. There is a story told that a fiddler once came to play for a dance given at the farm where Hogg worked. As the fiddler, exulting in his prowess, went home at night, suddenly, to his alarm, he heard his tunes sounding most barbarously in the midnight air : he looked round but could not see any one, and, terrified, he ran off as fast as he could. It appears that Hogg, concealed in his shed, was scraping away desperately at all the fiddler's airs that he could remember. The young shepherd spent a great deal of his time in reading, and he devoured every book that came in his way, but after a time, from fiddling and looking after sheep, he took to writing, and brought out a book of "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs." He became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, whose friendship was of great value in helping him on in literature.

With the money made by his early books he tried his hand at farming, but in this he was not more successful than his father had been, and at the beginning of this

century he established himself in Edinburgh as a literary man. His poetical reputation was made by the publication of "The Queen's Wake." He died at Altrive Lake, Yarrow, on the 21st of November, 1835.

Several of the finest songs in the present collection are attributed to various well-known poets who have lived since Jacobite days, including—besides Hogg—Burns, Scott, Campbell, Allan Cunningham, Lady Nairne, etc. ; but the names of the authors of the greater number of the old songs are not known. Some of the songs are purely party productions, and show the strong animus which existed between the different clans.

Hume defines a Tory as "a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart." A Whig, as "a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy, and a friend to the settlement in the British line." A Jacobite, as "a Tory who has no regard to the constitution, but is either a zealous partizan of absolute monarchy, or at least willing to sacrifice our liberties to the obtaining the succession in that family to which he is attached." In Scotland, at this period, there appear to have been only two parties—Whigs, who comprised the Presbyterians and the bulk of the people, and Jacobites, who were Episcopalians and non-jurors.

Jacobite song may be said really to date from the Revolution of 1688 and the flight of James the Second (from whose name in Latin, *Jacobus*, the word Jacobite is derived), although there are many songs before that period which might be classed as Jacobite.

The battle of Killiecrankie, fought in July, 1689, between Graham of Claverhouse at the head of 3000 Highlanders, and General Mackay in command of nearly 5000 Englishmen, is a leading event in the Jacobite cause. Here,

unluckily for the cause, Claverhouse, as he headed a desperate but victorious charge, was mortally wounded by a random shot, and the hopes of the Jacobites for the time died away with him.

The battle of the Boyne in July, 1690, forms another important subject for the singers. Then the death of William the Third in 1702, caused by the stumble of his horse over a mole-hillock—the Scottish Act of Succession in 1703—the Union in 1707—the accession and arrival in England of George the First in 1714, gave occasion for a great outbreak in song; but many of the songs of this period are perhaps more witty than elegant. Then comes the rebellion of 1715, made on behalf of James Edward, the Old Pretender, the son of James the Second and Mary of Modena, under the Earl of Mar in the north of Scotland; a leading event in this rebellion was the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir, fought on the 13th of November. Simultaneously a rising took place in Northumberland under the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster. They were joined by 2000 Highlanders and marched into Lancashire, but they were soon surrounded by the Royal forces, and surrendered at Preston, on the same day as the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought. This rebellion, known commonly as “the ‘Fifteen,” owing to the apathy of Mar and of the Chevalier de St. George, soon died away, although Mar was at one time at the head of 10,000 men; if the cause had been headed by the energetic Young Pretender, Charles Edward, instead of by his weak and vicious father, it would, in the opinion of many good judges, have proved successful, for a time at any rate; but it took place five years before the birth of that daring and chivalrous young Prince.¹

¹ For a life-like study of the Old Pretender, see Thackeray's “*Esmond*.”

The escape from the Tower in London of Lord Nithsdale, disguised in a woman's dress, the whole affair being planned and carried out by the wonderful ingenuity and courage of his wife, forms a remarkable incident at the period of "the 'Fifteen."

There is great pathetic beauty in several of the songs bearing upon this rebellion and the events in connection with it. These verses of "Derwentwater's Farewell" may be quoted as an example:—

"Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell, each kindly well-known face
My heart has held so dear ;
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn grey ;
No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day :
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster ever true ;
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu."

During the following years there is much ridicule showered on George the First and George the Second, and their families and courts, by the Jacobite minstrels, as in "O what's the matter with the Whigs?" "Though Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead," etc.

The dramatic power in some of the songs is very great, and is especially striking in "The Young Maxwell," which must be given here in full:—

“ Where gang thee, thou silly auld carle ?
And what do you carry there ? ”
“ I’m gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair.”

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
And a gude lang stride took he :
“ I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me ? ”

And he has gane wi’ the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side ;
“ Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canna ride.”

He drew the reins o’ his bonny grey steed,
An’ lightly down he sprang ;
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An’ his bonnet frae ’boon his bree,
An’ wha was it but the young Maxwell !
An’ his gude braidsword drew he.

“ Thou kill’d my father, thou vile Southron,
And thou kill’d my brethren three,
Whilk brak the heart o’ my ae sister,
I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e.

“ Draw out yere sword, thou vile Southron,
Red wat wi’ blude o’ my kin ;
That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
E’er lifted its head to the sun.

“ There’s ae sad stroke for my dear auld father,
There’s twa for my brethren three,
And there’s ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e.”

(See also the note to this song at the end of the volume,
No. lxi.)

In 1745 comes the last great effort of the Stuarts to regain the forfeited crown of Great Britain. This attempt, called "the 'Forty-five," was made, as every one knows, by Charles Edward Stuart, the eldest son of the Old Pretender and Clementina Sobieski, the grand-daughter of John Sobieski, the famous king of Poland. Charles was born at Rome on the 31st of December (New Style), 1720, so that at the time of his coming to Scotland on his adventurous enterprise he was but twenty-four years old. At this period he appears to have been remarkably handsome. He was very tall and athletic, and had a charm of manner which few could resist. He had also good abilities, great generosity, and unconquerable energy; and—such a terror had he and his wild Highlanders established—if he had possessed more patience and greater statesmanlike qualities, it appears to be a matter of some doubt whether he might not for a short time have gained the crown.

Who does not call to mind the tale of his arrival in Scotland in July, 1745, with but seven devoted followers—the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir John Macdonald, Kelly a non-juring clergyman, Francis Strickland, Æneas Macdonald, and Buchanan a messenger? The raising of the Standard in August at Glenfinnan, Loch Shiel, by the aged Marquis of Tullibardine—the want of enthusiasm at first shown for Charles's cause, then the rapid gathering of his army—his march on and entry into Edinburgh in his tartan coat, bonnet blue, white cockade, and star of the order of St. Andrew—his occupation of Holyrood, the home of his ancestors—his gracious reception there of the nobles and chiefs already attached to his cause or won over by his powers of fascination (so skilfully portrayed in "Waverley")—his decisive victory over Sir John Cope at Prestonpans—the death of the heroic Colonel

Gardiner in action, cut down by a Highlander with a scythe close to his own house—the abuse heaped upon Cope—then Charles's rapid progress through England as far as Derby—the conflict of opinions amongst his leaders whether to advance or retreat—the alarm throughout the country, and especially the panic in London—the camp for the defence of the metropolis established at Finchley, and so vividly pictured by Hogarth—the apathy of the English Jacobites in the cause—then the collapse and the sudden retreat from Derby to Glasgow, chiefly brought about by the disputes among Charles's generals, and especially by the feud between Lord George Murray and James Murray, of Broughton, the Prince's secretary—the whole expedition from Edinburgh to Derby and back to Glasgow, a distance of 580 miles, with several halts on the way, taking but fifty-six days, and making one of the most remarkable forced marches in history—then the victory gained over General Hawley at Falkirk, and the disastrous defeat by the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden—the cruelties practised on the Highlanders after the battle—the bloody and iron rule of the ferocious "Butcher" Duke; and, finally, the desperate and romantic adventures of Prince Charles in his flight, while avoiding the pursuit of the government—all these are chronicled or touched on in the ballads. For five months, from April to September, the Young Pretender went through such a series of fatigues and escapes as, for difficulty and danger, were perhaps never exceeded by any man, and only his exceptional physique enabled him to support the constant privation and exposure. And all this time the price of £30,000 was set on his head, and not one of those whom he trusted, many of them in the humblest rank of life, was found to betray him!

At last, when escape seemed to be hopeless, Charles

was saved by Flora Macdonald. She, and a trusty Highland servant named Neil MacEachan, enabled the Young Pretender, dressed as a woman, to elude his pursuers.

Later on he took refuge for three weeks with some robbers in their cave in the mountains; and shortly after, shattered in mind and body, a beggar and an outcast, on the 20th of September, 1746, Charles embarked at Loch-nanuagh, where he had landed, full of hope and energy, rather more than a year before.

On the 29th of September he reached Roscoff in Brittany (now famous for its vegetables and fruit), and so made his way to Paris and Versailles, where he was well received by Louis the Fifteenth.

During the summer of 1746 Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino were tried and executed in London for the share they had taken in the rebellion. Lord Kilmarnock expressed much remorse for his conduct, but Lord Balmerino said, as he laid his head on the block, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause."

The double-faced old fox, Lord Lovat, although upwards of eighty years of age, was beheaded in the following year.

With the failure of "the 'Forty-five," Jacobitism may be said to have received its death-blow, and though the songs flickered on until the restoration of the forfeited estates in 1784, the Highlanders had for many years past settled down into comparatively quiet habits and submission to the laws.

The Young Pretender, long a sad wreck from his youthful promise, died on the 30th of January, 1788, and was buried at Frascati. Here is a portrait of him in 1770, by Mrs. Miller, an English lady, who was staying at Rome at that time :—

"The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively ; he appears red and bloated in the face ; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking ; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval ; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress is scarlet, laced with broad gold lace ; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand ; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance."

The following vivid and beautiful lines by Professor J. S. Blackie well sum up Charles's character and the history of "the 'Forty-five." The lines were written on "The Monument of Prince Charles Edward at Glenfinnan, Loch Shiel" :—

¹ " Misfortuned youth, if daring gave a claim,
And splendid hazard to a hero's glory,
Then history knew than thine no nobler story
In the bright rolls of Greek and Roman fame.
For thou wert bold, and what thy fancy bred,
Of flattering fond conceit thy heart believed ;
And they who followed where thy bright dreams led,
Dashed into hopeless strife, and were deceived.
For thou lacked wisdom, and thy speed outran
Thy strength ; strong trees take longest time to grow ;
Wishes have wings ; but in the state of man,
Deeds creep behind with limping pace and slow—
Thrice hapless prince, for thy bold, brilliant whim,
Thy friends must pay in woes that overbrim."

The Pretender's younger brother, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, the last representative in the male line of

¹ From "Lays of the Highlands and Islands," by kind permission of Professor Blackie.

the Royal English House of Stuart, died in 1807. (See genealogical note and table.)

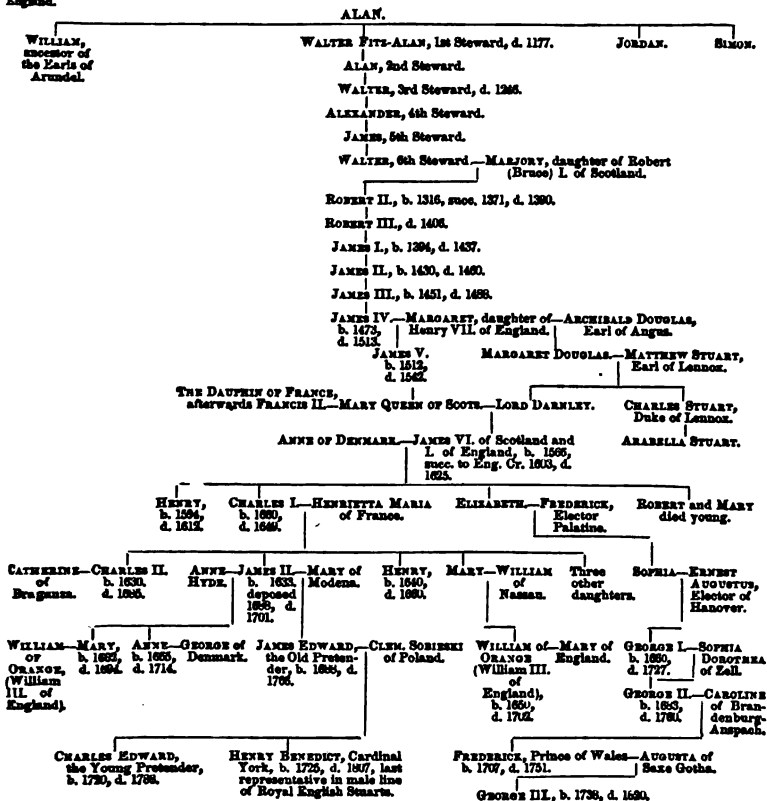
In St. Peter's, at Rome, there is a stately monument by Canova to the memory of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of England.

Taken as a whole, as one reads these Jacobite songs, one seems to feel the pulse of those throbbing times, and to have vividly brought before one the sudden changes from hope, hesitation, success, failure, fierce anger, sarcasm, love, hate, pathos, and other kindred feelings and passions, which at all times, though most strongly, perhaps, during periods of civil war, sway the minds of men.

G. S. MACQUOID.

GENEALOGICAL NOTE AND TABLE.

THE Stuarts (also written Stewart and Stuart) were descended from Alan (the son of Fiad), a Norman Baron of Oswestry Castle in Salop. Alan's second son, Walter Fitz-Alan, was appointed High Steward of Scotland by King David I. in the first half of the 12th century. The office was made hereditary, and the Stuarts took their name from the word "Steward," the title of their office. Walter, the third Steward, the grandson of Walter Fitz-Alan, was the first to adopt "Stewart" as a surname. Mary Queen of Scots is stated to have first used the spelling "Stuart." Walter, the sixth Steward, a descendant from Alan in the sixth degree, married Marjory, the daughter of Robert (Bruce) I. of Scotland, and their son succeeded to the Crown as Robert II. in 1370-71. Eight degrees more in direct descent brings us to James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.



SONGS.

CARLE, AN' THE KING COME.

I

I.

CARLE, AN' THE KING COME.

CARLE, an' the king come,
Carle, an' the king come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carle, an' the king come.
An' somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ev'ry man shall ha'e his ain,
 Carle, an' the king come.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse,
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carle, an' the king come.
When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
 Carle, an' the king come.
Cogie, an' the king come,
Cogie, an' the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
 Cogie, an' the king come.

A

II.

THE RESTORATION.

To curb usurpation, by th' assistance of France,
With love to his country, see Charlie advance !
He's welcome to grace and distinguish this day,
The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.

Your glasses charge high, 'tis in great Charles' praise !
In praise, in praise, 'tis in great Charles' praise ;
To's success your voices and instruments raise,
To's success your voices and instruments raise.

Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand ;
The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
To crown the brave Charles, the chief of the clan.

Your glasses, etc.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,
Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry and fear,
At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.

Your glasses, etc.

Whilst in Pleasure's soft arms millions now court repose,
Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes ;
To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
And in Liberty's cause he conquers or dies !

Your glasses, etc.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
To satiate his pride sets our country in flame,
How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind
Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind !

Your glasses, etc.

Ye brave clans, on whom we just honour bestow,
O think on the source whence our dire evils flow !
Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
And fix them in chains who would Britons enthrall.

Your glasses, etc.

III.

CAKES O' CROUDY.

CHINNIE the deddy, and Rethy the monkey;
Leven the hero, and little Pitcunkie ;
O where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy ?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion ;
And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherry trees Davy.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,
For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what think ye ?
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy ?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,
Weel kend Mr. Wm. Veitch, and Mass John Goudy,
For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lassies,
There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses,
They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Mackay for lying, lean Lawrence for griping,
Grave Bernard for stories, Dalgleish for his piping,
Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater,
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,
For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous,
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
The reproach of mankind, and disgrace of our nation ;
De'il hash them, de'il smash them, and make them a soudy,
Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

IV.

KILLICRANKIE.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen
Came down upon the raw,¹ man,
Who, being stout, gave many a clout,
The lads began to claw, then.
With sword and targe into their hand,
Wi' which they were na slaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
She flang amang them a', man ;
The Butter-box got many knocks,
Their riggings paid for a', then.
They got their paiks wi' sudden straits,
Which to their grief they saw, man ;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns
The lads began to fa', then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man ;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleaved in twa', then.

¹ Advanced in a row.

The durk and door made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man ;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a paw, then.

The solemn league and covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills, then ;
In Willie's¹ name they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,
But hur nane-sell, wi' mony a knock,
Cried, " Furich, Whigs awa', man."

Sir Evan-Dhu,² and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man ;
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink, then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man ;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa', then.

Och on a ri, och on a ri,
Why should she lose King Shames, man ?
Och rig in di, och rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes, then ;

¹ William III. ² Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

With, furichinish, and stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man ;
She's gi' a straik out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa', then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Her nane-sell's won the day, man ;
King Shames' red coats¹ should be hung up,
Because they ran awa', then :
Hâd bent their brows, like Highland trues,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie'd run awa', then.

¹ Irish recruits sent by King James to the assistance of Claverhouse.

v.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

As I came in by Auchindown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the Highlands I was boun',
 To view the haughs of Cromdale,
I met a man in tartan trews,
I speir'd at him what was the news ;
Quoth he, the Highland army rues
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, Sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came ;
A bloody battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The English horse they were sae rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

But, alas ! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way ?
For I will o'er the hills this day
 And view the haughs of Cromdale.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE

Alas, my Lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day
And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
A second battle then began,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Grant, MacKenzie, and Mackay,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most valiantly,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they returned again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh played a bloody game
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
M'Phersons none could them eontrol,
M'Lauchlins fought with heart and soul,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Lean, M'Dougal, and M'Neal,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haughs of Cromdale

The Gordons foremost did advance,
The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So fiercely set upon their foes,
They brought them down with Highland blows,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lie on the plain,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

VI.

WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER.

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary ;
I may think on the day that's gane,
And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
A foreign loon to own or flatter ;
But I will sing a ranting sang,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day
That I ha'e begged, and begged frae Heaven,
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
And dance and sing frae morn till even ;
For there is ane I winna name
That comes the reigning bike to scatter ;
And I'll put on my bridal gown
That day our king comes o'er the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter ;
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver !
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

VII.

THIS IS NO' MY AIN HOUSE.

O *THIS* is no' my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't ;
For bow-kail thrave at my door cheek,
 And thrissles on the riggin o't.
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face ;
And sin' he claimed my daddy's place,
 I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek ;
But bread and cheese were his door cheek,
 And girdle cakes the riggin o't.

O this is no' my ain house, etc.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary prigging o't.

O this is no' my ain house, etc.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringing foreign goose
To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin o't.

O this is no' my ain house, etc.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?

O this is no' my ain house, etc.

VIII.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.

O WILLIE, Willie Wanbeard,¹
He's awa' frae hame,
Wi' a budget on his back,
An' a wallet at his wame :
But some will sit on his seat,
Some will eat his meat,
Some will stand i' his shoon
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to ride,
Wi' a bullet in his boretree,
And a shabble by his side ;
But some will white wi' Willie's knife,
Some will kiss Willie's wife,
Some will wear his bonnet
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to sail,
Wi' water in his waygate,
An' wind in his tail,
Wi' his back boonermost,
An' his kyte downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Fighting wi' his kail.

¹ A nickname given to William III. by the Jacobites.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to fight;
But fight dog, fight bane,
Willie will be right :
An' he'll do, what weel he may,
An' has done for mony a day ;
Wheel about, an' rin away,
Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard
Riding through the rye ?
O saw ye Daddy Duncan
Praying like to cry ?
That howe in a 'tato fur
There may Willie lie,
Wi' his neb boonermost
An' his doup downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Like a Pessie pie.

Play, piper, play, piper,
Play a bonny spring,
For there's an auld harper
Harping to the king,
Wi' his sword by his side,
An' his sign on his reade,
An' his crown on his head,
Like a true king.

IX.

THE BLACKBIRD.

ONCE on a morning of sweet recreation,
I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Aye singing, "My Blackbird for ever is flown !
He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
So justly, my love, my heart follows thee ;
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

"I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind,
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
But his name I'll advance in Britain or France.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be.

"The birds of the forest are all met together,
The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
Once more in the spring-time to seek out my love.
But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
Hath caused this parting between him and me,
His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !"

X.

WILLIE THE WAG.¹

O, I HAD a wee bit mailin,
 And I had a good grey mare,
 And I had a braw bit dwalling,
 Till Willie the wag came here.
 He waggit me out o' my mailin,
 He waggit me out o' my gear,
 And out o' my bonny black gowny,
 That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd and he waggit his tail,
 Till he poison'd the true well-e'e;
 And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue
 He gart the brave Monmouth die.
 He waggit us out o' our rights,
 And he waggit us out o' our law,
 And he waggit us out o' our king;
 O that grieves me the warst of a'.

The tod rules o'er the lion,
 The midden's aboon the moon,
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe
 To a fause and a foreign loon.
 O walyfu' fa' the piper
 That sells his wind sae dear!
 And O walyfu' fa' the time
 When Willie the wag came here!

¹ A nickname given to William III. by the Jacobites.

XI.

O WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER.

O WHAT's the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The lad has into England come
And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog, he sanna keep it lang,
To flinch we'll make him fain again;
We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
And James shall ha'e his ain again.
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
A psalm-book and a presbyter.

XII.

WILLIE WINKIE'S¹ TESTAMENT.

O TELL me, Fader Denison,
Do you tink dat my life be done?
So be, den do I leave vit you
My parshments and my trunks at Loo ;
Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,
Von press, von black book, and von red ;
Dere you vill find direction give,
Vat mans shall die, and vat must live.

Dere you vill find it in my vill,
Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
And, if dey please, who dem must quit ;
Mine good vench Anne must look to it.
Voe's me, dat I did ever sat
On trone ! But now no more of dat.
Take you, moreover, Denison,
De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.

Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,
And all de curses of de Scot,
Dat dey did give me vonder vell,
For Darien and dat Macdonell.

¹ A nickname given to William III. by the Jacobites.

Dese are de tings I fain vould give,
Now dat I have not time to live :
O take dem off mine hands, I pray !
I'll go de lighter on my vay.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,
Von cap vould better fit von man,
And vit it all de firebrands red,
Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.
All dis I hereby do bequeath,
Before I shake de hand vit death.
It is de ting could not do good,
It came vit much ingratitude.

And tell her, Denison, vrom me,
To lock it by most carefully,
And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,
Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.
I have von hope, I have but von,
'Tis veak, but better vit dan none ;
Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
De prayer of de selfish Whig.

XIII.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703).

I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys,
The like you ne'er heard of before ;
Old Scotland at last is grown wise,
And England shall bully no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,
A true Presbyterian plot,
Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
Is now kicked out by a vote.

The Lutheran dame¹ may be gone,
Our foes shall address us no more ;
If the treaty² should never go on,
She for ever is kick'd out of door.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
The English shall no more oppress us ;
There's something in every man's view
That in due time we hope shall redress us.

¹ Sophia, Electress-Dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

² For the union of Scotland with England.

This hundred years past we have been
Dull slaves, and ne'er strove yet to mend ;
It came by an old barren queen,
And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,
And England with treaties should woo us,
We'll clog her before she comes home,
That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,
From parties and quarrels abstain ;
Let us English councils defeat,
And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redress'd,
Consider, the power is our own ;
Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
Our ancestors kept themselves free ;
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare !
If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in,
As later examples before you ;
And hold out but as you begin,
Like them, the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke, then,
Who has the great labour begun;
He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him,
To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,
To Fletcher, and all honest men;
Ne'er trust the d——d rogues that belie 'em.
Since all our just rights they maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
The hero that still keeps his ground;
To him we must own all our wealth:—
Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,
That so often have foil'd us before,
Be now made the country's sport,
And England shall fool us no more.

XIV.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

SHAME fa' my een,
If e'er I have seen
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
The Campbell and the Graham
Are equally to blame,
Seduced by strong infatuation.
The Squadronie and Whig
Are uppish and look big,
And mean for to rule at their pleasure ;
To lead us by the nose
Is what they now propose,
And enhance to themselves all our treasure.

The Dalrymples came in play,
Though they sold us all away,
And basely betrayed this poor nation :
On justice lay no stress,
For our country they oppress,
Having no sort of commiseration.
No nation ever had
A set of men so bad,
That feed on its vitals like vultures :
Bargeny and Glenco,
And the Union, do show
To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,
Though at best a very tool,
Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him ;
To promise he'll not stick,
To break will be as quick ;
Give him money, ye cannot disgust him.
It happen'd on a day,
"Us cavaliers," he'd say,
And drink all their healths in a brimmer ;
But now he's chang'd his rote,
And again has turned his coat,
And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothes now may huff,
And all the ladies cuff ;
Coulby Black must resolve to knock under ;
Belhaven hath of late
Found his father was a cheat,
And his speech on the Union a blunder ;
Haddington, that saint,
May roar, blaspheme, and rant,
He's a prop to the kirk in his station ;
And Ormiston may hang
The Tories all, and bang
Every man that's against reformation.

Can any find a flaw,
To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,
Or doubt of his deep penetration ?

His charming eloquence
Is as obvious as his sense ;
His knowledge comes by generation.
Though there's some pretend to say
He is but a lump of clay,
Yet these are malignants and Tories,
Who to tell us are not shy,
That he's much inclined to lie,
And famous for coining of stories.

Mr. Cockburn, with fresh airs,
Most gloriously appears,
Directing his poor fellow-creatures ;
And who would not admire
A youth of so much fire,
So much sense, and such beautiful features ?
Lord Polworth need not grudge
The confinement of a judge,
But give way to his lusts and his passion,
Burn his linens every day,
And his creditors ne'er pay,
And practice all the vices in fashion.

Mr. Bailey's surly sense,
And Roxburgh's eloquence,
Must find out a design'd assassination ;
If their plots are not well laid,
Mr. Johnstoun will them aid,
He's expert in that nice occupation.

Though David Bailey's dead,
Honest Kersland's in his stead,
His grace can make use of such creatures ;
Can teach them how to steer,
'Gainst whom and where to swear,
And prove those he hates to be traitors.

Lord Sutherland may roar,
And drink as heretofore,
For he's the bravo of the party ;
Was ready to command
Jeanie Man's trusty band,
In concert with the traitor M'Kertney—
Had not Loudon got a flaw,
And been lying on the straw,
He'd been of great use in his station :
Though he's much decayed in grace,
His son succeeds his place,
A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,
We by no means must forget
That man of renown, Captain Monro ;
Though he looks indeed asquint,
His head's as hard as flint,
And he may well be reckon'd a hero.
Zealous Harry Cunninghame
Hath acquir'd a lasting fame
By the service he's done to the godly :

A regiment of horse
Hath been given away much worse
Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food
Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,
And he did disturb much devotion :
Although he did design
To o'erturn King Willie's reign,
Yet he must not want due promotion.
Like a saint sincere and true,
He discovered all he knew,
And for more there was then no occasion,
Since he made this godly turn,
His breast with zeal doth burn,
For the King and a pure reformation.

The Lady Lauderdale,
And Forfar's mighty zeal,
Brought their sons very soon into favour ;
With grace they did abound,
The sweet of which they found,
When they for their offspring did labour.
There's Tweeddale and his club,
Who have given many a rub
To their honour, their prince, and this nation ;
Next to that heavy drone,
Poor silly Skipness John,
Have established the best reputation.

In making of this list,
Lord Ilay should be first,
A man most upright in spirit ;
He's sincere in all he says,
A double part ne'er plays,
His word he'll not break, you may swear it.
Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,
Have served with all their pith,
And claim some small consideration ;—
Give Hyndford his dragoons,
He'll chastise the Tory loons,
And reform every part of the nation.

Did ever any prince
His favours thus dispense
On men of no merit nor candour ?
Would any King confide
In men that so deride
All notions of conscience and honour ?
Hath any been untold,
How these our country sold,
And would sell it again for more treasure ?
Yet, alas ! these very men
Are in favour now again,
And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

xv.

I HA'E NAE KITH, I HA'E NAE KIN.

I HA'E nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
 Nor ane that's dear to me,
 For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
 He's far ayont the sea.
 He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
 And we may rue the day,
 When our king's ae daughter cam' here,
 To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see ;
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
 Shall blaw our good king hame.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
 And ane I darena name !

XVI.

MY LOVE HE WAS A HIGHLAND LAD.

My love he was a Highland lad,
And come of noble pedigree,
And nane could bear a truer heart,
Or wield a better brand than he.
And O, he was a bonny lad,
The bravest lad that e'er I saw !
May ill betide the heartless wight
That banish'd him and his awa'.

But had our good king kept the field,
When traitors tarrow'd at the law,
There hadna been this waefu' wark,
The weariest time we ever saw.
My love he stood for his true king,
Till standing it could do nae mair :
The day is lost, and sae are we ;
Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

But I wad rather see him roam
An outcast on a foreign strand,
And wi' his master beg his bread,
Nae mair to see his native land,
Than bow a hair o' his brave head
To base usurper's tyrannye ;
Than cringe for mercy to a knave
That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

C

34 *MY LOVE HE WAS A HIGHLAND LAD.*

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
A bud weel kend in glamourye ;
And in that bud there is a bloom,
That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three ;
And in that bloom there is a brier,
Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
Or there is neither faith nor truth,
Nor honour left in our countrie.

XVII.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA'.

FIRST SET.

COME, all fast friends, let's jointly pray,
And pledge our vows on this great day;
And of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa'.

He's o'er the seas and far awa',
He's o'er the seas and far awa';
Yet of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa'.

Though he was banish'd from his throne
By parasites who now are gone
To view the shades which are below,
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,
Go home and keep your sheep and kye;
For it were fitting for you a'
To drink his health that's far awa'.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

But I hope he shortly will be home,
And in good time will mount the throne ;
And then we'll curse and ban the law
That keepit our king sae lang awa'.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

Disloyal Whigs, dispatch, and go
To visit Noll and Will below ;
'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,
Whilst we drink their health that's far awa'.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

XVIII.

QUEEN ANNE; OR, THE AULD GREY MARE.

YOU'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You've towed us into your hand,
 Let them tow out wha can.
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, my dow;
 You've curried the auld mare's hide,
 She'll funk nae mair at you.
 I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
 A tale of truth ye'se hear;
 It is of a wise auld man,
 That had a good grey mare.

He'd twa mares on the hill,
 And ane into the sta',
 But this auld thrawart jade,
 She was the best of a'.
 This auld mare's nead was stiff,
 But nane sae weel could pu';
 Yet she had a will o' her ain,
 Was unco ill to bow.
 Whene'er he touched her flank,
 Then she begoud to glow'r;
 And she'd pu' up her foot,
 And ding the auld man owre.

QUEEN ANNE.

And when he graithed the yaud,
Or curried her hide fu' clean,
Then she wad fidge and wince,
And shaw twa glancing een.
Whene'er her tail played whisk,
Or when her look grew skeigh,
It's then the wise auld man
Was blyth to stand abeigh.
"The deil tak' that auld brute,"
Quo' he, "and me to boot,
But I sall ha'e amends,
Though I should dearly rue't."

He hired a farrier stout,
Frae out the west countrie,
A crafty selfish loon,
That lo'ed the white moneye :
That lo'ed the white moneye,
The white but and the red ;
And he has ta'en an aith
That he wad do the deed.
And he brought a' his smiths,
I wat he paid them weel,
And they ha'e seized the yaud,
And tied her head and heel.

They towed her to a bauk,
On pulleys gart her swing,
Until the good auld yaud
Could nowther funk nor fling ;
Ane rippit her wi' a spur,
Ane daudit her wi' a flail,

Ane proddit her in the lisk,
 Anither aneath the tail.
 The auld wise man he leugh,
 And wow but he was fain !
 And bade them prod eneugh,
 And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,
 And graned and roused sair ;
 And aye her tail played whisk,
 When she dought do nae mair.
 And aye they bored her ribs,
 And ga'e her the tithcr switch ;
 "We'll learn ye to be douce,
 Ye auld wansony ——."
 The mare right piteous stood,
 And bore it patiently ;
 She deem'd it a' for good,
 Though good she couldna see.

But desperation's force
 Will drive a wise man mad :
 And desperation's force
 Has roused the good auld yaud.
 And whan ane desperate grows,
 I tell you true, Queen Anne,
 Nane kens what they will do,
 Be it a beast or man.
 And first she shook her lugs,
 And then she ga'e a snore,
 And then she ga'e a reirde,
 Made a' the smiths to glow'r.

QUEEN ANNE.

The auld wise man grew baugh,
And turned to shank away :
“ If that auld deil get loose,”
Quo’ he, “ we’ll rue the day.”
The thought was hardly thought,
The word was hardly sped,
When down came a’ the house
Aboon the auld man’s head :
For the yaud she made a broost,
Wi’ ten yauds’ strength and mair,
Made a’ the kipples to crash,
And a’ the smiths to rair.

The smiths were smoored ilk ane,
The wise auld man was slain ;
The last word e’er he said,
Was, wi’ a waefu’ mane,
“ O wae be to the yaud,
And a’ her hale countrie !
I wish I had letten her rin,
As wild as wild could be.”
The yaud she ’scaped away
Frae ’mang the deadly stoure,
And chaped away hame to him
That aught her ance afore.

Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow ;
The auld grey mare’s oursel’,
The wise auld man is you.

THE UNION.

XIX.

THE UNION.

Now fy, let us a' to the treaty,
For there will be wonders there,
For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,
And wed to the Earl of Stair.
There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar, sir,
And Morton comes in by-the-bye ;
There's Loudon and Leven, and Weems, sir,
And Sutherland, frequently dry.

There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross ;
The President, Francis Montgomery,
Wha ambles like ony paced horse.
There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,
Whom the court hath had still on their bench ;
There's solid Pitmedden and Forglan,
Wha designed jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoultrie,
And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton ;
There's Arniston, too, and Carnwathie,
Put in by his uncle, L. Wharton ;
There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple ;
There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

THE UNION.

Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
y prove not traitors in fact,
e that their bride be well drest, sir,
Or the devil take all the pack.
May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
Away on his back with a bang ;
Then well may our new-buskit bridie
For her ain first wooer think lang.

XX.

THE CURSES.

SCOTLAND and England must be now
United in a nation,
And we must all perjure and vow,
And take the abjuration.
The Stuart's ancient freeborn race,
Now we must all give over ;
And we must take into their place
The bastards of Hanover.

Curs'd be the Papists who withdrew
The king to their persuasion :
Curs'd be that covenanting crew
Who gave the first occasion.
Curs'd be the wretch who seized the throne,
And marred our constitution ;
And curs'd be they who helped on
That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who,
By their perfidious knavery,
Have brought our nation now into
An everlasting slavery.
Curs'd be the Parliament, that day,
Who gave their confirmation ;
And curs'd be every whining Whig,
For they have damned the nation.

XXI.

THE THISTLE AND ROSE.

It was in old times when trees composed rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow ;
It was in a field, that various did yield,
A Rose and a Thistle did grow.

On a sunshiny day, the Rose chanc'd to say,
" Friend Thistle, I'll be with you plain ;
And if you would be but united to me,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

Says the Thistle, " My spears shield mortals from fears,
Whilst thou dost unguarded remain ;
And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
I'd wish to turn Thistle again."

" O my friend," says the Rose, " you falsely suppose,
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain !
You would take so much pleasure in beauty's vast
treasure,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
To all the gay flowers of the plain,
Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
And now are united the twain.

But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
She fetch'd a deep groan, with many Ohon !
"O were I a Thistle again !"

XXII.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.

Awa', Whigs, awa',
 Awa', Whigs, awa',
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
 Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
 Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair,
 And bonny bloomed our roses ;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And withered a' our posies.

Awa', Whigs, etc.

Our sad decay in kirk and state
 Surpasses my describing ;
 The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,
 And we ha'e done wi' thriving.

Awa', Whigs, etc.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
 In Scottish yird to cover,
 But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
 And pack him to Hanover.

Awa', Whigs, etc.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust ;
Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't,
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.

Awa', Whigs, etc.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken ;
Gude help the day, when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin !

Awa', Whigs, etc.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,
And ramping cam' amang us ;
But he pitied us sae cursed wi' Whigs,
He turned and wadna wrang us.

Awa', Whigs, etc.

The deil sat grim amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brunstane matches,
And crooned 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.

*Awa', Whigs, awa',
Awa', Whigs, awa',
Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
Awa', Whigs, awa'.*

XXIII.

PERFIDIOUS BRITAIN.

PERFIDIOUS Britain, plunged in guilt,
Rebellious sons of loyal race,
How long, how long will ye insult
Your banished monarch suing peace? .
What floods of native blood are spilt!
What sewers of treason drain our land!
How many scourges have we felt
In the late aspiring tyrant's hand!

An age is past, the age is come,
When we from bondage must be freed;
Hundreds have met an unjust doom,
And right or slav'ry must succeed.
Ye powers omnipotent, declare
Your justice, guard the British throne—
Protect the good, the righteous heir;
And to no stranger give the crown.

The heavens their vengeance now begin;
The thunder's dart shall havoc bring;
Repent, repent that hell-born sin!
Call home, call home your injured king!
His great progenitors have swayed
Your sceptre nigh the half of time,
And his loved race will be obeyed
Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right
This long succession does entail ;
Think how your gallant fathers fought,
That Fergus' line might never fail.
Let England's worthies blush to own
How they their only prince withstood
Who now remains to grace the throne
Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.

But glorious James, of royal stem,
Your God's vicegerent and your king,
Your peace, your all combined in him,
Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring ;
James, Heaven's darling and its care,
The brightest youth of mortal frame,
For virtue, beauty, form, and air :
Call home your rightful king, for shame !

XXIV.

LOCHMABEN GATE.

As I came by Lochmaben Gate,
It's there I saw the Johnstons riding ;
Away they go, and they feared no foe,
With their drums a-beating, colours flying.
All the lads of Annandale
Came there, their gallant chief to follow ;
Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale,
With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I asked a man what meant the fray ?
"Good sir," said he, "you seem a stranger :
This is the twenty-ninth of May ;
Far better had you shun the danger.
These are rebels to the throne,
Reason have we all to know it ;
Popish knaves and dogs each one,
Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

I looked the traitor in the face,
Drew out my brand and ettdle at him :
"Deil send a' the Whiggish race
Downward to the dad that gat 'em !"
Right sair he gloomed, but naething said,
While my heart was like to scunner,
Cowards are they born and bred,
Ilka whinging praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
And fast I spurred by knight and lady,
And thrice I waved it in the air,
Where a' our lads stood ranked and ready.
"Long live King James!" aloud I cried,
"Our nation's king, our nation's glory!"
"Long live King James!" they all replied,
"Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!"

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
And mony a braw and buskined lady:
But lang I'll mind Lochmaben Gate,
And a' our lads for battle ready.
And when I gang by Locher Brigs,
And o'er the moor, at e'en or morrow,
I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

XXV.

AT AUCHINDOWN.

AT Auchindown, the tenth of June,
Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir,
Each lad and lass did fill a glass,
And drink a health that day, sir.
We drank a health, and no' by stealth,
'Mang kimmers bright and lordly :
" King James the Eighth ! for him we'll fight,
And down wi' cuckold Geordie ! "

We took a spring, and danced a fling,
A wow but we were vogie !
We didna fear, though we lay near
The Campbells, in Stra'bogie :
Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
At Fochaber's a-raising :
If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
And send them to their grazing.

We feared no harm, and no alarm,
No word was spoke of dangers ;
We joined the dance, and kissed the lance,
And swore us foes to strangers,
To ilka name that dared disclaim
Our Jamie and his Charlie.
" King James the Eighth ! for him we'll fight,
And down the cuckold carlie ! "

XXVI.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

OF all the days that's in the year,
The tenth of June I love most dear,
When our white roses will appear,
 For sake of Jamie the Rover.
In tartans braw our lads are drest,
With roses glancing on their breast ;
For amang them a' we love him best,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I came in by Auchindown,
The drums did beat, and trumpets sound,
And aye the burden o' the tune
 Was, Up wi' Jamie the Rover !
There's some wha say he's no' the thing,
And some wha say he's no' our king ;
But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
 Success to Jamie the Rover !

In London there's a huge black bull
That would devour us at his will ;
We'll twist his horns out of his skull,
 And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,
And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore !
But we'll repay our auld black score
 When we get Jamie the Rover.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
And ane abroad that's forced to range !
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
And send him safely over !
It's J. and S., I must confess,
Stands for his name that I do bless :
O may he soon his own possess,
Young Jamie they call the Rover !

XXVII.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

SECOND SET.

OF all the days are in the year,
The tenth of June I love most dear,
With roses so white, I'll take my delight,
Along wi' Jamie the Rover.

If good luck and fortune wad once favour me,
Again to the abbey whar I wad fain be,
And there I'd remain to the day that I dee,
Along wi' Jamie the Rover.

With the soft down of feathers I'll make him a bed,
With the soft down of eider I'll pillow his head,
With the music so sweet I'll lull him asleep,
And I'll watch all the nicht o'er my Rover.

For it's all in green tartan my love shall be drest,
With the bonny trews all around his dear waist,
And he shall be counted as one of the best
To fight for Jamie the Rover.

Jamie is black but Geordie is brown,
And Jamie's the rightful heir to the crown,
But Geordie is an ill-favoured loon,
Compared to Jamie the Rover.

XXVIII.

THE RIDING MARE.

My daddy had a riding mare,
And she was ill to sit,
And by there came an unco loon,
And slippit in his fit.
He set his fit into the st'rup,
And gripped sickerly ;
And aye sinsyne, my dainty mare
She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brained himsel',
And up gat couthy Anne ;
She gripped the mare, the riding gear
And halter in her hand :
And on she rade, and fast she rade,
O'er necks o' nations three ;
Fient that she ride the aiver stiff,
Sin' she has gecked at me !

The Whigs they ga'e my *Auntie* draps
That hastened her away,
And then they took a cursed oath,
And drank it up like whey :
Then they sent for a bastard race,
Whilk I may sairly rue,
And for a horse they've got an ass,
And on it set a sow—

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
That cocks aboon them a' !
And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
That soon will get a fa' !
The graith was ne'er in order yet,
The bridle wasna worth a doit ;
And mony ane will get a bite
Or cuddy gangs awa'.

XXIX.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHA the deil ha'e we got for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie !
An' whan we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie :
Sheughing kail, an' laying leeks,
But ¹ the hose and but the breeks ;
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie !

An' he's clap't down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie !
An' he's brought fouth o' foreign leeks,
An' dibblit them in his yardie :
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
An' brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our thrissle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie !


Come up amang the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
An' see how Charlie's lang-kail thrive,
He dibblit in his yardie :

¹ Without.

An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
 Or haud the yoking o' a pleugh,
 We'll break yere sceptre o'er yere mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 Nae fitting for a yardie ;
 An' our norlan' thrissles winna pu',
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
 An' we've the trenching blades o' wier,
 Wad lib ye o' yere German gear,
 An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
 For gawing his German hurdies ;
 But he sits on our gude King's throne,
 Amang the English lairdies.
 Auld Scotland ! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
 For nursing siccan vermin ;
 But the vera dogs o' England's court
 Can bark an' howl in *German* !



xxx.

CAME YE O'ER FRAE FRANCE?

CAME ye o'er frae France?
 Came ye down by Lunnon?
 Saw ye Geordie Whelps¹
 And his bonny woman?
 Were ye at the place
 Ca'd the Kittle Housie?²
 Saw ye Geordie's grace
 Riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man,
 There is little doubt o't;
 He's done a' he can,
 Wha can do without it?
 Down there came a blade,³
 Linkin like my lordie;
 He wad drive a trade
 At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
 Blythly may we niffer?
 Gin we get a wab,
 It makes little differ,

¹ A term used by the Jacobites for Guelph.² Parliament.³ Count Koningsmark.

We ha'e tint our plaid,
Bannet, belt, and swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid—
But we ha'e a Geordie !

Jocky's gane to France,
And Montgomery's lady.
There they'll learn to dance :
Madam, are ye ready ?
They'll be back belyve,
Belted, brisk, and lordly ;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a jig wi' Geordie !

XXXI.

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
O wae light on his sulky snout !
A pawky sow has found him out,
And turned her tail to Geordie.

The sow's tail is till him yet,
A sow's birse will kill him yet,
The sow's tail is till him yet,
The sow's tail to Geordie !

It's Geordie he came up to town,
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown :
' Aha ! ' quo' she, " I'll pull them down,
And turn my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he got up to dance,
And wi' the sow to take a prance,
And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
And turned her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,
The sow came round him wi' a bang :
" Aha ! " quo' she, " there's something wrang ;
I'll turn my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,
But Geordie fell and brak' his face :
"Aha !" quo' she, "I've won the race,
And turned my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,
And wha came in but Madam Swine?
"Grumph ! Grumph !" quo' she, "I'm come in time,
I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he lay down to die ;
The sow was there as weel as he :
"Umph ! Umph !" quo' she, "he's no' for me,"
And turned her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
She mumpit round and ran away :
"Umph ! Umph !" quo' she, "he's done for aye,"
And turned her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

XXXII.

THE REBELLIOUS CREW.

YE Whigs are a rebellious crew,
The plague of this poor nation ;
Ye give not God nor Cæsar due ;
Ye smell of reprobation.
Ye are a stubborn perverse pack,
Conceived and nursed by treason ;
Your practices are foul and black,
Your principles 'gainst reason.

Your Hogan Mogan foreign things,
God gave them in displeasure ;
Ye brought them o'er, and called them kings ;
They've drained our blood and treasure.
Can ye compare your king to mine,
Your Geordie and your Willie ?
Comparisons are odious,
A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,
And so can our Glenco, sir ;
Our South Sea it can make appear,
What to your kings we owe, sir ;

We have been murdered, starved, and robbed,
By those your kings and knav'ry,
And all our treasure is stock-jobbed,
While we groan under slav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful Stuarts' race
(Declare it, if you can, sir)
Reduce you to so bad a case?
Hold up your face, and answer.
Did he whom ye expelled the throne,
Your islands e'er harass so,
As these whom ye have placed thereon,
Your Brunswick and your Nassau?

By strangers we are robbed and shamed,
This you must plainly grant, sir,
Whose coffers with our wealth are crammed,
While we must starve for want, sir.
Can ye compare your kings to mine,
Your Geordie and your Willie?
Comparisons are odious,
A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,
This ye have ne'er denied, sir,
Or why lived she without a kiss,
Confined until she died, sir?
Can ye compare your queen to mine?
I know ye're not so silly:
Comparisons are odious,
A dockan to a lily.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,
His own papa ne'er loved him ;
And Feckie¹ is an idiot,
As they can swear who proved him.
Can ye compare your prince to mine,
A thing so dull and silly ?
Comparisons are odious,
A mushroom to a lily.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.

XXXIII.

COME, LET US DRINK A HEALTH, BOYS.

COME, let us drink a health, boys,
A health unto our king ;
We'll drink no more by stealth, boys,
Come, let our glasses ring.
For England must surrender
To him they call Pretender ;
God save our faith's defender
And our true lawful king.

The royal youth deserveth
To fill the sacred place ;
'Tis he alone preserveth
The Stuart's ancient race.
Since 'tis our inclination
To call him to the nation,
Let each man, in his station,
Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,
To set him on his throne ;
We'll all combine as one, boys,
Till this great work be done.
We'll pull down usurpation,
And, spite of abjuration,
And force of stubborn nation,
Great James's title own.

COME, LET US DRINK.

We'll no more by delusion,
With Hogan Mogan join ;
Nor will we, with profusion,
Waste both our blood and coin ;
But for our king we'll fight, then,
Who is our heart's delight, then,
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,
We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,
Who thought to have been queen ;
The like befall her son, boys,
Who thinks o'er us to reign.
We'll root out usurpation
Entirely from the nation,
And cause the restoration
Of James, our lawful king.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,
Go home now to thy own !
Thou act'st not like a brother
To him who owns the crown.
There's thirty of that race, man,
Before that thou take place, man ;
It were a great disgrace, man,
Thy title yet to own.

Let our brave loyal clans, then,
Their ancient Stuart race
Restore, with sword in hand, then,
And all their foes displace.

All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,
Which caused our nation mourn, boys ;
Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,
The English home we'll chase.

Our king they do despise, boys,
Because of Scottish blood ;
But for all their oaths and lies, boys,
His title still is good.
Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys,
We'll all die in the field, boys ;
For we will never yield, boys,
To serve a foreign brood.

XXXIV.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,
My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
The cuckoo's the bonny bird, and he'll ha'e his day;
The cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say,
Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o' his e'e
He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,
My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame;
I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame;
And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,
For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

XXXV.

THE BONNY MOORHEN.

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen,
Up in the grey hill, down in the glen ;
It's when ye gang butt the house, when ye gang ben,
Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.
My bonny moorhen's gane over the main,
And it will be simmer or she come again ;
But when she comes back again, some folk will ken :
Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen !

My bonny moorhen has feathers anew,
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue ;
She's red, and she's white, and she's green and she's grey :
My bonny moorhen, come hither away :
Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

XXXVI.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

THE auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again ;
Let howlet Whig do what they can,
The Stuarts will be back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen suds?
We'll wauk their hides and file their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord ! sic a scawed and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again !
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang,
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chace the rae,
Out owre the hills and far away,
And saw the Lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
 And mony mae, whatreck, again.
Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again :
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
 And auld Stuarts back again?

XXXVII.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA'.

SECOND SET.

WHEN we think on the days of auld,
 When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
 O weel may we weep for our foul fa',
 An' grieve for the lad that's far awa'!

Over the seas an' far awa',
 Over the seas an' far awa',
 O weel may we maen for the day that's gane,
 An' the lad that's banished far awa'.

Some traitor lairds, for love o' gain,
 They drove our true king owre the main,
 In spite o' right, an' rule, an' law,
 An' the friends of him that's far awa'.

Over the seas an' far awa', etc.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
 An' gathered devil's birds anew;
 Wi' kingmen's blude they gorge their maw;
 O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa'!

Over the seas an' far awa', etc.

An' cruel England, leal men's dread,
Doth hunt an' cry for Scottish blude,
To hack, an' head, an' hang, an' draw,
An' a' for the lad that's far awa'.

Over the seas an' far awa', etc.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,
There's blude for blude to ane an' a',
That sent our bonnie lad far awa'.

Over the seas an' far awa',
Over the seas an' far awa',
He'll soon be here that I lo'e dear,
An' he's welcome hame frae far awa'!

XXXVIII.

LET OUR GREAT JAMES COME OVER.

LET our great James come over,
And baffle Prince Hanover,
With hearts and hands, in loyal bands,
We'll welcome him at Dover.
Of royal birth and breeding,
In ev'ry grace exceeding,
Our hearts will mourn till his return,
O'er lands that lie a-bleeding.

Let each man, in his station,
Fight bravely for the nation ;
Then may our king long live and reign,
In spite of abjuration.
He only can relieve us
From everything that grieves us :
Our church is rent, our treasure spent ;
He only can reprieve us.

Too long he's been excluded,
Too long we've been deluded :
Let's with one voice sing and rejoice ;
The peace is now concluded.

The Dutch are disappointed,
Their Whiggish plots disjointed ;
The sun displays his glorious rays
To crown the Lord's anointed.

Away with Prince Hanover !
We'll have no Prince Hanover !
King James the Eighth has the true right,
And he is coming over.
Since royal James is coming,
Then let us all be moving,
With heart and hand at his command,
To set the Whigs a-running.

Let not the abjuration
Impose upon our nation,
Restrict our hands, whilst he commands,
Through false imagination :
For oaths which are imposed
Can never be supposed
To bind a man, say what they can,
When justice is opposed.

The parliament's gone over,
The parliament's gone over,
And all the Whigs have run their rigs,
And brought home Prince Hanover.
And now that he's come over,
O what will ye discover,
When in a rope we'll hang him up ?
And so farewell, Hanover.

78 *LET OUR GREAT JAMES COME OVER.*

But whom will ye have over ?
But whom will ye have over ?
King James the Eighth, with all our might,
And land him in our border.
And when that he's come over,
O what will ye discover,
But Whigs in ropes high hanging up,
For siding with Hanover ?

XXXIX.

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

WEEL may we a' be,
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the king,
And this good company !

Fill, fill your glasses high,
We'll drain our barrels dry ;
Out upon them, fie ! fie !
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys !
Ye ken wha I mean, boys !
And every honest man, boys,
That will do't again !

Fill, fill your glasses high, etc.

Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans,
They ha'e done it mair than ance,
And they'll do't again.

Fill, fill your glasses high, etc.

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

When the pipes begin to strum
Tuttie tattie to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again.

Fill, fill your glasses high, etc.

Here's to the royal Swede,
Fresh laurels crown his head !
Plague on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again !

Fill, fill your glasses high, etc.

But to make a' things right, now,
He that drinks maun fight, too,
To show his heart's upright, too,
And that he'll do't again.

Fill, fill your glasses high, etc.

XL.

O WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' THE WHIGS?

O WHAT's the matter wi' the Whigs?
I think they're all gone mad, sir;
By dancing one-and-forty jigs,
Our dancing may be bad, sir.

The revolution principles
Have set their heads in bees, then;
They're fallen out among themselves,
Shame fa' the first that grees them!

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,
And vow, too, and protest, sir,
If Hanover were once come o'er,
Then we should all be blest, sir?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,
Impeachments throve a while, sir:
Our lords must steer to other coasts,
Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,
'Tis once a happy nation,
Governed by a German thing,
Our sovereign by creation.

F

And whensoe'er this sovereign fails,
And pops into the dark, sir,
O then we have a prince of Wales,
The brat of Königsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,
His praises we will sing, sir,
For from a petty German duke,
He's now a British king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,
But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir ;
When he takes on his good dame's gees,
He canna rule himsel', sir.

And was there ever such a king
As our brave German prince, sir ?
Our wealth supplies him everything,
Save that he wants—good sense, sir.

Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,
And drag our peers to slaughter,
This makes our gracious king to smile,
Our prince bursts out in laughter.

Our jails with British subjects crammed,
Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir ;
And all but Whigs and Dutch are damned
By the fanatic crowd, sir.

Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,
And drink his health in wine, sir ;
For now we have braw happy days,
Like those of 'forty-nine, sir.

XLI.

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER-ROLL.

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaster and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
 Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
 Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
 Ilka Dunywastle's¹ coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
 M'Gillavry an' a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,

¹ Dhuin Vailse—Highland lairds or gentlemen.

Derwentwater and Forster's coming,
Widdrington and Nairn's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill an' a's coming.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun an' a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig ;
They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,¹
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

¹ A name of derision given to the English from their supposed attachment to the bag-pudding.

AIKENDRUM.

XLII.

AIKENDRUM.

KEN you how a Whig can fight,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
Ken you how a Whig can fight,
Aikendrum ?

He can fight, the hero bright,
With his heels and armour light,
And his wind of heav'nly might,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum :
Is not Rowley in the right,
Aikendrum ?

Did you hear of Sunderland,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
Did you hear of Sunderland,
Aikendrum ?
That man of high command,
Who had sworn to clear the land,
He has vanish'd from our strand,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
Or the eel has ta'en the sand,
Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,

Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum ;
But the chief cannot be found,
And the Dutchmen they are drown'd,
And King Jamie he is crown'd,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum :
But the dogs will get a stound,
 Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Robin Roe,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
Did you hear of Robin Roe,
 Aikendrum ?
Some gallants say, that know,
That he fights but so and so,
And his wallets hing but low,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum—
O, alack, for Whiggam—bo,
 Aikendrum !

And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum,
The godly laird of Grant,
That Cameronian saint,
For a' his Highland cant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
'Tis reef'd he has a want,
 Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
Did you hear of Bailey Aire,
Aikendrum ?
We have sought him late and air,
And this thousands buskit rare ;
But wherever true men fare,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
Oh ! the hero is not there,
Aikendrum !

We have heard of Whigs galore,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
We have heard of Whigs galore,
Aikendrum ;
But we've sought the country o'er,
With cannon and claymore,
And still they are before,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum :
We may seek for evermore,
Aikendrum.

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum !
O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum !
You may see, without your sight,
All mankind wrang outright,
And the Whig is only right,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum ;
Of the world he's the light,
Aikendrum.

Ken you how to gain a Whig,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
Ken you how to gain a Whig,
 Aikendrum?
Look jolly, blythe, and big,
Take his ain blest side, and prig,
And the poor worm-eaten Whig,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
For opposition's sake
 You will win.

XLIII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

THERE'S some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man ;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sherra-muir,
A battle there was, that I saw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

Argyle and Belhaven,
Not frighted like Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man ;
For they all, with Wightman,
Advanced on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
In order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man ;
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,
Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
With broadsword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
A hero that's bold,
None could him withhold,
He stoutly encountered the targemen ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

For the cowardly Whittam,
For fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,
And that in such thrang,
Made Baird edicang,
And from the brave clans ran awa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

The great Colonel Dow
Gade foremost, I trow,
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa', man ;
Except Sandy Baird,
And Naughtan the laird,
Their horse shawed their heels to them a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave Mar and Panmure
Were firm, I am sure,
The latter was kidnap't awa', man,
With brisk men about,
Brave Harry retook
His brother, and laughed at them a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave Marshall and Lithgow,
And Glengary's pith, too,
Assisted by brave Loggia, man,
And Gordons the bright,
So boldly did fight,
That the red-coats took flight and awa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Strathmore and Clanronald
Cried still, "Advance, Donald,"
Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;
For there was such hashing,
And broadswords a-clashing,
Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
Seaforth but lukewarm,
Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man ;
And Hamilton pled
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave gen'rous Southesk,
Tullibardin was brisk,
Whose father indeed would not draw, man,
Into the same yoke,
Which served for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Rollo not feared,
Kintore and his beard,
Pitsligo and Ogilvie, a', man,
And brothers Balfours,
They stood the first showers,
Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

But Cleppan fought pretty,
And Strowan the witty,
A poet that pleases us a', man ;
For mine is but rhyme,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to draw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

For Huntly and Sinclair,
They both played the tinkler,
With consciences black as a crow, man ;
Some Angus and Fifemen,
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then Laurie the traitor,
Who betrayed his master,
His king, and his country, an' a', man ;
Pretending Mar might
Give orders to fight
To the right of the army awa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then Laurie, for fear
Of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse, and awa', man,
'Stead of going to Perth,
He crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

To London he pressed,
And there he professed,
That he behaved best of them a', man ;
And so, without strife,
Got settled for life,
A hundred a-year to his fa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

In Borrowstounness
He resides with disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man,
And then, in a tether,
He'll swing from a ladder,
And go off the stage with a pa', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Rob Roy there stood watch
On a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I saw, man ;
For he ne'er advanced,
From the place he was stanced,
Till no more was to do there at a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So we all took the fight,
And Moubray the wright,
And Lethem the smith was a braw man,
For he took a fit
Of the gout, which was wit,
By judging it time to withdraw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man ;
From each other they run
Without touk of drum,
They did not make use of a paw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There no man can tell,
Save our brave Genarell,
Who first began running of a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
And the cock o' the north ;
But Florence ran fastest of a', man ;
Save the laird o' Phinaven,
Who sware to be even
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man ;
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

XLIV.

BOGIE SIDE; OR, HUNTLY'S RAIDE.

FROM Bogie side to Bog o' Gight,
 The Gordons did conveen, man,
 For battle fight, wi' a' their might,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man ;
 To set their king upon the throne,
 And to protect the church, man ;
 But, fie for shame ! they soon turned hame,
 And left him in the lurch, man.

And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran :
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dunblane !

The marquis' horse were first set on,
 Glen-Bucket's men to back them,
 Who swore that great feats they would do,
 If rebels durst attack them.
 Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise
 They moved Dunfermline green, man ;
 But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,
 Turned a' their beets to sheen, man.

And wow, etc.

Their chief he is a man of fame,
And doughty deeds has wrought, man,
Which future ages still shall name,
And tell how well he fought, man ;
For when the battle was begun,
Immediately his grace, man,
Put spurs to Florence, and so ran,
By a' he wan the race, man.

And wow, etc.

When they went into Sherramuir,
Wi' courage stout and keen, man,
Wha wad ha'e thought the Gordons gay
That day wad quat the green, man ?
Auchluncart and Auchanochie,
Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,
Like their great marquis, they could not
The smell o' powder bide, man.

And wow, etc.

Glen-Bucket cried, "Curse on you a' !"
For Gordons do nae gude, man ;
The first o' them that ran awa'
Was o' the Seton blood, man.
Glassturam swore it wasna sae,
And that he'd make appear, man ;
For he a Seton stood that day
When Gordons ran for fear, man.

And wow, etc.

Sir James of Park he left his horse
In the middle of a wall, man,
And wadna stay to take him out,
For fear a knight should fall, man.
Magon he let the reird gae out,
Which shows a panic fear, man ;
Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,
And cursed the chance o' weir, man.

And wow, etc.

Clunie played a game at chess
As well as ony thing, man,
But, like the knavish Gordon race,
Gave check unto the king, man.
He plainly saw, without a queen,
The game would not recover,
So therefore he withdrew his knight
And joined the rock Hanover.

And wow, etc.

The master, wi' the bully's face,
And wi' the coward's heart, man,
Wha never failed, to his disgrace,
To act a coward's part, man.
He joined Dunbog, the greatest rogue
In a' the shire o' Fife, man,
Wha was the first the cause to leave,
By counsel o' his wife, man.

And wow, etc.

A member o' the tricking tribe,
An Ogilvie by name, man,
Counsellor was to th' Grumbling Club,
To his eternal shame, man.
Wha wad ha'e thought, when he went out,
That ever he would fail, man?
Or like that he wad eat the cow,
And worry on the tail, man?

And wow, etc.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,
A valiant hero stood, man,
In acting of a loyal part,
'Cause of the royal blood, man ;
But when he fand, at Sherramuir,
That battling wadna do it,
He, brother-like, did quit the ground,
But ne'er came back unto it.

And wow, etc.

Brimestone swore it wasna fear
That made him stay behin', man,
But that he had resolv'd that day
To sleep in a hale skin, man.
The gout, he said, made him take bed,
When first the fray began, man ;
But when he heard the marquis fled,
He took to's heels and ran, man.

And wow, etc.

Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,
 Made them believe he fought, man,
 But weel I wat it wasna sae,
 For a' he did was nought, man ;
 For towards night, when Mar drew off,
 Smith was put in the rear, man ;
 He cursed, he swore, he bullied off,
 And durstna stay for fear, man,
 And wow, etc.

At the first he did appear
 A man of good renown, man ;
 But lang ere a' the play was played
 He proved an arrant loon, man.
 For Mar against a loyal war,
 A letter he did forge, man ;
 Against his Prince he wrote nonsense,
 And swore by German George, man.
 And wow, etc.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
 They fight wi' courage keen, man,
 When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's
 On Thursday's afterneen, man :
 But when the Grants came down Speyside,
 The Enzie shook for fear, man,
 And a' the lairds ga'e up themsels,
 Their horse and riding gear, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran,
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dunblane !

XLV.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
To hear my canty Highland sang
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve our King,
And banish Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie ;
The royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
Then second-sighted Sandy said,
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

But when the army joined at Perth,
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie :
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Restore our King an' a', Willie.
Up and warn a, Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
The pipers played frae right to left,
O whurly Whigs awa', Willie.

But when we marched to Sherramuir,
And there the rebels saw, Willie ;
Brave Argyle attacked our right,
Our flank and front and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary, on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie,
He there the greatest slaughter made,
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight gaed to Dunblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
Then we to Auchterarder marched,
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye speir wha wan the day,
I've telled ye what I saw, Willie,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
For second-sighted Sandy said,
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

XLVI.

O MY KING.

HARD fate, that I should banished be,
And rebel called with scorn,
For serving of the kindest prince
That ever yet was born.
O my king, God save my king,
Whatever me befall !
I would not be in Huntly's case,
For's honours, lands, and all.

My target and my good claymore
Must now lie useless by ;
My plaid and trews I heretofore
Did wear most cheerfully.
O my king, etc.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,
Sent Ecklin to the north ;
But treach'rously he was betrayed
By Huntly and Seaforth.
O my king, etc.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknowes !
I wish these lords had staid at hame,
And milked their minnie's ewes.
O my king, etc.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head !
Thy king and country's gone,
And many a valiant Scot hast thou
By villany undone.
O my king, etc.

Farewell, old Albion, I must take
A long and last adieu ;
Or bring me back my king again,
Or farewell hope and you.
O my king, etc.

Set our true king upon the throne
Of his ancestors dear,
And send the German cuckold home
To starve with his small gear.
O my king, etc.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,
And joy in every face ;
Confounded all the Whigs shall be,
And honest men in place.
O my king, God save my king,
Whatever me befall !
I would not be in Huntly's case,
For's honours, lands, and all.

XLVII.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

O KENMURE'S on and awa', Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa' ;
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
Success to Kenmure's band !
There's no' a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
His lady's cheek was red,
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
Which smelled o' deadly feud.
• Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
Here's Kenmure's health in wine !
There's ne'er a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap ;
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
Afore the battle drap.
Here's him that's far awa', Willie !
Here's him that's far awa' !
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men,
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.
They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame ;
And sune wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

XLVIII.

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CARLIN?

"WHAT news to me, carlin?
What news to me?"
"Enough o' news!" quo' the lusty carlin,
"Best news that God can gie."
"Has our true king come hame, carlin?
Or the duke hanged himsel'?"
Or has he ta'en frae the tither Willie¹
The hettest neuk o' hell?"

"The duke's hale an' fier, carle,
The duke's hale an' fier,
An' our ain Lord Nithsdale
Will soon be 'mang us here."
"Brush me my coat, carlin,
Brush me my shoon;
I'll awa' an' meet Lord Nithsdale,
Whan he comes to our town."

"Alake-a-day!" quo' the carlin,
"Alake-the-day!" quo' she,
"He's owre in France, at Charlie's hand,
Wi' only ae pennie."

¹ William III.

" We'll sell a' our corn, carlin,
We'll sell a' our bear,
And we'll send to Lord Nithsdale
A' our sette gear.¹

" Make the piper blaw, carlin,
Make the piper blaw,
An' make the lads an' lasses baith,
Their souple legs shaw.
We'll a' be glad, carlin,
We'll a' be glad,
And play 'The Stuarts back again,'
To put the Whigs mad."

¹ *Sette gear*, money placed at interest.

XLIX.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each kindly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear :
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn grey ;
No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day :
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster ever true,
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down ;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny grey steed,
That carried me aye so free ;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease ;
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie :
There chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown,
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliff's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

L.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON THE
REBELLION.

MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave,
And did most gallantly behave,
When into Northumberland he came,
With gallant men of his own name.
Then Derwentwater he did say,
That five hundred guineas he would lay,
To beat the militia man to man ;
But they proved cowards, and off they ran.

The Earl of Mar did vow and swear,
That English ground if he came near,
Ere the right should starve, and the wrong should
stand,
He'd blow them all to some foreign land.
Lord Derwentwater he rode away,
Well mounted on his dapple grey ;
But soon he wished him home with speed,
Fearing they were all betrayed indeed.

"Adzounds !" cried Forster, " never fear,
For Brunswick's army is not near ;
And if they dare come, our valour we'll show,
And give them a total overthrow."

But Derwentwater soon he found
That they were all enclosed around.
"Alack!" he cried, "for this cowardly strife,
How many brave men shall lose their life!"

Old Mackintosh he shook his head,
When he saw his Highland lads lie dead;
And he wept—not for the loss of those,
But for the success of their proud foes.
Then Mackintosh unto Willis¹ he came,
Saying, "I have been a soldier in my time,
And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,
We'll all lie dead upon the field."

"Then go your ways," he made reply;
"Either surrender, or you shall die,
Go back to your own men in the town:
What can you do when left alone?"
Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,
With his musket over his shoulder.
"Every true man points his rapier;
But, d——n you, Forster, you are a traitor!"

Lord Derwentwater to Forster said,
"Thou hast ruined the cause, and all betrayed;
For thou didst vow to stand our friend,
But hast proved traitor in the end.

¹ General Willis, commander of the royal troops.

Thou brought us from our own country ;
We left our homes and came with thee ;
But thou art a rogue and a traitor both, .
And hast broke thy honour and thy oath."

Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,
With armed men on every side ;
But still he swore by the point of his sword,
To drink a health to his rightful lord.
Lord Derwentwater he was condemned,
And led unto his latter end ;
And though his lady did plead full sore,
They took his life—they could get no more.

Brave Derwentwater he is dead ;
From his fair body they took the head ;
But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
And they'll set the hat on another head.
And whether they are gone beyond the sea,
Or if they abide in this country,
Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

II.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
But now he's made our hearts fu' sad,
He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving blade !
O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough and gartened leg !
But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the brae.

O he's a ranting, roving blade, etc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame and spinning-wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braidsword, dirk, and white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving blade, etc.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My good grey mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving blade !
O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

LII.

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Cano'gate,
The Cano'gate, the Cano'gate,
As I came down the Cano'gate
I heard a lassie sing, O :

“ Merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in, O !

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies
To fauld a lassie in, O !

Merry, etc.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, O !

Merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in, O !”

LIII.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE VALIANT
SWEDE.

HERE'S a health to the valiant Swede,
He's not a king that man hath made ;
May no oppressors him invade ;
Then let this health go round.

A running bumper crown this toast ;
We'll take it off, whate'er it cost.
A fig for those that rule the roast !
We'll ne'er in liquor drown.

Here's a health to the royal seed,
And to the king that's king indeed ;
If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said :
Then let this toast go round.

A running bumper, etc.

To all our injured friends in need
On this side and beyond the Tweed ;
May each man have his own with speed :
Then let this health go round.

A running bumper, etc.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar ;
I hope he'll send us help from far,
To end the work begun by Mar ;
Then let this health go round.

A running bumper, etc.

May our affairs abroad succeed,
And may the king return in speed ;
May each usurper shake for dread :
Let all these healths go round.

A running bumper, etc.

LIV.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

HERE's to the king, sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, sir,
And to ev'ry honest man
That will do't again.

Fill up your bumpers high,
We'll drink a' your barrels dry;
Out upon them, fie! fie!
That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans;
They've done it mair than ance,
And will do't again.
Fill up your bumpers high, etc.

When you hear the trumpet sound
Tutti tatti to the drum,
Up your swords, and down your gun,
And to the loons again.
Fill up your bumpers high, etc.

Here's to the king o' Swedes,
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Plague on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!
Fill up your bumpers high, etc.

But to make a' things right, now,
He that drinks maun fight, too,
To show his heart's upright, too,
And that he'll do't again.
Fill up your bumpers high, etc.

LV.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

THE piper came to our town,
To our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town,
And he played bonnilie.

And wasna he a roguy,
A roguy, a roguy,
And wasna he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee?

He played a spring, the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas ;
And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze,
And played anither key.
And wasna, etc.

He played "The Welcome owre the Main,"
And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"
And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
And wasna, etc.

He played "The Kirk," he played "The Queer,"
"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.
And wasna, etc.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie.
And wasna, etc.

There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?

And wasna he a roguy,
A roguy, a roguy,
And wasna he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee?

LVI.

HE WINNA BE GUIDIT BY ME.

O HEAVENS, he's ill to be guidit,
His colleagues and he are dividit,
Wi' the court of Hanover he's sidit ;
 He winna be guidit by me.
They ca'd him their joy and their darling,
Till he took their penny of arling ;
But he'll prove as false as MacFarlane ;
 He winna be guidit by me.

He was brought south by a merling,
Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,
Which will make him bestow the auld carlin ;
 He winna be guidit by me.
He angered his goodson and Fintry
By selling his king and his country,
And put a deep stain on the gentry ;
 He'll never be guidit by me.

He's joined the rebellious club, too,
That endeavours our peace to disturb, too ;
He's cheated poor Mr. John Grub, too,
 And he's guilty of simony.
He broke his promise before, too,
To Fintry, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too ;
God send him a heavy glengore, too,
 For that is the death he will die.

LVII.

THE CHEVALIER'S BIRTHDAY.

LET every honest British soul
With cheerful loyalty be gay ;
With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
And celebrate this glorious day.
Let no one care a fig
For the vile rebellious Whig,
That insect of usurpation ;
Fill a bumper every one
To the glorious tenth of June,
And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renegades
With foreign yokes oppress us ?
Though George our property invades,
And Stuart's throne possesses ?
Yet remember Charles's fate,
Who roamed from state to state,
Kept out by a fanatic nation,
Till at length came a day
Called the twenty-ninth of May,
Still renowned for a true restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
Ye've a precedent before ye ;
This day, crowned with a Stuart's reign,
Shall blaze in future story.

Be resolute and brave,
Your country ye may save,
If once ye dare to be loyal :
Then at honesty's call
Let us conquer or fall
In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail ?
Renew your constitution,
Expel that race, the curst entail
Of Whiggish revolution.
Be bought and sold no more
By a sordid German power ;
Is it like our old proud-hearted nation ?
Let King James then be the toast,
May he bless our longing coast
With a speedy and a just restoration.

LVIII.

LET MISERS TREMBLE O'ER THEIR WEALTH.

LET misers tremble o'er their wealth,
And starve amidst their riches ;
Let statesmen in deceit grow old,
And pine with envious wishes.
But we whom no vain motives sway,
Our mirth from wine arising,
Our nobler passions will obey,
Both knaves and fools despising.

Let them lament who have betrayed
Their king and bleeding nation ;
The rich they always are afraid,
However high their station.
But we will chant, and we will sing,
And toast our bonny lasses :
To all we wish, and all we want,
We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,
The brave feel no disaster,
No bold informer dare control,
Here's a health to our lawful master.
Our loyalty we will maintain,
And drink to every true heart ;
We'll ever honour and obey
The royal race of Stuart.

LIX.

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I wad walk a winter's night,
For a sight o' somebody.

O hon for somebody !
O hey for somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody ?

If somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ilka ane will get his ain,
And I will see my somebody.
O hon, etc.

What need I kame my tresses bright,
Or why should coal or candle-light
E'er shine in my bower day or night,
Since gane is my dear somebody ?
O hon, etc.

Oh ! I ha'e grutten mony a day
For ane that's banished far away ;
I canna sing, and maunna say
How sair I grieve for somebody.
O hon, etc.

LX.

THOUGH GEORDIE REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD.

THOUGH Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead,
 I'm grieved, yet scorn to shaw that ;
 I'll ne'er look down, nor hang my head
 To rebel Whig, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And thrice as muckle's a' that,
 He's far beyond Dunblane the night,
 That shall be king, for a' that.

He wears a broadsword by his side,
 And weel he kens to draw that ;
 The target, and the Highland plaid,
 The shoulder belt, and a' that :
 A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
 The white cockade, and a' that,
 The tartan hose and philabeg,
 Which makes us blythe for a' that.

The Whigs think a' that weal is won,
 But, faith, they maunna fa' that ;
 They think our loyal hearts dung down,
 But we'll be blythe, for a' that.
 For still we trust that Providence
 Will us relieve from a' that,
 And send us hame our gallant prince ;
 Then we'll be blythe, for a' that.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that ?
When Geordie maun fling by the crown,
And hat, and wig, and a' that ?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often they've done a' that ;
Our Highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

Then will your braw militia lads
Rewarded be for a' that,
When they fling by their black cockades ;
A hellish badge I ca' that.
As night is banished by the day,
The white shall drive awa' that ;
The sun shall then his beams display,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

LXI.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

"WHARE gang ye, thou silly auld carle,
And what do ye carry there?"
"I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair."

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he :
"I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle
Adown by the green-wood side :
"Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canna ride."

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,
An' lightly down he sprang ;
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bannet frae 'boon his bree ;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell !
An' his gude braidsword drew he.

“Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron !
An’ ye killed my brethren three !
Whilk brak the heart o’ my ae sister
I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e.

“Draw out yere sword, thou vile Southron !
Red wat wi’ blude o’ my kin !
That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
E’er lifted its head to the sun !

“There’s ae sad stroke for my dear auld father !
There’s twa for my brethren three !
An’ there’s ane to thy heart for my ae sister
Wham I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e !”

LXII.

WHURRY WHIGS AWA'.

WHERE are the days that we ha'e seen,
When Phœbus shone so bright, man?
How blythe and merry we ha'e been,
When ev'ry ane gat right, man!
But gloomy clouds do overshadow,
And spread wide over a', man;
Ill-boding comets blaze o'erhead.
O whurry Whigs awa', man!

Now ill appears wi' face fu' bare,
In high and low degree, man,
And wild confusion everywhere,
Which ev'ry ane may see, man.
The blind are chosen for our guides;
I fear we'll get a fa', man,
There's nane need wonder though we slide.
O whurry Whigs awa', man!

Of primitive simplicity
Some in our church was left, man;
But now of truth and verity,
Alas, we are bereft, man!
Rebellion's horns do loudly tout,
Wi' whining tone and blaw, man;
Yet deeds o' grace they leave without.
O whurry Whigs awa', man!

WHURRY WHIGS AWA'.

New upstarts only now succeed,
Our nation's misery, man ;
We're bound in slavery heel to head,
Yet deaved wi' liberty, man.
But when did e'er the Whigs prevail
'Gainst liberty and law, man ?
At a' but treachery they fail.
O whurry Whigs awa', man !

Montrose convened the gallant Graham,
The loyal clans arose, man,
To fight the Covenanter lambs,
Wha did the right oppose, man.
At Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsythe,
Their bouks got mony a claw, man ;
The loyal hearts like sheep did drive
The whurry Whigs awa', then.

King Charlie being foully slain,
For which thank Whiggery, man,
Then Cromwell in his place did reign,
The Whigs anointed he, man.
That mushroom monarch Presbyt'ry
Established by law, man,
And overturned old Prelacy.
O whurry Whigs awa', man !

King Charles the Second did resort
Unto our loving isles, man ;
His father's head took frae the port,
And set up gleyed Argyle's, man.

Abolished was the covenant,
He liked not it ava, man,
But reared true kingly government.
O whurry Whigs awa', man !

The restless Whigs, with their intrigues,
Themselves they did convene, man,
At Pentland Hills and Bothwell Brigs,
To fight against the king, man ;
Till brave Dalyell came forth himsel',
With loyal troops in raws, man,
To try a match with powther and ball :
Then saints turned windlestraws, man.

The brave Dalyell stood i' the field,
And fought for king and crown, man ;
Made rebel Whigs perforce to yield,
And dang the traitors down, man.
Then some ran here, and some ran there,
And some in field did fa', man,
And some to hang he didna spare,
Condemned by their ain law, man.

Yet that would not the carles please.
Did you not hear the news, man,
How, at Drumclog, behind the bog,
They ga'e the deil his dues, man ?
With blessed word and rusty sword
They wrought a wondrous feat, man ;
For ten to ane they wan the day,
And wow but they were great, man !

But, wae's my heart ! it was nae sport,
Though they were set on ill, man,
To see them fa' like silly sheep,
That day on Bothwell Hill, man.
The royal duke his men forsook,
And o'er the field did ride, man,
And cried aloud to spare their blude,
Whatever might betide, man.

But Colonel Graham, of noble fame,
Had sworn to have his will, man,
No man to spare in armour there,
While man and horse could kill, man.
O then the Whigs from Bothwell Brigs
Were led like dogs to die, man :
In Heaven's might they couldna fight,
But raised a horrid cry, man.

By hill and dale they gart them skale,
It's there to bide a blink, man,
Till in sic case, to their disgrace,
They raised a dolefu' stink, man.
Their necks were cropt but fear or doubt,
Their malice proved their fa', man,
While every honest heart cried out,
" O whurly Whigs awa', man ! "

Next we got owre an Orange king,
That played wi' parties baith, man ;
A hogan-mogan foreign thing,
That wrought a world o' skaith, man.

When he came owre our rights to see,
His father, friend, and a', man,
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
Then swore he ran awa', man.

The fifth day of November he
Did land upon our coast, man ;
But those who lived his reign to see,
Of it they did not boast, man.
Seven years of famine did prevail,
The people hopeless grew, man :
But dearth and death did us assail,
And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come ;
He broke his collar-bone, man,
We chose another, dainty Anne,
And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
And plenty over a', man ;
We had nae scant o' sin nor saint.
O whurry Whigs awa', man !

We then sought out a German thing
Called George, and brought him here, man ;
And for this beggar cuckold king
Sore taxes we maun bear, man.
Our blood is shed without remead,
Our rights are scorned at a', man ;
For beggars boast, and rule the roast.
O whurry Whigs awa', man !

Our fathers grieved are with this yoke,
The time it's drawing near, man,
That vengeance breeds for tyrants' heads,
The land no more can bear, man.
May God preserve our rightfu' king
From traitors' cursed claw, man;
Or lang we may have cause to sing
"O whurry Whigs awa', man!"

LXIII.

THE WIND HAS BLAWN MY PLAID AWA'.

OVER the hills, an' far away,
It's over the hills, an' far away,
O'er the hills, an' o'er the sea,
The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.
My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,
That keepit me frae wind an' weet,
An' held me bien baith night an' day,
Is over the hills, an' far away.

There was a wind, it cam' to me,
Over the south, an' over the sea,
An' it has blawn my corn an' hay,
Over the hills, an' far away.
It blew my corn, it blew my gear,
It neither left me kid nor steer,
An' blew my plaid, my only stay,
Over the hills, an' far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,
An' blawn my bonnet off my head,
There's something hid in Highland brae,
It hasna blawn my sword away.
Then o'er the hills, an' o'er the dales,
Over all England, an' thro' Wales,
The braidsword yet shall bear the sway
Over the hills, an' far away.

LXIV.

THE GATHERING OF THE HAYS.

GATHERING.

"MACGARADH ! MacGaradh ! red race of the Tay,
Ho ! gather ! ho ! gather ! like hawks to the prey.
MacGaradh, MacGaradh, MacGaradh, come fast,
The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast.
The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,
And the falcon of Loncartie stirs in her nest.
Come away, come away, come to the tryst,
Come in MacGaradh, from east and from west.

"MacGaradh ! MacGaradh ! MacGaradh, come forth,
Come from your bowers, from south and from north,
Come in all Gowrie, Kinnoul, and Tweeddale,
Drumelzier and Naughton come locked in your mail.
Come Stuart, come Stuart, set up thy white rose,
Killour and Buccleugh bring thy bills and thy bows,
Come in MacGaradh, come armed for the fray,
Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

QUICK MARCH.

The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay !
MacGaradh is coming, give way ! give way !
The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay !
MacGaradh is coming, give way.

MacGaradh is coming, clear the way,
MacGaradh is coming, hurra ! hurra !
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way,
MacGaradh is coming, hurra !

MacGaradh is coming, like beam of war ;
The blood-red shields are glinting far ;
The Stuart is up, his banner white
Is flung to the breeze like a flake of light.
Dark as the mountain's heather wave,
The rose and the misle are coming brave,
Bright as the sun which gilds its thread,
King James's tartan is flashing red,
Upon them MacGaradh bill and bow,
Cry, Holleu ! MacGaradh ! holleu ! holleu !

CHARGE.

MacGaradh is coming ! like stream from the hill,
MacGaradh is coming, lance, claymore, and bill,
 Like thunder's wild rattle
 Is mingled the battle,
With cry of the falling, and shout of the charge,
 The lances are flashing,
 The claymores are clashing,
And ringing the arrows on buckler and targe.

BATTLE.

MacGaradh is coming ! the banners are shaking,
The war-tide is turning, the phalanx is breaking,
 The Southrons are flying,
 " Saint George ! " vainly crying,

And Brunswick's white horse on the field is borne down,
The red cross is shattered,
The red roses scattered,
And bloody and torn the white plume in its crown.

PURSUIT.

Far shows the dark field like the streams of Cairn Gorm,
Wild, broken, and red in the skirt of the storm ;
Give the spur to the steed,
Give the war-cry its holleu,
Cast loose to wild speed,
Shake the bridle, and follow.
The rout's in the battle,
Like blast in the cloud,
The flight's mingled rattle
Peals thickly and loud.
Then holleu ! MacGaradh ! holleu, MacGaradh !
Holleu ! holleu ! holleu, MacGaradh !

LXV.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

God bless our lord the king !
God save our lord the king !
 God bless the king !
Make him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us :
 God save the king !

God send a royal heir !
God bless the royal pair,
 Both king and queen ;
That from them we may see
A royal progeny,
To all posterity
 Ever to reign !

God bless the prince, I pray,
God bless the prince, I pray,
 Charlie I mean ;
That Scotland we may see
Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,
Both George and his Feckie.
 Even so. Amen.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

God bless the happy hour !
May the Almighty Power
 Make all things well ;
That the whole progeny
Who are in Italy
May soon and suddenly
 Come to Whitehall.

God bless the church, I pray,
God save the church, I pray,
 Pure to remain,
Free from all Whiggery,
And Whigs' hypocrisy,
Who strive maliciously
 Her to defame.

Here's to the subjects all,
God send them, great and small,
 Firmly to stand,
That would call home the king
Whose is the right to reign :
This is the only thing
 Can save the land.

LXVI.

BRITONS, WHO DARE TO CLAIM.

BRITONS, who dare to claim
That great and glorious name,
Rouse at the call !
See English honour fled,
Corruption's influence spread,
Slavery raise its head,
And freedom fall !

Church, king, and liberty,
Honour and property,
All are betrayed :
Foreigners rule the land,
Our blood and wealth command,
Obstruct, with lawless hand,
Justice and trade.

Shall an usurper reign,
And Britons hug the chain ?
That we'll deny.
Then let us all unite
To retrieve James's right ;
For church, king, and laws we'll fight ;
Conquer or die.

K

Join in the defence
 Of James, our lawful prince
 And native king :
 Then shall true greatness shine,
 Justice and mercy join,
 Restored by Stuart's line,
 Virtue's great spring.

Down with Dutch politics,
 Whigs, and all fanatics,
 The old Rump's cause !
 Recall your injured prince,
 Drive Hanoverians hence,
 Such as rule here against
 All English laws.

Borne on the wings of fame,
 Charles's heroic name
 All his foes dread.
 He'll from his father's throne
 Pull the usurper down ;
 Glorious success shall crown
 His sacred head.

LXVII.

COME, LET US BE JOVIAL.

COME, here's to the knights of the true royal oak,
Whose hearts still are loyal, and firm as a rock,
Who will fight to the last for their country and king,
Let the health of our heroes pass quick round the ring.

Come, let us be jovial, social, and free ;
Come join hand in hand, in full chorus with me :
God bless Charlie Stuart, the pride of our land,
And send him safe o'er to his own native strand !

My noble companions, be patient a while,
And we'll soon see him back to our brave British isle ;
And he that for Stuart and right will not stand
May smart for the wrong by the Highlander's brand.

Come, let us be jovial, etc.

Though Hanover now over Britain bears sway,
The day of his glory is wearing away.
His minions of slavery may march at his tail ;
For, God with the righteous, and who shall prevail ?

Come, let us be jovial, etc.

And when James again shall be placed on the throne,
All mem'ry of ills we have borne shall be gone.
No tyrant again shall set foot on our shore,
But all shall be happy and blest as before.

Then let us be jovial, social, and free ;
Lay your hands on your hearts, and sing chorus
with me :
God prosper king James, and the German confound,
And may none but true Britons e'er rule British
ground.

LXVIII.

OUR AIN BONNY LADDIE.

How lang shall our land thus suffer distresses,
 Whilst traitors, and strangers, and tyrants oppress us ?
 How lang shall our old, and once warlike nation,
 Thus tamely submit to a base usurpation ?
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we languish,
 With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish ?
 How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,
 Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason ?
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
 Thus must we be sad, etc.

O Heavens, have pity ! with favour present us ;
 Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,
 From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish opinions ;
 Our king return back to his rightful dominions :
 Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,
 When the throne is possessed by our ain bonny laddie.
 Then rogues shall be sad, etc.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall flourish ;
Our church, that's oppress'd, our monarch will nourish ;
Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be sorry,
When the king gets his own, and Jehovah the glory.
The rogues shall be sad, but the honest men vaudie,
When the throne is possessed by our ain bonny laddie.
The rogues shall be sad, etc.

LXIX.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I'll gi'e John Ross anither bawbee
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him ;
But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !

We'll o'er the water, etc.

I swear by moon and starns sae bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, etc.

I ance had sons, but now ha'e nane ;
I bred them toiling sairly ;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

LXX.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean ;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the black
steer,
The lamb from the bracken and doe from the glen ;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
The cream from the bothy and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken,
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten.

LXXI.

GATHERING OF ATHOLE.

WHA will ride wi' gallant Murray?
Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel'?
He's the flow'r o' a' Glenisla,
And the darlin' o' Dunkel'.
See the white rose in his bonnet!
See his banner o'er the Tay!
His gude sword, he now has drawn it,
And has flung the sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows;
First of heroes! best of men!
Every true and trusty Stewart
Blythely leaves his native glen.
Athole lads are lads of honour,
Westland rogues are rebels a':
When we come within their border,
We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies, he's our friend and brother;
Gask and Strowan are nae slack!
Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
And a' the Drummonds at his back.
Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
Let us fight for Charlie's crown;
From the right we'll never sinder
Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
They have ta'en the field of honour,
Spite of all their chiefs could say.
Bend the musket, point the rapier,
Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
Scour the durk, and face the danger,
Mackintosh has all to do.

LXXII.

GATHERING OF THE MACDONALDS.

COME along, my brave clans,
 There's nae friends sae staunch and true ;
 Come along, my brave clans,
 There's nae lads sae leal as you.
 Come along, Clan-Donuil,
 Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes.
 Come with bold Macalister,
 Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
 From Loch Morer to Argyle ;
 Come from Castle Tuirim,
 Come from Moidart and the Isles.
 Macallan is the hero
 That will lead you to the field.
 Gather, bold Siolallain,
 Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
 Gather from Lochaber glens ;
 Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you ;
 Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Many sons of might you know ;
 Lenochan's your brother,
 Auchterectan and Glencoe.

GATHERING OF THE MACDONALDS. 157

Gather, gather, gather,
 'Tis your prince that needs your arm ;
Though Macconnel leaves you,
 Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
 Come from sickle and from plough,
Come from cairn and correi,
 From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil ;
 Come with haversack and cord ;
Come not late with meal or cake,
 But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands,
 Plenty bides by dale and burn ;
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Riches wait on your return.

LXXIII.

GATHERING RANT.

WE a' maun muster soon the morn,
We a' maun march right early
O'er misty mount and mossy muir,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Yon German cuif that fills the throne,
He clamb to't most unfairly ;
Sae aff we'll set and try to get
His birthright back to Charlie.

Yet, ere we leave this valley dear,
Those hills o'erspread wi' heather,
Send round the usquebaugh sae clear ;
We'll tak' a horn thegither.
And listen, lads, to what I gi'e ;
Ye'll pledge me roun' sincerely :
To him that's come to set us free,
Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

Oh ! better loved he canna be ;
Yet, when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'Tis aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should fortune turn her heel
Upon the righteous cause, boys,
We'll show the world we're firm and leal,
And never will prove fause, boys.
We'll fight while we ha'e breath to draw
For him we love sae dearly,
And ane and a' we'll stand or fa'
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

LXXIV.

PRINCE CHARLES.

O how shall I publish or strive to reveal,
Too great for expression, too good to conceal,
The graces and virtues that illustriously shine
In the Prince that's descended from Stuart's brave line ?

Could I but extol how I love thy dear name,
Or sound my low strain to my Prince's high fame,
In trophies eternal thy glories should live,
And in ages unborn thy merits survive.

But O thou brave hero, great heir to the crown,
The world astonished admires thy renown :
Thy princely deportment shows forth thy just praise,
In trophies more lasting than poets can raise.

Thy valour in war, and thy conduct in peace,
Shall be sung and admired when divisions shall cease.
Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,
And he who now rules shall be taught to obey.

May kind Heaven in mercy thy person secure
From the plots and the snares of tyrannical power ;
May they prosper thy armies with success in fight,
And restore you at last to the crown that's your right.

And when George and his brood shall be banished our land,
To their paltry Hanover or German command ;
Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
And Britain be ruled by a Stuart once more.

LXXV.

MY LADDIE.

My laddie can fight, my laddie can sing,
He's fierce as the north wind, and soft as the spring,
His soul was designed for no less than a king,
Such greatness shines in my dear laddie.
With soft down of thistles I'll make him a bed,
With lilies and roses I'll pillow his head,
And with my tuned harp I will gently lead
To sweet and soft slumbers my laddie.

Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,
And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow ;
Let care be confined to the regions below,
Since I have got home my dear laddie.
Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,
That time may not hinder carousing and play ;
And whilst we are hearty, be everything gay
Upon the birthday of my laddie.

He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear,
That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
That bloomed on the hills of my laddie.
Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,
Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,
And a curse on each face that would seem to decline,
To drink a good health to my laddie.

LXXVI.

THE CLANS ARE COMING.

HERE'S a health to all brave English lads,
Both lords and squires of high renown,
Who will put to a helping hand
To pull the vile usurper down.
For our brave Scots are all on foot,
Proclaiming loud, where'er they go,
With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
"The clans are coming, oho ! oho !

The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, by bonny Lochleven,
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !"

To set our king upon the throne,
Not church nor state to overthrow,
As wicked preachers falsely tell,
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
Therefore forbear, ye canting crew ;
Your bugbear tales are a' for show ;
The want of stipend is your fear.
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !

The clans are coming, etc.

We will protect both church and state,
Though we be held their mortal foe ;
And when the clans are to the gate,
You'll bless the clans, oho ! oho
Corruption, bribery, breach of law,
This was their cant sometime ago
Which did expose both court and king,
And raised our clans, oho ! oho !

The clans are coming, etc.

Roused like a lion from his den,
When he thought on his country's woe,
Our brave protector, Charles, did come,
With all his clans, oho ! oho !
These lions, for their country's cause,
And natural prince, were never slow ;
So now they come with their brave prince ;
The clans advance, oho ! oho !

The clans are coming, etc.

And now the clans have drawn their swords,
And vow revenge against them a'
That lift up arms for th' usurper's cause,
To fight against our king and law.
Then God preserve our royal king,
And his dear sons, the lovely twa,
And set him on his father's throne,
And bless his subjects great and sma' !

The clans are coming, etc.

LXXVII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

PRINCELY is my lover's weed,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Fu' his veins o' princely blude,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The gay bonnet circles roun',
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Brows wad better fa' a crown,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Better fa's the butcher's creuks,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the braidsword draws,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
The gowden sceptre seemlier fa's,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

He's the best piper i' the north,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
And has dung a' ayont the Forth,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Soon at the Tweed he mints to blaw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Here's the lad ance far awa' !
The bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

There's nae a Southron fiddler's hum,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Can bide the war pipe's deadlie strum,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

An' he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
He'll wake the snorers round the throne,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

And the targe and braidsword's twang,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
To hastier march will gar them gang,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Till frae his daddie's chair he'll blaw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
"Here's the lad ance far awa',"
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

LXXVIII.

THE SONG OF THE CHEVALIER.

"To Daunton Me."

To daunton me, an' me sae young,
An' gude King James's auldest son !
O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
For the man's unborn that will daunton me !
O set me ance on Scottish land,
An' gi'e me my braidsword in my hand,
Wi' my blue bonnet aboon my bree,
An' shaw me the man that will daunton me.

It's nae the battle's deadlie stoure,
Nor friends pruiued fause that'll gar me cower ;
But the reckless hand o' povertie,
O ! that alane can daunton me.
High was I born to kingly gear,
But a cuif came in my cap to wear,
But wi' my braidsword I'll let him see,
He's nae the man to daunton me.

O I ha'e scarce to lay me on,
Of kingly fields were ance my ain ;
Wi' the moorcock on the mountain-bree,
But hardship ne'er can daunton me.
Up came the gallant chief Lochiel,
An' drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
Says, "Charlie, set your fit to me,
An' shaw me wha will daunton thee !"

LXXIX.

YOUNG CHARLIE IS A GALLANT LAD.

YOUNG Charlie is a gallant lad,
As e'er wore sword and belted plaid ;
And lane and friendless though he be,
He is the lad that shall wanton me.
At Moidart our young prince did land,
With seven men at his right hand,
And a' to conquer nations three.
That is the lad that shall wanton me.

O wae be to the faithless crew
That frae our true king took his due,
And banished him across the sea ;
Nae wonder that should daunton me.
But, Charlie lad, ere it be lang,
We'll shaw them a' the right frae wrang ;
Argyle and a' our faes shall see
That nane on earth can daunton thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high ;
For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die :
The clans a' leal and true men be,
And shaw me wha will daunton thee !
Our gude King James shall soon come hame,
And traitors a' be put to shame ;
Auld Scotland shall again be free ;
O that's the thing wad wanton me

LXXX.

TO DAUNTON ME.

To daunton me, to daunton me,
 D'ye ken the thing that wad daunton me?—
 Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
 And a' the dreary years sinsyne,
 With cess, and press, and Presbyt'ry,
 Gude faith, this had like to daunton me.
 With cess, etc.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
 D'ye ken the thing that wad wanton me?—
 To see gude corn upon the rigs,
 And banishment to a' the Whigs,
 And right restored whare right sud be,
 O, these are the things that wad wanton me.
 And right restored, etc.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
 And ken ye what maist wad wanton me?—
 To see King James at Edinburgh cross,
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
 And the usurper forced to flee,
 O, this is what maist wad wanton me.
 And the usurper, etc.

LXXXI.

BE VALIANT STILL.

WHILE thus I view fair Britain's isle,
And see my sovereign in exile,
A tyrant sitting on his throne,
How can I but our fate bemoan?

Be valiant still, be valiant still,
Be stout, and be bold, and be valiant still ;
There's right in the cause, and might in the
will,
To the bonny, bonny lad that is valiant still.

I hope we yet shall see the day,
When Whigs shall dree the dule they ga'e,
Shall yield their proud necks to the laws,
And bow beneath the righteous cause.

Be valiant, etc.

Here's to the lads who dare be free,
The lads who true and constant be ;
A health to all the loyal few,
And curses on the Whiggish crew.

Be valiant, etc.

May Neptune waft our prince soon o'er,
To join our clans on Albion's shore !
May England soon her error see,
And aid the cause of heaven and me !

Be valiant, etc.

Let Charlie lead us owre the lea,
To meet the Whigs as one to three,
And soon we'll see, upon the field,
What side shall be the first to yield.

Be valiant, etc.

Then let us join with one consent,
('Tis better late than ne'er repent)
To drive th' usurper o'er the main,
And welcome Charlie back again.

Be valiant, etc.

LXXXII.

HE COMES, HE COMES, THE HERO COMES.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes !
Sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat
your drums !
From port to port let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the British shore ;
Welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air ;
From pole to pole his fame resound,
For virtue is with glory crowned :
Virtue is with glory crowned.

To arms, to arms, to arms repair !
Brave, bravely now your wrongs declare :
See godlike Charles, his bosom glows
At Albion's fate and bleeding woes ;
Albion's fate and bleeding woes.

Away, away, fly, haste away !
Crush, crush the bold usurper's sway !
Your lawful king at last restore,
And Britons shall be slaves no more ;
Britons shall be slaves no more.

LXXXIII.

HE'S COMING HERE.

BE kind to me as lang's I'm yours,
I'll maybe wear awa' yet ;
He's coming o'er the Highland hills
May tak' me frae you a' yet.
He's coming here, he will be here,
He's coming here for a' that ;
He's coming o'er the Highland hills
May tak' me frae you a' yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,
And loyal hearts are a' that ;
Auld love is better aye than new ;
Usurpers maunna fa' that.
He's coming here, etc.

The king is come to Muideart bay,
And mony bagpipes blaw that ;
And Caledon her white cockade
And gude claymore may shaw yet.
He's coming here, etc.

Then loudly let the pibroch sound,
And bauld advance each true heart ;
The word be, "Scotland's King and Law !"
And "Death or Charlie Stuart !"
He's coming here, etc.

LXXXIV.

KANE TO THE KING.

HARK the horn !
Up i' the morn,
Bonny lad, come to the march to-morrow,
Down the glen,
Grant and his men,
They shall pay kane to the king the morn.
Down by Knockhaspie,
Down by Gillespie,
Mony a red runt nods the horn,
Waken not Callum,
Rouky nor Allan ;
They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock,
Down by the knock,
Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
Brodie and Balloch,
And Ballindalloch,
They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
Let bark and brevin
Blaze o'er Strathaven,
When the red bullock is over the bourn :
Then shall the maiden dread,
Low on her pillow laid,
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen,
True Highlandmen,
Ronald, and Donald, and ranting Roy,
Gather and drive,
Spare not Glentrive,
But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
Appin can carry through,
So can Glengary, too,
And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn ;
But Keppoch and Dunain, too,
They must be looked unto,
Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer
Out of his lair,
Keep his red nose to the west away ;
Mark for the seven,
Or sword of heaven ;
And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
When the brown cock crows day,
Upon the mottled brae,
Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn
That tells both to wood and cleuch,
Over all Badenoch,
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

LXXXV.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

FIRST SET.

WHEN France had her assistance lent,
Our darling prince to us she sent,
Towards the north his course he bent,
His name was Royal Charlie.

But O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming ;—
Welcome, Royal Charlie !

When he upon the shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcomed Royal Charlie.

Wi' "O, ye've been lang o' coming," etc.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid ;
And O he was a handsome lad !
Few could compare wi' Charlie.

But O, he was lang o' coming, etc.

LXXXVI.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

SECOND SET.

THE wind comes frae the land I love,
It moves the flood fu' rarely ;
Look for the lily on the lea,
And look for royal Charlie.

Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
And smite fu' sharp and sairly ;
And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;
O yonder comes his gallant ship,
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie !

“Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
Wi' banners flaunting fairly ;
But should it meet your darling Prince,
’Twill feast the fish wi' Charlie.”

Wide rustled she with silks in state,
And waved her white hand proudly,
And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
And answered high and loudly :—

M

I had three sons, and a good lord,
Wha sold their lives fu' dearly ;
And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
For love of gallant Charlie.

It wad ha'e made a hale heart sair,
To see our horsemen flying ;
And my three bairns, and my good lord,
Amang the dead and dying :

"I snatched a banner—led them back—
The white rose flourished rarely :
The deed I did for royal James
I'd do again for Charlie."

LXXXVII.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

If thou'lt play me fair play,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Another year for thee I'll stay,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
For a' the lassies here abouts,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Marry none but Geordie's louts,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The time shall come when their bad choice,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
They will repent, and we rejoice,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
I'd take thee in thy Highland trews,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Before the rogues that wear the blues,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Our torments from no cause do spring,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
But fighting for our lawful king,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
Our king's reward will come in time,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
And constant Jenny shall be mine,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

There's no distress that earth can bring,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
But I'd endure for our true king,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
And were my Jenny but my own,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
I'd undervalue Geordie's crown,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

LXXXVIII.

LOWLAND LASSIE.

He. THE cannons roar and trumpets sound,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' Charles resound,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
Glory and honour now unite,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and our prince to fight,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

She. In vain you strive to soothe my pain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
With that much-loved and glorious name,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
With which you now so freely part,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

He. No passion can with me prevail,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
When king and country's in the scale,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
Though this conflict in my soul,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
Tells me love too much does rule,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

She. Ah, chill pretence ! I'd sooner die,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Than see you thus inconstant fly,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Of Whigs to mock for trusting you,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

He. Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
I never will my love forsake,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
Be now content, no more repine,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
The prince shall reign, and ye's be mine,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

She. While thus abandoned to my smart,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
To one more fair you'll give your heart,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
And what still gives me greater pain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Death may for ever you detain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

He. None else shall ever have a share,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
But you and honour, of my care,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;

And death no terror e'er can bring,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
While I am fighting for my king,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

She. The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught your manly courage shake,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
My fondness shall no more control,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Your generous and heroic soul,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

He. Your charms, your sense, your noble mind,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
Would make the most abandoned kind,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie ;
For you and prince I'll freely fight,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie;
No object else can give delight,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.

She. Go ; for yourself procure renown,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
And when victorious you shall find,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
A Jenny constant to your mind,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

LXXXIX.

NOW CHARLES ASSERTS HIS FATHER'S
RIGHT.

Now Charles asserts his father's right,
And thus establishes his own,
Braving the dangers of the fight,
To cleave a passage to the throne.
The Scots regain their ancient fame,
And well their faith and valour show,
Supporting their young hero's claim
Against a pow'rful rebel foe.

The God of battle shakes his arm,
And makes the doubtful victory shine ;
A panic dread their foes disarm :
Who can oppose the will divine ?
The rebels shall at length confess
Th' undoubted justice of the claim,
When lisping babes shall learn to bless
The long-forgotten Stuart's name.

XC.

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE?

WHA wadna fight for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally
At their royal prince's word?
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
Think on foreign foes repelled,
Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
Wha the proud usurpers quelled.

Wha wadna, etc.
Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the North!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your prince that leads you forth!

Wha wadna, etc.
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banished,
While a stranger rules the day?

Wha wadna, etc.
See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengary and Lochiel!
See the brandished broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna, etc.
Now our prince has reared his banner ;
Now triumphant is our cause ;
Now the Scottish lion rallies ;
Let us strike for prince and laws.

XCI.

JOHNNIE COPE.

FIRST SET.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam' naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet ?
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit ?
O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat:
O fye, Cope, rise in the morning !

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come, fight me, Charlie, an' ye daur ;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"So Heaven restore to me my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,
That he would fight them gun and sword ;
But he fled from his nest like a weel-scared bird,
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John marched into Preston town,
He says, " My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

On the morrow, when he did rise,
He looked between him and the skies ;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which feared him in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man-of-war ;
He thought to have passed for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa' in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
Just as the deil had been his guide ;
Gi'en him the warld, he wadna staid
T' have foughten the boys in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
"O what's become of all your men ?"
"In faith," says he, "I dinna ken ;
I left them a' this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Says Lord Mark Car, "Ye are na blate,
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
I think you deserve the back o' the gate :
Get out o' my sight this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

XCII.

JOHNNIE COPE.

SECOND SET.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Charlie, meet me an' ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To ha'e a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' i' the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin ;
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speered at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early i' the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg,
Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
If I face them again, deil break my legs !
So I wish you a very gude morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

XCIII.

GENERAL COPE'S TRAVELS.

GENERAL COPE is now come down,
And all his men in order ;
For to fight our noble Prince,
Upon the Highland border.
But when he to the Highlands came,
He wearied with the ground, man ;
And when he heard the Prince was there,
He took his heels and ran, man.

From Inverness to Lochabers,
And there he staid a while, man,
From Lochabers to Turriff went,
For he was 'fraid to fight, man.
From Turriff to Old Meldrum,
And since to Aberdeen, man,
And staid a while in Aberdeen,
Encamp'd on Windmill Brae, man,

Syne took shipping, sailed to sea,
Upon a Sabbath-day, man,
And at Dunbar was forced to land,
For there he ran away, man,
With all his force, baith men and horse,
Went up to Prestonpans, man ;
There they thought that they were men,
But they proved to be nane, man.

XCIV.

GLADSMUIR.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stained field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew,
Her lifted spear and radiant shield
Conspicuous blazing to the view ;
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now reassumed its first majestic air.

Such seen, as oft in battle warm,
She glowed through many a martial age ;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
In pious plans and counsel sage ;
For o'er the mingling glories of her face,
A manly greatness heightened female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
Her voice the Power celestial raised,
While her victorious sons around
In silent joy and wonder gazed.
The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey :

"'Tis done, my sons ! 'Tis nobly done !
Victorious over tyrant power :
How quick the race of fame was run !
The work of ages in one hour !

N

Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

“ But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
A prey to each insulting foe,
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
To vent in solitude my woe.
Now to my hand the balance fair restored,
Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

“ What arm has this deliverance wrought?
'Tis he! The gallant youth appears!
O warm in fields, and cool in thought,
Beyond the slow advance of years.
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,
Strain close thy filial virtue in my arms.

“ Early I nursed this royal youth,
Ah! ill detained on foreign shores;
I formed his mind with love of truth,
With fortitude and wisdom's stores;
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heaven forms the hero for the destined deed.

“ Nor could the soft seducing charms
Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil
E'er quench his noble thirst for arms,
Of generous deeds, and honest toil.
Fired with the love a country's love imparts,
He fled their weakness, but admired their arts.

“With him I ploughed the stormy main,
My breath inspired th’ auspicious gale :
Reserved for Gladsmuir’s glorious plain,
Through dangers winged his darling sail ;
Where, firmed with inborn worth, he durst oppose
His single valour to a host of foes.

“He came, he spoke, and all around
As swift as heaven’s quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turned warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame :
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

“Rouse, England, rouse ! Fame’s noblest son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine !
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine !
I bring a prince, for such is Heaven’s decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

“So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While plenty crowns the smiling plain,
And industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign.
So shall these happy realms for ever prove
The sweets of union, liberty, and love.”

xcv.

THE BONNY HIGHLAND LADDIE.

OUR gallant Prince is now come hame
To Scotland, to proclaim his daddie :
May Heaven protect the royal name
Of Stuart and the tartan plaidie !

O my bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome, charming Highland laddie !
May Heaven still guard, and him reward,
Wi's bonnet blue and tartan plaidie !

When first he landed on our strand,
The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie
Made every Highland heart to warm,
And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.

O my bonny, etc.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,
That he was come before his daddie,
He thirty thousand pounds would give
To catch him in his tartan plaidie.

O my bonny, etc.

But Geordie kend the better way,
To stay at hame wi' his braw lady ;
Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,
To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.
O my bonny, etc.

He sent John Cope unto the north,
Wi' a' his men for battle ready ;
But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,
Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonny, etc.

Cope rode a race to Inverness,
And fand the Prince gane south already,
Like lion bold, all uncontrolled,
Wi' belt, and brand, and tartan plaidie.
O my bonny, etc.

Cope turned the chase, and left the place ;
The Lothians was the next land ready ;
And then he swore that at Gladsmuir
He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.
O my bonny, etc.

Says he, " My lads, I tell you true,
I'm sorry that they're sae unready ;
Small is the task we have to do,
To catch this rebel in his plaidie."
O my bonny, etc.

The Prince he rose by break of day,
 And blythely was he buskit ready.
 "Let's march," said he ; "Cope langs to see
 The bonnet blue and belted plaidie."

O my bonny, etc.

They were na slack, nae flinching back ;
 In rank and file they marched steady ;
 For they were bent, with one consent,
 To fight for him that wore the plaidie.

O my bonny, etc.

But soon John Cope cried to his men,
 "For gudesake turn, ye dogs, and speed ye,
 And let each man 'scape as he can.
 The deil confound the tartan plaidie !"

O my bonny, etc.

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot ;
 Their heels were light, their heads were giddy ;
 But, late or air, they'll lang nae mair
 To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.

O my bonny, etc.

Now where is Cope, wi' a' his brag ?
 Say, is the craven gane already ?
 O leeze me on my bonny lad,
 His bonnet blue and belted plaidie !

O my bonny, etc.

XCVI.

BY THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY KIRK WALL.

By the side of a country kirk wall,
A sullen Whig minister stood,
Enclosed in an old oaken stall,
Apart from the rest of the crowd.
His hat was hung high on a pin,
With the cocks so devoutly displayed ;
And the cloak that concealed every sin
On the pulpit was carefully spread.

In pews and in benches below
The people were variously placed ;
Some attentively gazed at the show,
Some lolled like blythe friends at a feast.
With a volley of coughs and of sighs,
A harsh noisy murmur was made,
While Pitney threw up both his eyes,
And thus he began to his trade :

"My dearly beloved," quoth he,
"Our religion is now at a stand ;
The Pretender's come over the sea,
And his troops are disturbing our land.
The Papists will sing their old song,
And burn all our Bibles with fire,
And we shall be banished ere long ;
'Tis all that the Tories desire.

“They’ll tell you he’s Protestant bred,
And he’ll guard your religion and laws ;
But, believe me, whate’er may be said,
He’s a foe to the Whigs and their cause.
May thick darkness, as black as the night,
Surround each rebellious pate !
And confusion to all that will fight
In defence of that dastardly brat !

“Our kirks, which we’ve long time enjoyed,
Will be filled with dull rogues in their gowns,
And our stipends will then be employed
On fellows that treat us like clowns.
Their bishops, their deans, and the rest
Of the pope’s antichristian crew
Will be then of our livings possest,
And they’ll lord it o’er us and o’er you.

“Instead of a sleep in your pews,
You’ll be vexed with repeating the creed ;
You’ll be dunned and demurred with their news,
If this their damned project succeed.
Their mass and their set forms of prayer
Will then in our pulpits take place :
We must kneel till our breeches are bare,
And stand at the glore and the grace.

“Let us rise like true Whigs in a band,
As our fathers have oft done before,
And slay all the Tories off hand,
And we shall be quiet once more.

But before he accomplish his hopes,
 May the thunder and lightning come down ;
And though Cope could not vanquish his troops,
 May the clouds keep him back from the throne ! ”

Thus when he had ended his task,
 With the sigh of a heavenly tone,
The precentor got up in his desk,
 And sounded his musical drone.
Now the hat is ta'en down from the pin,
 And the cloak o'er the shoulders is cast ;
The people throng out with a din,
 The devil take him that is last !

XCVII.

TO YOUR ARMS, MY BONNY HIGHLAND LADS.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads !
To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of the drum !
The battle trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,
For Charlie, the great prince regent is come.
There is not the man in a' our clan,
That would knuckle to the lad that is five feet ten ;
And the tune that we strike on the tabor and pipe
Is "The king shall enjoy his own again."

To your arms, to your arms ! Charlie yet shall be our king !
To your arms, all ye lads that are loyal and true !
To your arms, to your arms ! His valour nane can ding,
And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew.
Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids !
Success to Charlie and a' his train !
The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere lang,
And the king shall enjoy his own again.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
And weel do we ken that our young prince wan ;
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,
Wheeled round to the right, and away they ran :
For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
Took horse for his life, and left his men ;
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just
That the king should enjoy his own again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads !
We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.
To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and your plaids !
And hey for Charlie, and our ain true king !
Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa',
The lad whose honour never yet knew stain :
The wrang shall gae down, the king get the crown,
And ilka honest man his own again.

XCVIII.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush ;
We'll over the Border and gi'e them a brush :
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown,
Cock it o' the right side, no' on the wrang,
And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang ;
There's somebody there that likes slinking and slavery,
Somebody there that likes knapping and knavery ;
But somebody's coming will make them to waver,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs,
But now he's gaun southward to lather the Whigs,
And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye,
But now he's gaun over the Border a blink,
And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.
There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird ;
These are the lads that will flinch frae you never,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

XCIX.

THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,
Who boast such loud bravadoes,
And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,
The Highland desperadoes,
Attend my verse, while I rehearse
Your modern deeds of glory,
And tell how Cope, the nation's hope,
Did beat the rebel Tory.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,
The mountain lads descended ;
They cut and hack, alack ! alack !
The battle soon was ended,
And happy he who first could flee :
Both soldiers and commanders
Swore, in a fright, they'd rather fight
In Germany or Flanders.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon !
Thou wonder of a mayor !
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And blustered like a player.
What hast thou done with sword or gun
To baffle the Pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
Thou much more fit defender !

O front of brass, and brain of ass,
With heart of hare compounded ;
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
And all thy pride confounded !
Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave
Thy kindred or thy favour ;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
No glory thy behaviour.

C.

MACLEOD'S DEFEAT AT INVERURY.

COME, countrymen, and sit awhile,
And listen to my sang, man ;
I'll gie my aith, 'twill gar you smile,
And winna keep you lang, man.

How godless Whigs, wi' their intrigues,
Together did convene, man,
At Inverury, on the rigs,
On Thursday afternoon, man.

Macleod came down frae Inverness
Wi' a' his clan, and mair, man,
The royal Gordons to suppress,
And tirr their hurdies bare, man.

The second chieftain of Munro
Came 'cross the Moray Firth, man ;
But ye shall know before ye go
The Gordons marred their mirth, man.

The loyalists made brisk attack,
Led on by Culbert brave, man ;
And Major Hale, he wasna slack,
He good example gave, man.

Lord Lewis for the royal cause,
He fought wi' courage keen, man ;
His clan behaved as in the raws,
On Tuesday afternoon, man.

Blelock wi' his trusty blade,
A heart as stout as steel, man,
He lion-like about him laid,
And gar'd the rebels reel, man.

The Angus hero, Ferrier,
The rebels did oppose, man ;
He proved himsel' a warrior
When he was at Montrose, man.

The Frignetts bold the field did grace,
Maccderman deck'd the slaughter ;
Had you seen him take the race,
You'd rive your shafts wi' laughter.

Brave Avochy the water wade,
While Crighton kept them down, man ;
Monaltrie and Stoney Wood
Drave them out o' the town, man.

Macleod that night gat sic a fright,
Rade aff ere brake o' day, man ;
He lost his bridle in the fight—
Rade aff wi' ane o' strae, man.

O

Culcairn, though a man o' weir,
 Just like his brither coward, man,
 He took his heels and ran for fear,
 When he saw Captain Howard, man.

Chalmers, too, the logic scholar,
 Was there to show his zeal, man ;
 But frightened wi' a hempen collar,
 His terian phiz grew pale, man.

Them, and mair than ten times sax,
 Were brought to Bon Accord, man,
 Which did perplex, and greatly vex,
 The people of the Lord, man.

Sir James Kinloch, he marched them on
 To Perth, that stands on Tay, man,
 Where I shall leave them to bemoan
 The day they crossed the Spey, man.

The loyalists the baggage got,
 Was tint upon the field, man ;
 A Highland dirk, wi' a shack purse,
 Wi' auld Macleod's crest, man.

Pitrichie hid himself fu' snug
 Amang a heap o' dung, man ;
 'Mang ither things Macleod forgot
 His lucky daddy's shield, man.

MACLEOD'S DEFEAT AT INVERURY. 211

A gude claymore, wi' siller hilt,
Was found amang the rest, man ;
But he was grippit by the lug,
Ere mornin' bell was rung, man.

There was a trusty heroine,
Drembennan was her seat, man,
Between the Praws an' Aberdeen
The stragglers she did meet, man :

Nineteen o' them she did disarm
Wi' her lang jock-te-leg, man ;
And let them gang frae farther harm,
As mercy they did beg, man.

CI.

THE HIGHLANDMEN CAME DOWN THE HILL.

THE Highlandmen came down the hill,
And owre the knowe wi' right gude will ;
Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
For wow but they were braw, man !
They had three gen'ral's o' the best,
Wi' lairds, and lords, and a' the rest,
Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
And couldna rin awa', man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns ;
They canna stand the thunder-stoun's
Of heroes bred wi' care, man—
Of men that are their country's stay,
These Whiggish braggarts of a day.
The Highlandmen came down the brae,
The heroes were not there, man.

Says brave Lochiel, "Pray, have we won?
I see no troop, I hear no gun."
Says Drummond, "Faith the battle's done,
I know not how nor why, man.
But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
Have we defeat these heroes brave?"
Says Murray, "I believe we have :
If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,
There was no foe in Falkirk town.
Nor yet in a' the country roun',
 To break a sword at a', man.
They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way ;
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
 And made the dogs to blaw, man.

A tyke is but a tyke at best,
A coward ne'er will stand the test,
And Whigs at morn wha cocked the crest,
 Or e'en had got a fa', man.
O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braidswords and white cockades !
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
 Our Whigs nae mair can craw, man.

CII.

OH! HE'S BEEN LANG O' COMING.

THE youth that should ha'e been our king,
 Was dress'd in yellow, red, and green,
 A braver lad ye wadna seen,
 Nor our brave Royal Charlie.
 Oh! he's been lang o' coming,
 Lang, lang, lang o' coming,
 Oh! he's been lang o' coming,
 Welcome Royal Charlie.

At Falkirk, and at Prestonpans,
 Supported by the Highland clans,
 They broke the Hanoverian bands,
 For our brave Royal Charlie.
 Oh! he's been lang, etc.

The valiant chief, the brave Lochiel,
 He met Prince Charlie on the dale,
 Then, O! what kindness did prevail,
 Between the chief and Charlie.
 Oh! he's been lang, etc.

O come and quaff along wi' me,
 And drink a bumper, three times three,
 To him that's come to set us free,
 Huzy! rejoice for Charlie.
 Oh! he's been lang, etc.

We darena brew a peck o' maut,
But Geordie says it is a faut,
And to our kail cannot get saut,
For want of Royal Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

Now our good king abroad is gone,
A German whelp now fills the throne,
And whelps, it is denied by none,
Are brutes compared to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

Now our good king is turned awa',
A German whelp now rules us a',
And tho' we're forced against our law,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

If we had but our Charlie back,
We wadna fear the German's crack;
Wi' a' his thieving, hungry pack,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

O Charlie, come and lead the way,
No German whelp shall bear the sway,
Tho' ilka dog maun ha'e his day,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh! he's been lang, etc.

CIII.

THE APPEARANCE OF CROMWELL'S GHOST
ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF
CULLODEN.

“FROM whence, and why such impudence,
Thus boldly to appear,
And in our royal presence stand?
What message brought you here?”
“I’m one, great sir, of your own stamp,
My name I need not tell,
Since it is so well known on earth,
And all the nooks of hell.

“You’ve heard, no doubt, of mighty Noll,
Who kept the world in awe;
And made these very walls to shake,
Whose word was then a law.
I come express to you, great sir,
From our infernal cell,
Where your great dad, and Nassau’s prince,
And Walpole, greet you well.

“With mighty news I fraughted come,
Here is a full detail,
Which Grosset brought express this night
Straight from the field to hell.

It much exceeds the power of words,
Or painting to describe
What change these news made on the looks
Of all our scorched tribe.

“Such a procession, Pluto owns,
He never saw before,
What crowds of kings, and mitred heads,
But of usurpers more.
Your dad and Nassau first appeared,
Clad in their royal buff,
And loyal Sarum next advanced
With his well singed ruff.

“Then Calvin and Hugh Peters they
Joined Luther and John Knox ;
And Bradshaw with his loyal bench,
A set of godly folks.
And I was stationed in the rear,
By right and due my post :
Where Whigs and Independents made
A most prodigious host.

“These worthies all, great sir, expect
Right soon to see you there,
Together with your Cumbrian duke
And Shelly-coat, your heir.
Thus my commission I’ve obeyed,
And e’er I downward bend,
Shall wait with pleasure infinite
What answer you will send.”

“ Pray make my humble compliments
To all our friends below ;
And for these welcome news you brought
Most grateful thanks I owe.
We still your principles pursue,
And shall subservient be,
Till we and all our progeny
Our destined quarters see.”

CIV.

CULLODEN DAY.

FAIR lady, mourn the memory
Of all our Scottish fame !
Fair lady, mourn the memory
Ev'n of the Scottish name !
How proud were we of our young prince,
And of his native sway !
But all our hopes are past and gone,
Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For, one to two, our foes we dared,
For freedom or for death.
The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay :
The die was risked, and foully cast,
Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
In poverty to pine,
No friend or clansman by thy side,
No vassal that is thine ?

CULLODEN DAY.

Leading thy young son by the hand,
And trembling for his life,
As at the name of Cumberland
He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Turned out on the world wide ;
I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Weep on the bleak hill-side.
Before such noble stem should bend
To tyrant's treachery,
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
Where honour still bears sway ;
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
By islet and by bay :
And ere thy honour shall be stained,
This sword avenge shall thee,
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
To us can pleasure give ?
What is there now in thee, Scotland,
For which we ought to live ?
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
For all that we held dear,
Still have we left a sacrifice
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
Our Southron foes may gall ;
The cup is filled, they yet shall drink,
And they deserve it all.
But there is nought for us or ours,
In which to hope or trust,
But hide us in our fathers' graves,
Amid our fathers' dust.

CV.

THE WHITE HARE OF CULLODEN.

CHARLIE STUART and his men they stood in a row,
The hare she ran thro' them and awa' she did go,
They all fired at her, but the hare she said no,
As she ran for her life in the morning.

But the hare she lay down and fell o'er on her back,
When the Prince he saw it his visage turn'd black,
He said to his men, we may a' turn back,
For we'll a' lose our lives in the morning.

"And oh!" said his nobles, "but where can we flee,
For we are surrounded by land and by sea?
It's oh! Charlie Stuart, had we never seen thee,
For we'll a' lose our lives in the morning.

"And oh!" said his nobles, "our portion's but sma',
Our houses and lands they are forfeited a',
Our wives and our children they're a' forc'd awa',
And we'll a' lose our lives in the morning.

"I wat, Charlie Stuart, you've dane's a mischance,
As to bring ony men over frae France;
But lead us poor Highlandmen sic a mad dance,
For we're a' sure to die in the morning."

THE WHITE HARE OF CULLODEN. 223

Then in the next morning when daylight came on,
On the field of Culloden the fight did begin,
And waes me our Highland lads forc'd were to rin,
Or bide an' be shot in the morning.

CVI.

ON GALLIA'S SHORE WE SAT AND WEPT.

ON Gallia's shore we sat and wept,
When Scotland we thought on,
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
Her ancient spirit gone.

Revenge ! the sons of Gallia said,
Revenge your native land ;
Already your insulting foes
Crowd the Batavian strand.

How shall the sons of freedom e'er
For foreign conquest fight ;
For power, how wield the sword unsheathed,
For liberty and right ?

If thee, oh Scotland, I forget,
Even with my latest breath,
May foul dishonour stain my name,
And bring a coward's death.

May sad remorse of fancied guilt
My future days employ,
If all thy sacred rights are not
Above my chiefest joy.

Remember England's children, Lord,
Who on Drummossie¹ day,
Deaf to the voice of kindred love,
Raze, raze it quite, did say.

And thou, proud Gallia, faithless friend,
Whose ruin is not far,
Just Heaven, on thy devoted head,
Pour all the woes of war.

When thou thy slaughtered little ones,
And ravished dames shall see,
Such help, such pity, may'st thou have,
As Scotland had from thee.

¹ The Muir of Culloden was also called Drummossie.

CVII.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze ?

Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn—
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood :
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !

CVIII.

TOWNLY'S GHOST.

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost,
And all was fast asleep,
In glided murdered Townly's ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

"Awake, infernal wretch!" he cried,
"And view this mangled shade,
That in thy perjured faith relied,
And basely was betrayed.

"Imbrued in bliss, imbathed in ease,
Though now thou seem'st to lie,
My injured form shall gall thy peace,
And make thee wish to die.

"Fancy no more in pleasant dreams
Shall frisk before thy sight,
But horrid thoughts and dismal screams
Attend thee all the night.

"Think on the hellish acts thou'st done,
The thousands thou'st betrayed:
Nero himself would blush to own
The slaughter thou hast made.

TOWNLY'S GHOST.

"Nor infants' cries nor parents' tears
 Could stay thy bloody hand,
Nor could the ravished virgins' fears
 Appease thy dire command.

"But, ah ! what pangs are set apart
 In hell, thou'lt quickly see ;
For ev'n the damned themselves shall start
 To view a fiend like thee."

In heart affrighted, Willie rose,
 And trembling stood, and pale ;
Then to his cruel sire he goes,
 And tells the dreadful tale.

"Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,"
 The bold usurper said,
"And ne'er repent of what thou'st done,
 Nor be at all afraid.

"If we on Scotland's throne can dwell,
 And reign securely here,
Your uncle Satan's king in hell,
 And he'll secure us there."

CIX.

PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA MACDONALD'S
WELCOME TO SKYE

THERE are twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens,
Come over the Minch,
And come over the main,
Wi' the wind for their way,
And the correi for their hame :
Let us welcome them bravely
Unto Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens ;
For the night it is dark,
And the redcoat is gone,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

There is Flora, my honey,
So dear and so bonny,
And one that is tall,
And comely withal ;
Put the one as my king,
And the other as my queen,
They're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.

WELCOME TO SKYE.

Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens ;
For the lady of Macoulain
She lieth her lane,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

Her arm it is strong,
And her petticoat is long,
My one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens ;
But their bed shall be clean,
On the heather most crain ;
And they're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens ;
By the sea-moullit's nest
I will watch o'er the main ;
And you're dearly welcome
To Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree,
And a ship on the sea,
My twa bonny maidens,
My three bonny maidens ;

On the lea of the rock
Your cradle I shall rock ;
And you're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
My twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens :
More sound shall you sleep,
When you rock on the deep ;
And you'll aye be welcome
To Skye again.

CX.

YOU'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STUART.

YOU'RE welcome, Charlie Stuart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 There's none so right as thou art.

Had I the power to my will,
Thy foes to scatter, take, and kill,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
 From Billingsgate to Duart.

Thy sympathising complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France ;
But woe is me for thy mischance,
 That saddens every true heart !
 You're welcome, etc.

Had'st thou Culloden's battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butchered been with sword and gun,
 By Lockhart and such cowards.
 You're welcome, etc.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,
A lovely maid, did timely send,
To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou royal Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

Illustrious Prince, we firmly pray,
That she and we may see the day,
When Britons with one voice shall say,
 "You're welcome, Charlie Stuart."
 You're welcome, etc.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,
I drink confusion to the swine,
But health to him that will combine
 To fight for Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirst and hunger for thy blood,
Just Heaven will preserve the good,
 The gallant Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
 For liberty and Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

Then haste, ye Britons, to set on
Your lawful king upon his throne,
And to Hanover drive each one
Who will not fight for Stuart.
You're welcome, etc.

CXI.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he o'er the plain ;
But now he's banished far away,
I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again !
O for him back again !
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

O for him back again, etc.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I would see the joyfu' sight
Of Highland Harry back again.

O for him back again, etc.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
He left me on his native plain,
And rushed his injured Prince to join !
But, oh ! he ne'er cam' back again !

O for him back again, etc.

Strong was my Harry's arm in fight,
Unmatched on a' Culloden plain ;
But Vengeance mark'd him for his ain,—
And, oh ! he ne'er cam' back again !

O for him back again, etc.

CXII.

THE CLANS ARE ALL AWAY.

LET mournful Britons now deplore
The horrors of Drummosie's day ;
Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
The clans are all away, away.
The clemency of late enjoyed
Is changed to tyrannic sway :
Our laws and friends at once destroyed :
The clans are all away, away.

Has fate thus doomed the Scottish race
To tyrants' lasting power a prey ?
Shall all those troubles never cease ?
Why went the clans away, away ?
Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn ;
Your prince abroad will make no stay :
You'll bless the hour of his return,
And soon revenge Drummosie's day.

CXIII.

YOUNG EDWARD THE PRINCE.

IN Paris fair town liv'd great Gallia's lord,
Rever'd by his neighbours, by his subjects ador'd,
Whose fleets and whose armies great wonders had wrought,
And spread terror and triumph wherever they fought.
Wide kingdoms obey'd the proud victor's command,
And bow'd to the great grandson of Lewis-a-Grand.

Young Edward the Prince, of Stuart's old race,
Who could conquer with meekness and suffer with grace,
He would oft times appear at the monarch's gay court,
And depended on France for a princely support.
His aid he oft claim'd, as his father had done,
To restore him again to his ancestor's throne.

The monarch consented, and promis'd, and vow'd,
By all that was great, by all that was good,
To assist the young Edward, thus forward and bold,
With the choice of his forces and half of his gold.
And now all his subjects expected once more
To see him again on Britannia's shore.

But as soon as Hanover and Lewis were friends,
Then honour and justice must yield to his ends,
The monarch, as false as the tempest that blows,
Forgets all his former engagements and vows.

And now the young Edward, thus falsely betray'd,
Must leave the French kingdom, elsewhere to seek aid.

Take heed, ye brave heroes of Britain's fair isle,
How ye trust in French faith in your present exile,
For the French they are fickle, and guineas are strong,
And may tempt even Christian kings to do wrong.
Then rely not on Lewis for help nor defence,
But remember the fate of young Edward the Prince.

CXIV.

CARLISLE HA'.

My love's a bonny laddie, an' yon be he,
My love's a bonny laddie, an' yon be he ;
A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee :
He's a bonny, bonny laddie, an' yon be he.

There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
And on that bonny brier bush there's twa roses I lo'e
 dear,
And they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard !
They shall bob on Athol green, and there they will be
 seen,
And the rocks and the trees shall be their safeguard.

O my bonny, bonny flowers, they shall bloom o'er them a',
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure will ding them a',
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa' ?
O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa' ?
I will awa' to Edinbrough, and win a penny fee,
And see gin ony bonny laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,
He's coming frae the north that's to carry me ;
A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree :
He's a bonny, bonny laddie, an' yon be he.

CXV.

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Was ever old warrior of suffering so weary ?
Was ever the wild beast so bayed in his den ?
The Southron bloodhounds lie in kennel so near me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me :
No child to protect me, where once there were ten :
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,
And woe to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen !

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven ;
The bright sun of morning has blushed at the view ;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country has fallen for ever !
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen ?

The sun in his glory has looked on our sorrow ;
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea :
O, is there no spring-day for Scotland ? no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free ?
Yes : one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from His ken.
The day is abiding, of stern retribution,
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

CXVI.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
A farewell for ever !
Farewell to my wee cot,
That stands by the river !
The fall is loud sounding,
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding,
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a babe at her knee,
And a babe at her bosom :
I heard her sweet voice
In the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is nought to alarm thee :
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.

I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

"The brave were betrayed,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance.

"I'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering ;
I'll gird on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering ;
I'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honour,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tower of devotion
Is the home of the reaver ;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever ;
The pine of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honours are shaken.

“ Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger !
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.
O come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye ! ”

CXVII.

THE FRASERS IN THE CORREI.

“WHERE is your daddy gane, my little May?
Where has our lady been a’ the lang day?
Saw you the redcoats rank on the hall green?
Or heard you the horn on the mountain yestreen?”
“Auld carle greybeard, ye speer na at me;
Gae speer at the maiden that sits by the sea.
The redcoats were here, and it was na for good,
And the raven’s turned hoarse wi’ the waughting o’ blood.

“O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note!
The blood of the Frasers’ too hot for his throat,
I trow the black traitor’s of Sassenach breed;
They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
When I was a baby, we ca’d him in joke,
The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock;
But now he’s our mountain companion no more,
The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death?
The raven’s our friend, and he’s croaking in wrath:
He will not pick up from a bonneted head,
Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that’s clad.
But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
Where Foyers, Culduthil, and Gorthaly hides.
There’s danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
And seek them alone by the light of the moon.”

"Auld carle greybeard, a friend you should be,
For the truth's on your lip, and the tear's i' your e'e;
Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear:
There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
They prayed for their prince, kneeled, and slept on the
rock.

"O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
Of those who are killing the gallant and great?
Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe?"
"My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are done:
Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
And the names of the brave shall not perish for aye."

CXVIII.

BONNY CHARLIE.

THOUGH my fireside it be but sma',
And bare and comfortless witha',
I'll keep a seat, and maybe twa,
 To welcome bonny Charlie.
Although my aumrie and my shiel'
Are toom as the glen of Earnanhyle,
I'll keep my hindmost handfu' meal,
 To gi'e to bonny Charlie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,
It's there nae langer I maun bide ;
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,
 I'll gi'e to bonny Charlie.
Although my heart is unco sair,
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there,
 I'll gi'e for bonny Charlie.

CXIX.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

A SOLDIER, for gallant achievements renowned,
Revolved in despair the campaigns of his youth ;
Then beating his bosom, and sighing profound,
That malice itself might have melted to ruth,
“ Are these,” he exclaimed, “ the results of my toil,
In want and obscurity thus to retire ?
For this did compassion restrain me from spoil,
When earth was all carnage, and heav’n was on fire ?

“ My country is ravaged, my kinsmen are slain,
My prince is in exile, and treated with scorn,
My chief is no more—he hath suffered in vain—
And why should I live on the mountain forlorn ?
O woe to Macconal, the selfish, the proud,
Disgrace of a name for its loyalty famed !
The curses of heaven shall fall on the head
Of Callum and Torquil, no more to be named.

“ For had they but joined with the just and the brave,
The Campbell had fallen, and Scotland been free ;
That traitor, of vile usurpation the slave,
The foe of the Highlands, of mine, and of me.
The great they are gone, the destroyer is come,
The smoke of Lochaber has reddened the sky :
The war-note of freedom for ever is dumb ;
For that have I stood, and with that I will die.

"The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air,
The varied horizon henceforth I abhor.
Give me death, the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
Which fortune can offer, or nature implore."
To madness impelled by his griefs as he spoke,
And darting around him a look of disdain,
Down headlong he leapt from a heaven-towering rock,
And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

CXX.

THE EARL OF KILMARNOCK'S LAMENT.

HEY, my Eppie,
And now, my Eppie,
Sae lang will she think it ere she see me now ;
In strong prison I lie,
Without power to fly,
And I'll never return to my Eppie, I trow.

Farewell to my Eppie,
My wish be wi' Eppie,
Too soon will my Eppie receive my adieu ;
My sentence is past,
The morn's my last,
And I'll never win hame to my Eppie, I trow.

O Eppie, my dearest,
O Eppie, my fairest,
Sae mony sweet days I have spent wi' you ;
Now cauld are my hands,
In stern iron bands,
I'll never mair stretch them, dear Eppie, to you.
Farewell to my Eppie, etc.

The charge is prepared,
The lawyers are fared,
The judges have raised a terrible show ;

I gang undismayed,
 My life it will pay it,
 A debt of demands, sae take what I owe.
 Farewell to my Eppie, etc.

With the trumpet's loud sounding,
 The city's rebounding,
 We that are poor pannels to our sentence maun bow,
 For the morn's the knell
 Of our sepulchre's bell,
 And 'twill be a sad start to my Eppie, I trow.
 Farewell to my Eppie, etc.

But tho' I maun die,
 I boldly defy
 My foes for to say that my crime I do rue ;
 Nor need my proud kin
 Be ashamed of my sin,
 But sad will the heart o' my Eppie be now.
 Farewell to my Eppie, etc.

Good angels be keeping
 Her while she is sleeping,
 Lest visions present my sad fate to her view ;
 And when I am dead,
 Support her widowed head,
 For sad will the heart o' my Eppie be now.
 Farewell to my Eppie, etc.

CXXI.

THAT MUSHROOM THING, CALLED
CUMBERLAND.

THAT mushroom thing, called Cumberland,
Has lately pass'd the Forth, sir ;
But he's commenced plunderland,
Since he gaed to the north, sir.
Sing, audlie, ilti, audlie, ilti, audlie, ilti, lara, lara,
Sing, audlie, ilti, audlie, ilti, audlie, ilti, lara, lara.

He is the first of all the line
Called Protestant, I swear, sir,
That ever kissed our ladies fine,
Or breath'd in Scottish air, sir.
Sing, audlie, etc.

Our priests he has incarcerate,
And burned our altars down, sir,
The godless Whigs rejoice at that,
And bless the fire-brand loon, sir.
Sing, audlie, etc.

But when our tartan lads come back,
And Messieurs land at Dover,
We'll singe the lousy German pack,
And drive them to Hanover.
Sing, audlie, etc.

THAT MUSHROOM THING.

Then all the brood, o'erwhelm'd with dool,
I'll pledge my faith and troth, sir,
Instead of tarts and pies at Yule,
They'll slab their turnip broth, sir.
Sing, audlie, etc.

CXXII.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA M'DONALD.

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the correi that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat which the breezes had swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
" Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young !
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

" The moorcock that craws on the top of Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eiry can claim ;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore ;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea :
But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore ;
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more :
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

" The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;

R

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue,
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

CXXIII.

FLORA AND CHARLIE.

OWER yon muir, and yon lofty mountain,
 Where the trees are clad with snōw,
 And down by yon murmuring crystal fountain
 Where the silver streams do flow—
 There fair Flora sat complaining,
 For the absence of our king,
 Crying, Charlie, lovely Charlie,
 When shall we two meet again?

Fair Flora's love it was surprising,
 Like to diadems in array;
 And her dress of the tartan plaidie
 Was like a rainbow in the sky—
 And each minute she tuned her spinnet,
 And royal James was the tune,
 Crying, Charlie, Royal Charlie,
 When shalt thou enjoy thy own?

When all these storms are quite blown o'er,
 Then the skies will rent and tear,
 Then Charles he'll return to Britain,
 To enjoy the grand affair—
 The frisking lambs will skip over,
 And larks and linnets shall sweetly sing,
 Singing Charlie, lovely Charlie,
 Your welcome home to be our king.

CXXIV.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread?
O where shall I gae wander?
O where shall I gae hide my head?
For here I'll bide nae langer.
The seas may row, the winds may blow,
And swathe me round in danger;
My native land I must forego,
And roam a lonely stranger.

The glen that was my father's own
Must be by his forsaken;
The house that was my father's home
Is levelled with the bracken.
Ochon! ochon! our glory's o'er,
Stolen by a mean deceiver!
Our hands are on the broad claymore;
But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injured prince,
Thy people have disowned thee,
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
With ruined chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget,
Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer !
A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
In guile and treachery stronger.
Thy brave and just fall in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver :
Heaven's pitying e'e is closed on thee,
Adieu ! adieu for ever !

CXXV.

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

FARE thee weel, my native cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree !
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.
My good grandsire's hand thee reared,
Then thy wicker-work was full :
Mony a Campbell's glen he cleared,
Hit the buck and houghed the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes ;
In thy bien and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame,
Routh and welcome was his fare ;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He crossed Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield ;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field :
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die ;
Every lad within thee bred
Died 'neath heaven's open eye.

Charlie Stuart he came here,
For our king, as right became ;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir ?
Wha could tine our royal name ?
Firm to stand, and free to fa',
Forth we marched right valiantly.
Gane is Scotland's king and law !
Woe to the Highlands and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I maun stay ;
But when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play !
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree !
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

CXXVI.

LAMENT OF OLD DUNCAN SKENE OF CLAN-
DONOCHIE.

O SCOTLAND, my country ! far, far have I ranged,
 Since last I took farewell of thee ;
 Thy beauties are over, how much art thou changed
 From what thou wert once wont to be !
 This is the green valley, and yonder's the spot,
 Where once rose the smoke from my sire's little cot ;
 My friends are no more, and their dwelling is not ;
 Still greater's the change upon me.

I was young, and my hopes and my courage were high,
 For freedom I freely drew glaive ;
 But ruin soon came, and the spoiler was nigh,
 No home there remained for the brave.
 I have roamed on the world's wide wilderness cast,
 Unfriended, exposed to the bitterest blast
 Of misfortune, and now I have sought thee at last,
 To sleep in my forefather's grave.

As clear as before runs thy burn o'er its bed,
 As sweet thy wild heath flowerets grow ;
 But thy glory is past, and thy honours are fled,
 Since freedom no more thou canst know.

Thy sons were disloyal, unmanly, unjust,
The heroes were few that stood firm to their trust ;
Thy thistle's dishonoured and trampled in dust
By the friends of thy deadliest foe.

The smoke of the cottage arose to the sky,
The babe dipt its finger in gore,
And smiled, for it knew not the bright crimson dye
Was the life's blood of her that it bore.
Thy foes they were many, and ruthless their wrath,
Thy glens they defaced with ravage and death,
Thy children were hunted and slain on the heath,
And the best of thy sons are no more.

Thy hills are majestic, thy valleys are fair,
But ah ! they're possessed by a foe ;
Thy glens are the same, but a stranger is there,
There is none that will weep for thy woe.
On my thoughts hangs a heavy, a dark, cheerless gloom,
And far from thee long have I mourned o'er thy doom ;
And again I have sought thee to find me a tomb,
'Tis all thou hast now to bestow.

I'll wander away to that ill-fated heath,
Where Scotland for freedom last stood ;
Where fought the last remnant for glory or death,
And sealed the true cause with their blood.
And there will I mourn for the honour that's fled,
And dig a new grave 'mong the bones of the dead ;
Then proudly lay down my grey weary head,
With the last of the loyal and good.

CXXVII.

WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?

ROYAL Charlie's now awa',
 Safely owre the friendly main ;
 Mony a heart will break in twa,
 Should he ne'er come back again.

Will you no' come back again ?
 Will you no' come back again ?
 Better lo'ed you'll never be,
 And will you no' come back again ?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
 Brak the band o' nature's law ;
 Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
 Sought to wear his life awa'.

Will he no' come back again ?
 Will he no' come back again ?
 Better lo'ed he'll never be,
 And will he no' come back again ?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
 And bed beneath the birken tree ;
 The bush that hid him on the plain,
 There's none on earth can claim but he.

Will he no' come back again ? etc.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
To me they ha'e nae ither soun',

Than, will he ne'er come back again? etc.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa';
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.

Will he no come back again? etc.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'ercome o' the sang
Is, "Will he no' come back again?"

Will he no' come back again? etc.

CXXVIII.

GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Deil tak' him gin he sit there,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie—
Weel ye ken it is his own,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lowland loon,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Wha took frae him the British crown,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
But leeze me on the kilted clans,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
That fought for him at Prestonpans,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I ha'e to tell,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
Cumberland's awa' to hell,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR. 269

When he came to the Stygian shore,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
The deil himsel' wi' fright did roar,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Then Charon grim came out to him,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
"Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb !"
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat on him a philabeg,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
An' in his lug they rammed a peg,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
The deils ne'er saw sic sport before,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They took him neist to Satan's ha',
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin' in the neuk,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Riving sticks to roast the duke,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat him neist upon a spit,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And roasted him baith head and feet,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

270 *GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR.*

Wi' scalding brunstane and wi' fat,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
They flammed his carcase weel wi' that,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
And that's the gate they served the duke,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

CXXIX.

THE SONG OF M'RIMMON GLASH.

O SWEET was the cot of my father,
That stood in the wood up the glen,
And sweet was the red blooming heather,
And the river that flowed from the Ben ;
And dear was the little bird singing
From morning till e'en on the thorn,
And the daisies and violets springing
So fair on the bank of the burn.

I rose at the dawn of the morning,
And ranged through the woods at my will ;
And often till evening's returning
I loitered my time on the hill.
Well known was each dell in the wild wood,
Each flower-spot, and green grassy lea ;
O sweet were the days of my childhood,
And dear the remembrance to me !

But sorrows came sudden and early,
Such joys I may ne'er know again,
I followed the gallant Prince Charlie,
To fight for his rights and my ain.
No home has he now to protect him
From the bitterest tempest that blows ;
No friend, save his God, to direct him,
While watched and surrounded by foes.

I have stood to the last with the heroes,
That thought Scotland's rights to have saved ;
No danger that threatened could fear us,
But we fell 'neath the blast that we braved.
My chief wanders lone and forsaken,
'Mong the hills where his stay wont to be ;
His clansmen are slaughtered or taken,
For, like him, they all fought to be free.

The sons of the mighty have perished,
And freedom with them fled away ;
The hopes that so long we have cherished,
Have left us for ever and aye.
As we hide on the brae 'mong the braken,
We hear our hames crash as they burn.
O God, when shall vengeance awaken,
And the day of our glory return ?

CXXX.

BANNOCKS OF BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !
Wha in a brulzie will first cry "a parley ?"
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
Wha cowed the lowns o' England rarely?
An' clawed their backs at Falkirk fairly?—
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear meal, etc.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
Stood in ruin wi' bonny Prince Charlie?
An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear meal, etc.

CXXXI.

ON MURRAY OF BROUGHTON.

Quantum mutatus ab illo.

To all that virtue's holy ties can boast,
To truth, to honour, and to manhood lost,
How hast thou wandered from the sacred road,
The paths of honesty, the pole to God !
O fallen ! fallen from the high degree
Of spotless fame, and pure integrity !
Where all that gallantry that filled your breast ?
The pride of sentiment, the thought profest,
Th' unbiassed principle, the generous strain,
That warmed your blood, and beat in every vein ?
All, all are fled ! Once honest, steady, brave ;
How great the change to traitor, coward, knave !

O hateful love of life, that prompts the mind,
The godlike, great, and good, to leave behind ;
From wisdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,
From all on earth that dignifies the man,
With steps unhallowed ; wickedly to stray,
And trust and friendship's holy bands betray !
Cursed fear of death ! whose bugbear terrors fright
Th' unmanly breast from suffering in the right ;
That strikes the man from th' elevated state,
From every character, and name of great,
And throws him down beneath the vile degree
Of galleyed slaves, or dungeon villany.

O Murray ! Murray ! once of truth approved,
Your Prince's darling, by his party loved,
When all were fond your worth and fame to raise,
And expectations spoke your future praise ;
How could you sell that Prince, that cause, that fame,
For life enchained to infamy and shame ?
See gallant Arthur, whose undaunted soul
No dangers frighten and no fears control,
With unconcern, the axe and block surveys,
And smiles at all the dreadful scene displays ;
While undisturbed his thoughts so steady keep,
He goes to death as others go to sleep.
Gay 'midst their gibbets and devouring fire,
What numbers hardy in the cause expire !
But what these to thee ? examples vain ;
Yet see and blush if yet the power remain ;
Behold the menial hand that broke your bread,
That wiped your shoes, and with your crumbs was fed,
When life and riches proffered to his view,
Before his eyes the strong temptation threw,
Rather than quit integrity of heart,
Or act, like you, the unmanly traitor's part,
Disdains the purchase of a worthless life,
And bares his bosom to the butch'ring knife,
Each mean compliance gallantly denies,
And in mute honesty is brave, and dies.
While you, though tutored from your early youth
To all the principles of steady truth ;
Though station, birth, and character conspire
To kindle in your breast the manly fire,
Friends, reputation, conscience, all disclaim,
To glory lost, and sunk in endless shame,

For the dull privilege to breathe the air ;
Let everlasting infamy declare,
And down to late posterity record
A name that's cursed, abandoned, and abhorred !

Go, wretch ! enjoy the purchase you have gained,
Scorn and reproach your every step attend,
By all mankind neglected and forgot,
Retire to solitude—retire and rot.

But whither, whither can the guilty fly
From the devouring worms that never die ?
Those inward stings that rack the villain's breast,
Haunt his lone hours, and break his tortured rest ;
'Midst caves, 'midst rocks, and deserts you may find
A safe retreat from all the human kind ;
But to what foreign region can you run,
Your greatest enemy, yourself, to shun ?
Where'er thou go'st, wild anguish and despair,
And black remorse attend with hellish stare,
'Tear your distracted soul with torments fell ;
Your passions, devils, and your bosom, hell !

Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,
Some minutes more inglorious life prolong ;
And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,
Weary of being, yet afraid of death,
If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
Judas and Murray both may go to heaven !

CXXXII.

ON WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

WHEN William shall depart this life,
And from this earth be hurled,
Ah ! sure, to guess where he shall go,
Must puzzle all the world.

In heavenly mansions there's no rest,
For one of such contagion,
Nothing unclean can enter in
To that bright blessed region.

Where shall be found a place that's fit ?
In hell he cannot enter,
The devil no equal will admit :
Then chain him to the centre.

There, till that great and dreadful day,
When fervent heat shall purge him ;
When this vain world shall pass away,
May all the furies scourge him.

CXXXIII.

UP AND RIN AWA', WILLIE.

Up and rin awa', Willie,
Up and rin awa', Willie;
The Highland clans will rise again,
And chase you far awa', Willie.

Prince Charles he'll be down again,
With clans both great and sma', Willie,
To play your king a bonny spring,
And make you pay for a', Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

Therefore give o'er to burn and slay,
And ruin send on a', Willie,
Or you may get your butcher horns
Your own dirge for to blaw, Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

For had the clans been in your way,
As they were far awa', Willie,
They'd chased you faster aff the field
Than ever wind did blaw, Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

You may thank God for evermore,
Than deil a clan you saw, Willie,
Wi' pistol, durk, or edge claymore,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

Then take my last and best advice,
Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,
To Hanover, if you be wise,
Take Feck and George and a', Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

There's one thing I'd almost forgot,
Perhaps there may be twa, Willie,
Be sure to write us back again,
How they received you a', Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

CXXXIV.

CLAN-RONALD'S MEN.

THERE's news !—news ! gallant news !
That carle dinna ken, joe ;
There's gallant news of tartan trews,
And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.

There has been blinking on the bent,
And flashing on the fell, joe ;
The redcoat sparks ha'e got their yerks,
But carle darena tell, joe.

There's news !—news ! etc.

The prig dragoons, they swore by 'zoons,
The rebels' hides to tan, joe ;
But when they fand the Highland brand,
They funk it and they ran, joe.

There's news !—news ! etc.

Had English might stood by the right,
As they did vaunt full vain, joe ;
Or played the parts of Highland hearts,
The day was a' our ain, joe.

There had been news ! etc.

O wad the frumpy forward Duke,
Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
But meet our Charlie hand to hand,
In a' his Highland gear, joe.

There wad be news ! etc.

We darena say the right's the right,
Though weel the right we ken, joe ;
But we dare think, and take a drink,
To Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.

And tell the news ! etc.

Afore I saw the back of ane
Turned on his daddy's ha', joe,
I'd rather see his towers a waste,
His bonnet, bends, an' a', joe.

But yet there's news ! etc.

Afore I saw our rightful prince
From foreign foggies flee, joe,
I'd lend a hand to Cumberland
To row him in the sea, joe.

But still there's news ! etc.

Come fill your cup, and fill it up,
We'll drink the toast you ken, joe ;
And add beside, the Highland plaid,
And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.

And cry our news, etc.

We'll drink to Athole's bonny lord ;
To Cluny of the glen, joe ;
To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.

And cry our news ! our gallant news !
That carle disna ken, joe ;
Our gallant news, of tartan trews,
And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe !

CXXXV.

OH! CAULD IN THE MOOLS.

OH! cauld in the mools sleep the chiefs o' the North,
Scotia's tint her Stuarts a' fairly;
Though cauld i' the mools, and far frae the North,
We maun think on Prince Charlie.

Oh! cauld, etc.

When we the tartan dearest see,
A sigh unkent we'll breathe for thee,
And dash the heart drap frae our e'e,
And mourn for our Prince Charlie.

Oh! cauld, etc.

When cares combine, and but a few
Of sacred friends prove firm and true,
Even then our hearts shall throb for you,
Ye elect of Prince Charlie.

Oh! cauld, etc.

Though 'mid the Highland hills we roam,
A wanderer poor, without a home,
We'll draw our stool where'er we come,
For they were kind to Charlie!

Oh! cauld, etc.

OH! CAULD IN THE MOOLS.

We'll pu' a posie ilka year,
O' heather bloom, a symbol dear,
And dew it wi' a silent tear,
For thy ain sake, dear Charlie.

Oh ! cauld, etc.

Let other bards thy cause disown,
We'll tune our moorland harps alone,
And sit upon thy royal stone,
And mourn for our Prince Charlie.

Oh ! cauld, etc.



CXXXVI.

LANGSYNE.

*A ballad for those whose honour is sound,
Who cannot be named, and must not be found.*

SHOULD old gay mirth and cheerfulness
Be dashed for evermore,
Since late success in wickedness
Made Whigs insult and roar ?
O no ; their execrable pranks
Oblige us to divine,
We'll soon have ground of joy and thanks,
As we had langsyne.

Though our dear native prince be tossed
From this oppressive land,
And foreign tyrants rule the roast,
With high and barbarous hand ;
Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,
To save old Jacob's line,
Our Charles will visit in the bush,
Like Moses langsyne.

Though God spares long the raging set
Which on rebellion doat,
Yet his perfection ne'er will let
His justice be forgot.

If we, with patient faith, our cause
To 's providence resign,
He'll sure restore our king and laws,
As he did langsyne.

Our valiant prince will shortly land,
With twenty thousand stout,
And these, joined by each loyal clan,
Shall kick the German out.
Then upright men, whom rogues attaint,
Shall bruik their own again,
And we'll have a free Parliament,
As we had langsyne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,
Who will for justice stand,
And would give Cæsar his true right,
As Heaven gave command ;
While terror must all those annoy
Who horridly combine
The vineyard's true heir to destroy,
Like Judas langsyne.

A health to those famed Gladsmuir gained,
And circled Derby's cross ;
Who won Falkirk, and boldly strained
To win Culloden moss.
Health to all those who'll do't again,
And no just cause decline.
May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,
As they did langsyne.

CXXXVII.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

ALTHOUGH his back be at the wa'.
Another was the fau'tor ;
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.
He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
I lo'e him yet the better ;
Though in the muir I hide forlorn,
I'll drink his health in water.
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

I'll maybe live to see the day
That hunds shall get the halter,
And drink his health in usquebae,
As I do now in water.
I yet may stand as I ha'e stood,
Wi' him through rout and slaughter,
And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
As I do now in water.
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

CXXXVIII.

BATTLE OF VAL.

Up and rin awa', Willie,
Up and rin awa', Willie ;
Culloden's laurels you have lost,
Your puffed-up looks, and a', Willie.

This check o' conscience for your sins,
It stings you to the saul, Willie,
And breaks your measures this campaign,
As much as Lowendahl, Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

Whene'er great Saxe your troops attacked,
About the village Val, Willie,
To scour awa' ye wasna slack,
For fear you'd get a ball, Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

In just reward for their misdeeds,
Your butchers gat a fa', Willie ;
And a' that lived ran aff wi' speed
To Maestricht's strang wa', Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

Baith Scott and Lockhart's sent to hell,
For to acquaint mamma, Willie,
That shortly you'll be there yoursel',
To roast ayont them a', Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

The Maese you crossed just like a thief,
To feed on turnips raw, Willie,
In place of our good Highland beef,
With which you gorged your maw, Willie.

Up and rin awa', etc.

To Hanover I pray begone,
Your daddie's dirty sta', Willie,
And look on that as your ain hame,
And come na here at a', Willie.

It's best to bide awa', Willie,
It's best to bide awa', Willie,
For our brave prince will soon be back,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.

CXXXIX.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE KING.

HERE'S a health to the king whom the crown doth belong
to ;

Confusion to those who the right king would wrong so ;

I do not here mention either old king or new king ;

But here is a health, boys—a health to the true king.

Here's a health to the clergy, true sons of the Church,

Who never left king, queen, nor prince in the lurch ;

I do not here mention either old Church or new Church ;

But here is a health, boys—a health to the true Church.

CXL.

ODE

*On the Birthday of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the 20th of
December, 1746.*

AWHILE forget the scene of woe,
Forbid awhile the tear to flow,
 The pitying sigh to rise ;
Turn from the axe the thoughts away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
 And end the night in joys.

So, when black clouds and beating rain
With storms the face of nature stain,
 And all in gloom appears ;
If Phœbus deigns a short-lived smile,
The face of Nature charms awhile,
 Awhile the prospect clears :

Come then, and whilst we largely pour,
Libations to the genial hour
 That gave our hero birth,
Let us invoke the tuneful Nine
To sing a theme, like them, divine,
 To sing his race on earth !

How, in his tender infant years,
The guardian hand of heaven appears,
To watch its chosen care ;
Estranged from every foe to truth,
Virtuous affliction formed his youth,
Instructive though severe.

No sinful court its poison lent,
An early bane his life to taint,
And blast his young renown :
His father's virtues fire his heart—
His father's sufferings truth impart,
To form him for a throne.

How, at an age, when pleasure's charms
Allure the stripling to her arms,
He formed the great design,
To assert his injured father's cause,
Restore his suffering country's laws,
And prove his right divine.

How, when on Scotia's beach he stood,
The wondering throng around him crowd,
To bend the obedient knee ;
Then, thinking on their country chained,
They wept at worth so long detained
By Fate's severe decree.

How, when he moved, in sweet amaze,
All ranks in transport on him gaze,
E'en grief forgets to pine ;

The wisest sage, or chastest fair,
Applaud his sense, or praise his air,
Thus formed with grace divine.

How great in all the soldier's art,
With judgment calm, with fire of heart,
He bade the battle glow :
Yet greater on the conquered plain,
He felt each wounded captive's pain,
More like a friend than foe.

By good unmoved, in ills resigned,
No change of fortune changed his mind.
Tenacious of its aim ;
In vain the gales propitious blew,
Affliction's dart as vainly flew,
His mind was still the same.

Checked in his glory's full career,
He felt no weak desponding fear,
Amidst distresses great ;
By every want and danger prest,
No care perplexed his manly breast,
But for his country's fate.

For oh! the woes by Britain felt,
Had not atoned for Britain's guilt,
So willed offended Heaven ;
That yet awhile the usurping hand,
With iron rod should rule the land,
The rod for vengeance given.

But in its vengeance Heaven is just,
And soon Britannia from the dust
 Shall rear her head again ;
Soon shall give way the usurping chain,
And peace and plenty once again
 Proclaim a Stuart's reign.

What joys for happy Britain wait,
When Charles shall rule the British State,
 Her sullied fame restore ;
When in full tide of transport tost,
E'en memory of her wrongs be lost,
 Nor Brunswick heard of more.

The nations round with wondering eyes
Shall see Britannia awful rise,
 As she was wont of yore.
And when she holds the balanced scale,
Oppression shall no more prevail,
 But fly her happy shore.

Corruption, vice, on every hand,
No more shall lord it o'er the land,
 With their Protector fled :
Old English virtues in their place,
With all their hospitable race,
 Shall rear their decent head.

In peaceful shades the happy swain,
With open heart and honest strain,
 Shall hail his long-wished Lord,

Nor find a tale so fit to move
His listening fair one's heart to love,
As that of Charles restored.

Though distant, let the prospect charm,
And every gallant bosom warm,
Forbear each tear and sigh !
Turn from the one the thought away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joy.

CXLI.

JEMMY DAWSON.

COME, listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline :
For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trode the plain ;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favoured youth astray ;
The day the rebel clans appeared—
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheeks,
When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
" Oh, Dawson ! monarch of my heart,
Think not that death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

" Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes ;
O, George ! without a prayer for thee,
My orisons would never close.

" The gracious Prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame ;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

" But though he should be dragged in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree."

O, then her mourning coach was called ;
The sledge moved slowly on before ;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her fav'rite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law ;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long ;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

Ah ! severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed ;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed.

And ravished was that constant heart
She did to ev'ry heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
" Yet, yet," she cried, " I follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore ;
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er, and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expired !

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

CXLII.

O WAD YE KEN WHARE SHE COMES FRAE.

O WAD ye ken whare she comes frae,
Her hame was in the north, man,
But och, wae's me, she was sae puir,
She had to cross the Forth, man.
She didna like their boats ava,
She came by Stirling brig, man,
And now she's singing her ain sang
Amang the Lawland Whig, man.

Although hersel' be auld and grey,
She was a sodger ance, man,
When Struan raised her clans sae bauld,
For justice and her Prince, man.
Hersel' she had a gude claymore,
She used it wi' gude will, man—
Some English lads could witness that,
If they had lived to tell, man.

Hersel' she fought at Falkirk muir,
She fought at Prestonpans, man,
Where the English loons will ne'er forget
Their meeting wi' the clans, man.
O had the Lowlands joined us then—
Had they but been the thing, man—
Hersel' had been a Highland laird,
And Charlie been her king, man.

But ah, wae's me ! the Highland sword,
The Highland heart ahint it,
Could na ward aff the traitor's blow,
Our fate ye could na stint it :
Selt by a loon we-thought was true,
By ane we thought our ain, man,
Our country's freedom got a fa',
Nae mair to rise again, man.

Ochon ! Ochon ! the fatal day,
The day o' dark despair, man ;
Aye when her ainsel' thinks upon't,
It mak's her heart right sair, man :
The flower o' a' the Highland clans—
The like we'll never see, man—
Lay streekit in their bluidie plaids,
Cauld on Culloden lee, man.

O, is there ane amang ye a',
Ae lad o' Scottish name, man,
Wha'll say 'twas wrang your fathers did,
Or that they were to blame, man ;
To fight for puir auld Scotland's rights,
'To bring her back her ain, man ?
O were the deed to do the day,
She'd do it o'er again, man.

But ah, wae's me ! the time is past,
The day's for ever gane, man,
And gane's the Prince she lo'ed sae weel—
The chieftains matched by nane, man.

Yet o'er their graves she'll drap a tear,
She cares na wha observe it,
And wish they'd gat a better fate,
For weel they did deserve it.

Yet aye she has her country yet ;
An inch she'll never yield o't ;
And tho' her arm be auld and stiff,
Her sword she weel can wield it ;
And should the French but e'er come here,
O, gin she meet them fairly,
She'll mak' the rascals rue the day
They cheated her puir Charlie.

CXLIII.

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

LONG have I pined for thee,
Land of my infancy,
Now will I kneel on thee
Hill of Lochiel.
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
Correi and crag to climb,
Or towering cliff sublime,
Was my delight.
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Kythed the red-deer's horn,
How my heart beat !

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Then, when with stunned leap,
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
 Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came,
Cameron, that loyal name,
 Foremost must be.
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Still we were doom'd to bleed
 By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam
Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
 No more to shine.
Then was the morning's brow,
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
 All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First aye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her prince's wrong,
 Forced to give way.
Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope,
Faithful and true men drop,
 Fast in the clay.

Fair in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland,
 Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel.

CXLIV.

THE BEE-HIVE.

THERE was an old woman that had a bee-hive,
And three master bees about it did strive ;
And to each master bee she did give a name,
It was for to conquer each other they came.

With a fal de ral, etc.

There was one they called Geordie, and one they called
Fed,
The third they called Jamie ; pray who was the head ?
Jamie and Geordie together did strive
Who should be the master bee of the bee-hive.

With a fal de ral, etc.

Says Geordie to Jamie, " I'd have you forbear
From ent'ring my hive ; if you do, I declare,
My bees in abundance about you shall fly,
And if they do catch you, you surely shall die."

With a fal de ral, etc.

Says Jamie to Geordie, " 'Twas very well known,
Before you came hither the hive was my own,
And I will fight for it as lang's I can stand,
For I've full forty thousand brave bees at command.

With a fal de ral, etc.

"But you've clipped all their wings, and shorn all their backs ;

Their stings they hing down with a devilish relax ;
But the summer will come and restore the green plain,
And something may hap that will rouse them again."

With a fal de ral, etc.

Then bee Geordie said, "Sir, I'd have you begone
Abroad with your hive, for 'tis very well known,
Yours is not true honey, nor gathered at noon,
But sucked up abroad by the light of the moon."

With a fal de ral, etc.

"Thou vulgar marsh bee," then said Jamie again,
"For the hive have my fathers long travelled in pain ;
And the whole world knows, and the old woman owns,
That mine is The Bee-Hive, but thine are The Drones."

With a fal de ral, etc.

CXLV.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
 Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite ;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight :
Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care ;
When Remembrance racks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
 Bring our banished hame again,
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas, and win his ain.

CXLVI.

THE JACOBITE'S PLEDGE.

HERE's a health to them that's away,
Here's a health to them that's away,
Here's a health to him that was here yestreen,
But durst na bide till day.
O wha winna drink it dry?
O wha winna drink it dry?
Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
Is nane o' our company.

Let him be swung on a tree,
Let him be swung on a tree ;
Wha winna drink to the lad's that gane,
Can ne'er be the man for me.
It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true,
It's good to be aff wi' the auld king
Afore we be on wi' the new.

CXLVII.

WHEN ROYAL CHARLES.

WHEN royal Charles, by Heaven's command,
Arrived in Scotland's noble plain,
Arrived in Scotland's noble plain,
Thus spoke the warrior, the warrior of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Go on, brave youth, go combat and succeed,
For thou shalt conquer—'tis decreed.

At Falkirk's famed victorious field,
Where Hawley, proud, was forced to yield,
Where Hawley, proud, was forced to yield,
Let the applauding, the applauding world be taught,
How well brave Charles's heroes fought :
Ah, still brave youth, thou'lt combat and succeed,
Yes, thou shalt conquer—'tis decreed.

Though thou art banished for a while,
Yet fortune still on thee shall smile,
Yet fortune still on thee shall smile ;
Thou shalt return triumphant o'er thy foes,
And, ruling Britain, end our woes.
Usurper then begone, begone all thy race,
And to our rightful prince give place.

CXLVIII.

BALDY FRASER.

My name 'tis Baldy Fraser, man,
I'm poor, I'm auld, I'm pale, I'm wan,
I brak my sheen, I tint my han',
Upon Culloden's lea, man.
Our Hieland clans are bauld and stout,
They thought to turn their foes about,
But got that day a desperate rout,
And o'er the hill did flee, man.

Sic hurly-burly ne'er was seen,
Wi' cuffs, and buffs, and blindit een,
Our Hieland swords o' metal keen,
Were gleaming gran' to see, man.

Sure Charlie and the great Lochiel,
Had been that day beside themsel',
To plant us in the open field,
In the artillery's e'e, man.
For doun we drappit dad for dad,
I thought it wad ha'e put me mad,
To see sae mony a Hieland lad,
Lie bleedin' on the lea, man.

Sic hurly, etc.

But had we met wi' Cumberland,
On Athole's braes, or yonder strand,
The blood o' a' his savage band,
Had dyed the German Sea, man.
An' cousin Geordie up the gate,
We would have youfed frae Charlie's seat,
An' sent him hame wi' honour great,
To bide in Germanie, man.

Sic hurly, etc.

Oh ! had ye seen the flight o' death,
We ran until we tint our breath,
Nor lookit back for fear o' scaith,
But o'er the hill did flee, man.
Yet Britons ever must deplore,
That day upon Drummosie muir,
Where thousands ten were drenched in gore,
Or hung out owre a tree, man.

Sic hurly, etc.

Ah ! Cumberland, what meant ye then,
To ravage ilka Hieland glen ?
Our faith and troth was a' for ane,
We had na cheetit thee, man.
But you and yours may yet be glad
To trust an honest Hieland lad,
The bonnet blue, and belted plaid,
Will stand the last o' three, man.

Sic hurly, etc.

Noo wha would Baldy Fraser wrang,
I made mysel' this scanty sang,
I'll sing it out baith loud and lang,
As lang's I've breath to draw, man.
I'm honest, but I'm unco puir,
I beg my bread frae door to door,
Because I joined the Royal corps,
There's nane'll pity me, man.

Sic hurly, etc.

CXLIX.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HERSEL' pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
And mony alterations seen,
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
First when her to te Lawlands came,
Hersel' was troving cows, man,
Tere was nae law upon hims nerse,
About te preeks or trews, man.

Hersel' did wear te philabeg,
Te plaid prickt on her shou'der ;
Te gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
Te pistol sharg'd wi' pouders.
But for whereas tese cursed preeks,
Wherewith her nerse pe lockit ;
Ochon ! tat e'er she saw te day !
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Everyting in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration ;
Te sodger dwall at our toor-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.
Scotlan' pe turn't a Ninglan' now,
Te laws pring on te cadger :
Hersel' wad durk him for her teeds,
But, och ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
She never saw te like, man,
Tey make a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man :
And wow ! she pe a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn-rigs, man ;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

Tey sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought but gaen upon te crund,
And tey gi'e me a paper.
Tey tak' te horse ten pe te head,
And tere tey mak' him stand, man ;
She tell tem her ha'e seen te day
Tey had na sic command, man.

Nae doubts, hersel' maun traw her purse,
And pay tem what hims like, man ;
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
Tat filthy turnimspike, man !
Put she'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where teil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

CL.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED
ESTATES, 1784.

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,
The Camerons in array I spied,
Lochiel's proud standard waving wide,
 In all its ancient glory.
The martial pipe loud pierced the sky,
The song arose, resounding high
Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
 That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
But every hero's bosom warms
 With songs of exultation.
While brave Lochiel at length regains,
Through toils of war, his native plains,
And, won by glorious wounds, attains
 His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
And echo wide from hill to vale;
Ye warlike clans, arise and hail
 Your laurelled chiefs returning.
O'er every mountain, every isle,
Let peace in all her lustre smile,
And discord ne'er her day defile
 With sullen shades of mourning.

Macleod, Macdonald, join the strain ;
Macpherson, Fraser, and Maclean ;
Through all your bounds let gladness reign,
 Both prince and patriot praising ;
Whose generous bounty richly pours
The streams of plenty round your shores,
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
 Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
With scowling brow to overbear,
 A vassal's rights invading.
Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain
To crowd his fawning, timid train,
Nor even own his haughty reign,
 Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,
Has still repelled the tyrant's shock ;
Who ne'er have bowed beneath her yoke
 With servile, base prostration ;
Let each now train his trusty band
'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand,
With undivided heart and hand,
 For freedom, king, and nation.

MODERN SONGS.

CLI.

BONNY DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be
broke,

So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men,
Come, open the West Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost, douce man, said, just e'en let him be,
The toun is well quit o' that deil o' Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carlin was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But some young plants of grace, they looked couthie and
slee,
Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !

Come, fill up, etc.

x

With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was panged,
As if half of the west had set tryste to be hanged ;
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

The cowl of Kilmarnock had spits, and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the high castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :
“ Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,
For love of the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.”

Come, fill up, etc.

The Gordon has asked him whither he goes ;—
“ Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose,
Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me;
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond
Forth ;
If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the North,
There are wild dunnie wassals three thousand times three,
Will cry Hoigh ! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

“Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I’ll crouch with the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

Come, fill up,” etc.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston crags, and on Clermiston lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men,
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae frae,
Sae ’tis up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

CLII.

KILLICRANKIE.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killicrankie, O?

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I' the Braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame, I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil an' Dundee
On the Braes o' Killicrankie, O.

An ye had been, etc.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the Braes o' Killicrankie, O.

An ye had been, etc.

CLIII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain :
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
 And Adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
But I hae parted frae my Love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

CLIV.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory ;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, ere I had seen the day,
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lain in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll mak' this declaration,
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

CLV.

THE BRAES OF MAR.

THE standard on the braes o' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely ;
The gath'ring pipe on Loch-na-gar,
Is sounding long and sairly.
The Highlandmen
Frae hill and glen,
In martial hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids
And burnish'd blades,
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure, and gallant Harry ?
Macdonald's men,
Clan-Ranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillavry's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men,
Of Callander and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa',
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
 We'll go—we'll go
 And meet the foe,
 And fling the plaid,
 And swing the blade,
 And forward dash,
 And hack and slash—
And fleg the German Carlie.

CLVI.

PRAY, CAME YOU HERE THE FIGHT
TO SHUN?

[*Dialogue between WILL LICKLADLE and TOM CLEANCOGUE, two shepherds who were feeding their flocks on the Ochil Hills on the day the battle of Sheriff-Muir was fought.*]

Will. Pray came you here the fight to shun,
Or keep the sheep wi' me, man?
Or was you at the Sherramuir,
And did the battle see, man?
Pray tell whilk o' the parties wan,
For weel I wat I saw them run
Both south and north, when they begu..
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With muskets snell and pistols' knell,
And some to hell did flee, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, hey dum dan,
Huh ! hey dum dirrum dey dan,
Huh ! hey dum dirrum, hey dum dandy,
Hey dum dirrum dey dan.

Tam. But, my dear Will, I kenna still
Whilk o' the twa did lose, man ;
For weel I wat they had gude skill
To set upo' their foes, man.
The redcoats they are trained, you see,
The clans always disdain to flee ;—

Wha then should gain the victory?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
Did put to chase their foes, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Will. Now how, deil Tam, can this be true?

I saw the chase gae north, man.

Tam. But weel I wat they did pursue

Them even unto Forth, man.

Frae Dunblane they ran, i' my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge wi' a' their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight :

Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You had seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die wi' sloth, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Will. My sister Kate came o'er the hill

Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;

She swore she saw them running still

Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.

The left wing general had nae skill,

The Angus lads had nae gude will,

That day their neighbours' blood to spill ;

For fear, by foes, that they should lose

Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes—

Yonder them goes, d'ye see, man?

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Tam. I see but few like gentlemen
Amang yon frightened crew, man :
I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
Or that he's ta'en just now, man.
For though his officers obey,
His cow'rdly commons run away,
For fear the redcoats them should slay :
The sodgers' hail made their hearts fail ;
See how they skale, and turn their tail,
And rin to flail and plough, man !

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Will. But now brave Angus comes again
Into the second fight, man ;
'They swear they'll either die or gain,
No foes shall them affright, man ;
Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
And boldly fight them sword in hand,
Give them a gen'ral to command,
A man of might, that will but fight,
And take delight to lead them right,
And ne'er desire the flight, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

But Flanderkins they have nae skill
To lead a Scottish force, man ;
Their motions do our courage spill,
And put us to a loss, man.
You'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack wi' Highland trews,

To hash, and smash, and slash, and bruise,
Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpses dead,
In their cauld bed, that's moss, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Tam. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,
Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man ;
They cried and run, grim death to shun,
Those heroes of the north, man.
They're fitter far for book or pen,
Than under Mars to lead on men ;
Ere they came there they might weel ken
That female hands could ne'er gain lands ;
'Tis Highland brands that countermands
Argathlean bands frae Forth, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Will. The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbours' cows, man ;
M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,
But philabeg or trews, man.
Had they behaved like Donald's corps,
And killed all those came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more :
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
And straight recant his covenant,
And rent it at the news, man.

Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Tam. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
Bad'noch and Athol, too, man ;
I hear they wantit the command,
For I believe them true, man.
Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
Stood motionless, and some did worse ;
For though the redcoats went them cross,
They did conspire for to admire,
Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
While rights entire pursue, man.
Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

Will. But Scotland has not much to say
For such a fight as this is,
Where baith did fight, baith ran away ;
And devil take the miss is,
That ev'ry officer was not slain,
That ran that day, and was not ta'en
Either flying to or from Dunblane :
When Whig and 'Tory, in their fury,
Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
This sad story hush is.
Huh ! hey dum dirrum, etc.

CLVII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR.

“O CAM’ ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi’ me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?”

I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin’-red ran mony a sheugh:
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O’ clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum’d at kingdoms three, man.
La, la, la, etc.

The red-coat lads, wi’ black cockauds,
To meet them werena slaw, man;
They rush’d, and push’d, and blude out-
gush’d,
And mony a bouk did fa’, man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc’d for twenty miles;
They hough’d the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack’d and hash’d, while braid-swords
clash’d,
And thro’ they dash’d, and hew’d and smash’d,
Till fey men died awa’, man.
La, la, la, etc.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man ;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant Trueblues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baig'nets overpowered the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened dows, man.
La, la, la, la, etc.

" O how, deil Tam, can that be true ?
The chace gaed frae the north, man ;
I saw mysel', they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaisht did swarf, man."
La, la, la, la, etc.

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man.
Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill ;
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neighbours' blude to spill ;

For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose ; they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.
La, la, la, la, etc.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now, wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gude-night,
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frighted bands, man.
La, la, la, la, etc.

CLVIII.

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland,
O thou wert fair to see !
Fresh as a bonny bride i' the morn
When she maun wedded be.
When I came back to thee, Scotland,
Upon a May morn fair,
A bonny lass sat at our town end
Kaming her yellow hair.

“ Oh hey ! oh hey ! ” sung the bonny lass,
“ Oh hey ! and wae is me !
There's siccan sorrow in Scotland
As een did never see.
Oh hey ! oh hey ! for my father auld !
Oh hey ! for my mither dear !
And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
Wha left me lanesome here.”

I hadna gane in my ain Scotland
Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o' my ain father
Coming up the gate to me.

"A traitor's head!" and "a traitor's head!"
Loud bawled a bluidy lown;
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
An' strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha'
My dear auld mither to see;
But she lay 'mang the black eizels
Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
O wha has wrought this bluidy wark?
Had I the reaver here,
I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blude,
And gie't to his dame to wear!

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
But twa short miles and three,
Till up came a captain o' the Whigs,
Says, "Traitor, bide ye me!"
I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
It birsted i' my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
And drew my burlie brand.

"Shaw mercy on me!" quo' the lown,
An' low he knelt on knee;
But by his thigh was my father's glaive,
Whilk gude King Bruce did gi'e;
An' buckled roun' him was the broider'd belt
Whilk my mither's hands did weave.
My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blude,
An' reeked upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd
When a' folk are asleep,
And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
An hour or twa to weep.
O fatherless and mitherless,
Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through dear Scotland,
And bide a traitor's blame.

CLIX.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry ;
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly,—
Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man ;
When he comes back there's some will look merrily :
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly :
Gi'e them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery ;
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary :
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly :
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;
Whigging, and prigging, and a' new-fangleness,
They maun begane : he winna be baukit, man ;
He maun ha'e justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly :
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man :
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Skelp them and scaud them that proved sae unbritherly :
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry !

CLX.

LAMENT FOR THE LORD MAXWELL.

MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the fa',
The lealest o' thy bairns are a' drapping awa';
The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourished aye sae braw,
Is laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's awa'.
O wae be 'mang ye Southrons, ye traitor lowns a'!
Ye haud him aye down, wha's back's at the wa':
I' the eerie field o' Preston yere swords ye wadna draw;
O he lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
To ha'e thri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrive,
Or ta'en a bluidy nievefu' o' fame to the grave.
The glaive for my country I doughtna then wauld,
Or I'd cocked up my bonnet wi' the best o' the bauld;
The crousest sud been cowpit owre i' death's gory fauld,
Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird sud been cauld.

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest ha'e I seen,
To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle ha'e I been,
But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen;
O that I were laid whare the sods are growing green!
I tint half mysel' whan my gude lord I did tine:
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom sae kin';
He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

O merry was the linting amang our ladies a',
They danc'd i' the parlour, an' sang i' the ha',
O Jamie he's come o'er, an' he'll put the Whigs awa' ;
But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do they fa'.
Our ladie dow do nought now but wipe aye her een,
Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown !
She has busked on her gay cleedin', an's aff for Lon'on town,
An' has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
'Side the sang o' the birds, whare some burn tottles owre,
I'll wander awa' there, an' big a wee bit bower,
For to keep my grey head frae the drap o' the shower :
An' aye I'll sit an' mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was bauldest o' the bauld.
O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld !
O had I but the iron on whilk hauds him sae cauld !

CLXI.

DERWENTWATER.

(A FRAGMENT.)

O DERWENTWATER's a bonny Lord,
Fu' yellow is his hair,
And glenting is his hawking e'e,
Wi' kind love dwelling there.
Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
An' loud, loud could he ca',
"Rise up, rise up, for gude King James,
An' buckle, an' come awa'."

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
Wi' weel luve-locked hands ;
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loosed the snawy bands.
An' when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
"My gentle fair ladie,"
The tears gave way to the glow o' luve
In our gude ladie's e'e.

.

"I will think me on this bonny ring,
And on this snawy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o' weir
Comes down my burly brand.

And I will think on thae links o' gowd
Which ring thy bonny blue een,
When I wipe awa' the gore o' weir,
An' owre my braidsword lean."

O never a word our ladie spake,
As he pressed her snawy hand,
An' never a word our ladie spake,
As her jimpy waist he spann'd ;
But, "Oh, my Derwentwater !" she sigh'd,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
An' he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,
Which gars our ladie love.
"Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
"Come down, my fair ladie,
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie."

And high, high raise the morning sun,
Wi' front o' ruddie blude :
"Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain
Betokens naething gude."

.
Our ladie look'd frae the turret top,
As lang as she could see,
An' every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.
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CLXII.

*THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME.*

By yon Castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;
And as he was singing the tears down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird ;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame :
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

CLXIII.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

He. "WHAT'S a' the steer, kimmer?
What's a' the steer?"

She. "Charlie he is landed,
An', haith, he'll soon be here.
The win' was at his back, carle,
The win' was at his back;
I carena, sin' he's come, carle,
We were na worth a plack."

He. "I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,
I'm right glad to hear't;
I ha'e a gude braid claymore,
And for his sake I'll wear't."

Together. "Sin' Charlie he is landed,
We ha'e nae mair to fear;
Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,
We'll ha'e a jub'lee year."

CLXIV.

CHARLIE'S LANDING.

THERE cam' a wee boatie owre the sea,
 Wi' the winds an' waves it strove sairlye ;
 But oh ! it brought great joy to me,
 For wha was there but Prince Charlie.
 The wind was hie, and unco chill,
 An' a' things luiket barely ;
 But oh ! we come with right good-will,
 To welcome bonny Charlie.

Wae's me, puir lad, yere thinly clad,
 The waves yere fair hair weeting ;
 We'll row ye in a tartan plaid,
 An' gi'e ye Scotland's greeting.
 Tho' wild an' bleak the prospect round,
 We'll cheer yere heart, dear Charlie ;
 Ye're landed now on Scottish grund,
 Wi' them wha lo'e ye dearly.

O lang we've prayed to see this day ;
 True hearts they maist were breaking ;
 Now clouds an' storms will flee away,
 Young hope again is waking.
 We'll sound the Gathering, lang an' loud,
 Your friends will greet ye fairlie ;
 Tho' now they're few, their hearts are true,
 They'll live or die for Charlie.

CLXV.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
For ships o' war ha'e just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin ;
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king !
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Ha'e to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, ha'e
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',
But vows baith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gi'e heart nor han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms;
To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

CLXVI.

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry ;
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?

Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly :
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie ?

I ha'e but ae son, my gallant young Donald,
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry ;
Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

Follow thee ! follow thee ! etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie ;
Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field with them ;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie !

Follow thee ! follow thee ! etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore !

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely !

Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore,

Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie !

Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow thee ?

Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly :

Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,

King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie ?

CLXVII.

WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

O WHA'S for Scotland and Charlie?

O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

He's come o'er the sea

To his ain countrie;

Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

Awa', awa', auld carlie,

Awa', awa', auld carlie,

Gi'e Charlie his crown,

And let him sit down,

Whare ye've been sae lang, auld carlie.

It's up in the morning early,

It's up in the morning early,

The bonny white rose,

The plaid and the hose,

Are on for Scotland and Charlie.

The swords are drawn now fairly,

The swords are drawn now fairly,

The swords they are drawn,

And the pipes they ha'e blawn

A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,

And Charlie's awa'

To see his ain ha',

And to bang his faes right sairly.

Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

He's come o'er the sea

To his ain countrie;

Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

CLXVIII.

WELCOME, CHARLIE, O'ER THE MAIN.

AROUSE, arouse, ilk kilted clan !
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
And forward wi' their dirks in han'
To fight for Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain ;
Welcome to our isle again,
Welcome, Royal Charlie.

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills,
Can nobly brave the face o' ills,
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills
At sight o' Royal Charlie !
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,
To hear the oath and sacred vow—
“We'll live or die for Charlie.”
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Rejoiced to think nae foreign weed
Shall trample on her hardy seed ;
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son
Wha wadna to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie?
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Then let the flowing quaich go round,
And loudly let the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain;
Welcome to your throne again,
Welcome, Royal Charlie.

CLXIX.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown :
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albyn ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan ;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Wizard.

—Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors ;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling ; oh ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his bloom-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel.

Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
For never shall Albyn a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CLXX.

BATTLE SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale ;
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land ;
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand.

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust ;
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust ;
On the hill or the glen, if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse !
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that has flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past ;
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray !—the exiled—the dear !—
In the blush of the dawning, the Standard uprear !
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefather's eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O! sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And, resistless in union, rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Corryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey;
How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered Glencoe,
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More ;
MacNeil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance, awake !

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the lake !
’Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call ;
’Tis the pibroch’s shrill summons—but not to the hall.

’Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march, and the muster, the line, and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin’s in his ire !
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !
Burst the base foreign yoke, as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.

CLXXI.

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.

Now up wi' Donald, my ain brave Donald,
It's up wi' Donald and a' his clan ;
He's aff right early, awa' wi' Charlie,
Now turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can !
His arm is ready, his heart is steady,
And that they'll find when his claymore's drawn ;
They'll flee frae its dint like the fire frae flint,
Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can !

The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch's sounding up the glen,
And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
To see my Donald and a' his men.
And there I saw the king o' them a'
Was marching bonnily in the van ;
And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell
Was, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can !

There's some will fight for siller and gowd,
And march to countries far awa' ;
They'll pierce the waefu' stranger's heart,
And never dream of honour or law.
Gi'e me the plaid and the tartan trews,
A plea that's just, a chief in the van,
To blink wi' his e'e, and cry "On wi' me !"
Deils, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can !

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Hersel' pe neiter slack nor slow,
Nor fear te face of Southron loon ;
She ne'er pe stan' to fleech nor fawn,
Nor parley at a' wi' hims plack tragoon.
She just pe traw her trusty plade,
Like pettermost Highland shentleman ;
And as she's platterin town te prae,
Tamn ! turn her plue ponnet fa can, fa can !

CLXXII.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name ;
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame ;
My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

He's owre the hills, etc.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah ! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre the hills, etc.

His right these hills, his right these plains ;
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns ;
What lads e'er did our lads will do ;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's owre the hills, etc.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair :
Oh ! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done ;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name ;
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

CLXXIII.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

(FIRST SET.)

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day :
I gat to see the lad come back
That had been lang away.

And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

And ilka bonny lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our king shall ha'e his ain again,
And Charlie is the man.

And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

2 A

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,
And down yon craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing
But Charlie and his men.

And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
And glow without a stain ;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
And Charlie he's our ain.

And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

CLXXIV.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

(SECOND SET.)

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our toun,
The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling ;
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

They've left their bonny Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling ;
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

CLXXV.

ON BY MOSS AND MOUNTAIN GREEN.

ON by moss and mountain green,
Let's buckle a', and on thegither,
Down the burn, and through the dean,
And leave the muir amang the heather.
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Whae'er flee, it winna be
The lads frae 'mang the hills o' heather.

Sound the trumpet, blaw the horn,
Let ilka kilted clansman gather,
We maun up and ride the morn,
An' leave the muir amang the heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

Young Charlie's sword is by his side,
Come weel, come woe, it maksna whether,
We'll follow him whate'er betide,
An' leave the muir amang the heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

Fareweel, my native valley ; thee
I'll never leave for ony ither ;
But Charlie king of Scots maun be,
Or I'll lie low amang the heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

Fareweel a while, my auld cot-house,
When I come hame I'll big anither,
An' wow but we will be right crouse
When Charlie rules our hills o' heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

Hark ! the bagpipe sounds amain,
Gather, ilka leal man, gather,
These mountains are a' Charlie's ain,
These green-swaired dells, an' muirs o' heather.
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Wha wadna fight for Charlie's right,
'To gie him back his hills o' heather ?

CLXXVI.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's owre the Border awa', awa',
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away.

Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

His bonnet an' feather, he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.

Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw—
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw ;
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a' ;
We'll up an' gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

CLXXVII.

YE'LL MOUNT, GUDEMAN.

Leddy.

"YE'LL mount, gudeman ; ye'll mount and ride ;
Ye'll cross the burn syne down the loch side,
Then up 'mang the hills and through the muir an'
heather,
An' join great Argyle where loyal men gather."

Laird.

"Indeed, honest luckie, I think ye're no blate,
To bid loyal men gang ony sic gate ;
For I'm gaun to fecht for true loyalty,
Had the Prince ne'er anither, he still will ha'e me."

Leddy.

"About Charlie Stuart we ne'er could agree ;
But, dearie, for ance, be counselled by me ;
Tak' nae pairt at a', bide quietly at hame,
An' ne'er heed a Campbell, M'Donal', or Graham."

Laird.

"Na, na, gudewife, for that winna do,
My Prince is in need, his friends they are few ;
I aye lo'ed the Stuarts ; I'll join them the day ;
Sae gi'e me my boots, for my boots I will ha'e."

Leddy.

"Oh ! softly, gudeman, I think ye're gane mad ;
I ha'e na the heart to prin on your cockaud ;
The Prince, as ye ca' him, will never succeed ;
Ye'll lose your estate, and maybe your head !"

Laird.

"Come, cheer ye, my dear, and dry up your tears !
I ha'e my hopes, an' I ha'e my fears ;
But I'll raise my men, an' a' that is given,
To aid the gude cause—then leave it to Heaven !

"But, haste ye now, haste ye, for I maun be gaun,
The mare's at the yett, the bugle is blawn ;
Gi'e me my bannet, it's far in the day !
I'm no for a dish, there's nae time to stay."

Leddy.

"Oh, dear ! tak' but ane, it may do ye gude !"
But what ails the woman ? she surely is wud !
She's lifted the kettle, but somehow it coup'd
On the legs o' the laird, wha roar'd and wha loup'd.

Laird.

"I'm brent, I'm brent, how cam' it this way ?
I fear I'll no ride for mony a day,—
Send aff the men, and to Prince Charlie say,
My heart is wi' him. but I'm tied by the tae."

The wily wife fleech'd, and the laird didna see
The smile on her cheek thro' the tear in her e'e—
“Had I kent the gudeman wad ha'e had siccan pain,
The kettle, for me, sud ha'e couped its lane !”

CLXXVIII.

THE HEATH-COCK.

THE heath-cock crawled o'er muir an' dale ;
Red raise the sun o'er distant vale,
Our Northern clans, wi' dinsome yell,
Around their chiefs were gath'ring.

"O, Duncan, are ye ready yet ?
M'Donald, are ye ready yet ?
O, Frazer, are ye ready yet ?
To join the clans in the morning."

Nae mair we'll chase the fleet, fleet roe
O'er downie glen or mountain brow,
But rush like tempest on the foe,
Wi' sword an' targe this morning
"O, Duncan," etc.

The Prince has come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stuart's glorious name ;
What Highlander his sword wad hain,
For Charlie's cause this morning ?
"O, Duncan," etc.

On yonder hills our clans appear,
The sun back frae their spears shines clear ;
The Southron trumps fall on my ear,
'Twill be an awfu' morning.
"O, Duncan," etc.

The contest lasted sair an' lang,
The pipers blew, the echoes rang,
The cannon roared the clans amang,
Culloden's awfu' morning.

Duncan now nae mair seems keen,
He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen,
His bannet's stained that ance was clean ;
Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day
She saw her flag sae fiercely flee ;
Culloden hills were hills o' wae,
It was an awfu' morning.

Duncan now, etc.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
The midnight dew fa's on her cheek ;
What Scottish heart that will not weep
For Charlie's fate that morning ?

Duncan now, etc.

CLXXIX.

LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair :
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow
More than the freezing wintry air ;
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallowed footsteps bore.
The deeds unholy nature viewed,
Then fled, and cursed thee evermore.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar !
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore !
Those hearts that high with honour heaved,
The volleying thunder there laid low !
Or scattered like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow !

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel ?
The braided plume's torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe !
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys ;
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers,
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
We often looked, and cried, " Adieu !
I'll never see Lochaber more !
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injured native land !
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

" Land of proud hearts and mountains grey !
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung !
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they ruled and roamed at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game ;
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their father's fame.

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;
No trophies mark your common grave,
No dirges to your mem'ry swell !
But generous hearts will weep your fate
When far has rolled the tide of time,
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme ! "

CLXXX.

THE FATE OF CHARLIE.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, my brave Lochiel,
Beware o' Cumberland, my dearie !
Culloden field this day will seal
The fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie.

The Highland clans nae mair are seen,
To fight for him wha ne'er was eerie.
They fallen are on yon red field,
An' trampled down for liking Charlie.

He was our Prince—nane dare say no,
The truth o' this we a' ken fairly :
Then wha would no joined hand in hand,
To've kept frae skaith our ain Prince Charlie ?

Glenullen's bride stood at the yett,
Her lover's steed arrived right early :
His rider's gane, his bridle's wet,
Wi' blude o' him wha fell for Charlie !

O weep, fair maids o' Scotia's isle,
Weep loud, fair lady o' sweet Airlie ;
Culloden reeks wi' purple gore,
O' those wha bled for Scotia's Charlie.

Repent, repent, black Murray's race,
Ye were the cause o' this foul ferlie,
An' shaw to George wha fills his shoon,
That ye'll no sell him like puir Charlie.

C1.XXXI.

BONNY CHARLIE'S NOW AWA'.

BONNY Charlie's now awa',
Safely owre the friendly main ;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie,
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Your cleadin' was but barely.

Will ye no, etc.

English bribes were a' in vain,
An' e'en tho' puirer we may be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine an' thee.

Will ye no, etc.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey;
Tho' thirty-thousand pounds they'd gi'e;
Oh ! there is nane that wad betray.

Will ye no, etc.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen,
But aye to me, he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again ?

Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?

CLXXXII.

BAULDY FRASER.

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,
I brak my shin, an' tint a han',
 Upon Culloden lee, man :
Our Highlan' clans were pauld an' stout,
An' thought to gi'e te loons a clout,
An' laith were they to turn about,
 An' owre the hills to flee, man.

But sic a hurly-burly raise,
Te fery lift was in a plaze,
As a' te teils had won ter ways,
 On Highlandmen to flee, man :
Te cannon an' te pluff tragoon,
Sae proke our ranks, an' pore us toon,
Her nainsell ne'er cot sic a stoun,
 Sin' she was porn to tee, man.

Pig Satan sent te plan frae hell,
Or pat our chiefs peside hersel' ;
To plant her in te open fell,
 In pase artillery's e'e, man :
For had she met te tirty Duke,
At ford of Spey or Prae-Culrook,
Te plood of every foreign pouk
 Had dyed the Cherman Sea, man.

We fought for a' we loved an' had,
An' for te right, put Heaven forpade ;
An' monie a ponnie Highlan' lad
 Lay pleading on te prae, man.
Fat could she do, fat could she say ?
Te praif M'Donnell was away :
An' her ain chief tat luckless day
 Was far ayont Drumboy, man.

Macpherson and Macgregor poth,
Te men of Muideart an' Glenquoich,
An' coot Mackenzies of te Doich,
 All absent frae te field, man :
Te sword was sharp, te arm was true,
Pe honour still her nainsel's due ;
Impossibles she could not do,
 Tho' laithe she pe to yield, man.

When Charlie wi' te foremost met ;
Praif lad, he thought her pack to get ;
" Return, my friends, an' face tem yet,
 We'll conquer or we'll die, man : "
Put Tonal'd shumpit o'er te purn,
An' swore, pe Cot, she wadna turn,
For ter was nought put shoot an' purn,
 An' hangin' on te tree, man.

O had you seen tat hunt of teath,
She ran until she tint her praith,
Aye looking pack on Scotland's skaithe,
 Wi' hopeless, shining e'e, man :

Put Pritain ever may teplore,
Tat tay upon Culloden more,
Her praifest sons laid in ter gore,
Or huntit cruellye, man.

O Cumberland, what meant you ten,
To ravage ilka Highland glen?
Her crime was truth an' love to ane.
She had nae spite at thee, man;
An' you an' yours may yet pe glad,
To trust te honest Highland lad:
Te ponnet plue, an' pelted plaid,
Will stand te last o' three, man.

CLXXXIII.

WHEN CHARLIE TO THE HIGHLANDS CAME.

WHEN Charlie to the Highlands came,
It was a' joy and gladness,
We trow'd na that our hearts sae soon,
Wad broken be wi' sadness.

Oh ! why did Heaven sae on us frown,
And break our hearts wi' sorrow ?
Oh ! it will never smile again,
And bring a gladsome morrow !

Our dwellings, and our outlay gear,
Lie smoking, and in ruin ;
Our bravest youths, like mountain deer,
The foe is oft pursuing.

Our home is now the barren rock,
As if by Heaven forsaken ;
Our shelter and our canopy,
The heather and the bracken.

Oh ! we maun wander far and near,
And foreign lands maun hide in ;
Our bonny glens we lo'ed sae dear,
We daurna langer bide in.

CLXXXIV.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, "My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is it some word ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he.—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

“Dark night came on, the tempest howl’d
Out-owre the hills and valleys ;
And whare was’t that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace ?
He row’d him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover’d him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o’ broom.—
Oh ! wae’s me for Prince Charlie !”

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
And he shook his wings wi’ anger :
“O this is no a land for me,
I’ll tarry here nae langer.”
A while he hover’d on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly :
But weel I mind the fareweel strain ;
’Twas “Wae’s me for Prince Charlie !”

CLXXXV.

LEWIE GORDON.

OH ! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name ;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa' !

Ohon ! my Highland man,
Oh, my bonny Highland man ;
Weel wad I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh ! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes ;
Philabeg aboon his knee ;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi' !
Ohon ! etc.

The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be a king ;
On his breast he wears a star ;
You'd tak' him for the god of war.
Ohon ! etc.

Oh to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne !
Disasters a' wad disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year !
Ohon ! etc.

CLXXXVI.

CARLISLE YETTS.

(A FRAGMENT.)

I.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie ;
 His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' luvie,
 O it was aye in battle ready :
 His lang, lang hair, in yellow hanks,
 Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy,
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.
 My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
 My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,
 This white rose was steeped in my luvie's blood,
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

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III.

When I came first by merrie Carlisle,
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;
 The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
 The thristled banners far were streaming !
 When I came next by merrie Carlisle,
 O sad, sad seemed the town, an' eerie !
 The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
 " O maiden, come ye to seek yere dearie ? "

.

v.

There's ae drap o' blude atween my breasts,
An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er kame,
But I'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts on our richest Scottish blude,
An' makes sae monie a dolefu' widow.

CLXXXVII.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH! I am come to the low Countrie!
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the Country wide
Sae happy was as me:

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me!

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan:
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

398 *THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.*

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free :
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate, what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield ;
My Donald and his Country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon ! O Donald, oh !
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie !
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me !

CLXXXVIII.

THE CHANGE.

STAR of the twilight grey,
Where wast thou blinking,
When, in the olden day,
Eve dim was sinking?
“O’er knight and baron’s hall,
Turret, and tower,
O’er fell and forest tall,
Green brake and bower.”

Star of the silver eve,
What hast thou noted,
While o’er the tower and tree
High hast thou floated?
“Blue blades and bonnet gear,
Plaids lightly dancing,
Lairs of the dun deer,
And shafts dimly glancing.”

Star of the maiden’s dream,
Star of the gloaming,
Where now doth blink thy beam,
When owls are roaming?
“Where in the baron’s hall
Green moss is creeping,
Where o’er the forest’s fall
Grey dew is weeping.”

THE CHANGE.

Star of the even still,
What now doth meet thee,
When, from the lonely hill,
Looks thy blink sweetly ?
“Hearths in the wind bleached bare,
Roofs in earth smouldered,
Sheep on the dun deer's lair,
Trees fell'd and moulder'd.”

CLXXXIX.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

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I HAD three sons, a' young, stout, and bauld,
An' they a' lie at ither's sides bluidy and cauld;
I had a hame, wi' a sweet wife there,
An' twa bonny grandbairns my smiling to share;
I had a steer o' gude owsen to ca':
An' the bluidy Duke o' Cumberland's ruined them a'.

Revenge and despair aye by turns weet my e'e;
The fa' o' the spoiler I lang for to see.
Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,
I've nane but kind Heaven to tell o' my wrang.
"Thy auld arm," quo' Heaven, "canna strike down
the proud:
I will keep to mysel' the avenging thy blood."

CXC.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

(FIRST SET.)

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure she can see ;
 For, e'en to morn she cries, "Alas !"
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.

"Drummossie Moor ! Drummossie day !
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growin' green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord !
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

CXCI.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

(SECOND SET.)

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town ;
She was blythe as a lark on the flower-tap,
Whan frae the nest it's newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' luv,
At dance she wan the ladses' een ;
She was the blythest, ay, o' the blythe,
At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down ;
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The grey-haired men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying (sad to see !),
"The flower o' the lads o' Inverness"
Lie bluidy on Culloden lea !"

She tore her haffet links c' gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e :
"My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,
At Preston sleep my brethren three !
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could never blin' my e'e ;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there ne'er could be !

"He trysted me o' luve yestreen,
 Of love-tokens he gave me three ;
 But he's faulded i' the arms o' gory weir,
 Oh, ne'er again to think o' me !
 The forest flowers shall be my bed,
 My food shall be the wild berrie,
 The fa' o' the leaf shall co'er me cauld,
 And wauken'd again I winna be.

"O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames !
 Weep till ye blin' a mither's e'e !
 Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
 But naked corses, sad to see !
 O spring is blythesome to the year ;
 Trees sprout, flowers bud, and birds sing hie ;
 But oh ! what spring can raise them up,
 Whose bluidy weir has sealed the e'e ?

"The hand o' God hung heavy here,
 And lightly touched foul tyranny ;
 It strake the righteous to the ground,
 And lifted the destroyer hie.
 'But there's a day,' quo' my God, in prayer,
 'Whan righteousness shall bear the gree ;
 I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
 And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e.' "

CXCII.

THE AGED CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

It's wae wi' me when the sun gaes down !
It's wae wi' me when the sun gaes down !
They burnt my ha' on a bonny simmer e'en,
And it's wae wi' me when the sun gaes down !
Where is my clan ? and where is my kin,
When I was thretty years and twa ?
I look owre frith, and I look owre faul',
But my clan and kin are a' awa'.

It's wae wi' me, etc.
Where is my clan ? and where is my kin,
That drew their swords at Charlie's ca' ?
Frae the Southland came a deadlie blast,
And my clan and kin are a' awa'.

It's wae wi' me, etc.
Where is my clan ? and where is my kin ?
And, Cumberland, where is my bonny ha' ?
O wae be aye upon thee and thine !
My clan and kin are a' awa'.

CXCIII.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are numbered wi' care ?
No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice ?
A king and a father to place on his throne !
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none !
But 'tis not *my* suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn !
My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I mourn ;
Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas ! can I make it no better return !

CXCIV.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LAMENT.

(FIRST SET.)

O THINK not I weep that an outcast I roam,
That the black heath at midnight thus cheerless I tread;
Tho' the realm of my sires dare not yield me a home,
Scarce a cave on her mountains to shelter my head.

Though the day brings no comfort, the night no repose,
Yet not for my own doth my spirit repine,
But in anguish I weep for the sorrows of those,
Whose eyes, and whose bosoms, have melted for mine.

The yell of the bloodhounds that hunt them by day,
On my short-startled slumbers for ever attends,
While the watch-fires that beacon my night-covered way,
Are the flames that have burst from the roofs of my friends.

Tho' the blade, blood-encrusted, hath sunk in the sheath,
No time and no distance a refuge afford,
But chased on the mountains and tracked o'er the heath,
The scaffold must end what was left by the sword.

Ye loyal, ye brave, and is this your reward?
With the meed of the traitor, the coward repaid,
While in peace ye had lived had your bosoms been bared,
On the prayer of your Prince, that implored you for aid.

Unpitied, unspared, let it sweep o'er my path,
 On me be centred its fury, its force,
 My rash lips have conjured this tempest of wrath,
 But why should the sinless be scourged in its course?

If the fury of man but obey thy decree,
 If so guilty, my God, be the deed I have dared,
 Let thy curse, let thy vengeance, be poured upon me,
 But, alas! let my friends, let my country be spared.

CXCv.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LAMENT.

(SECOND SET.)

THE storm is raging o'er the Kyle,
And o'er thy glen, dark Auchnacarry,
Your Prince has travelled many a mile,
And knows not where to go or tarry.
He sees, far in the vale below,
The wounded soldier home returning;
And those who wrought this day of woe
Are round yon watch-fire dimly burning.

O, Scotland lang shall rue the day
She saw Culloden drenched and gory;
The sword the bravest hearts may stay,
But some will tell the mournful story.
Amidst those hills that are mine ain
I wander here a houseless stranger,
With nought to shield me from the rain,
And every hour beset with danger.

Howl on, ye winds, the hills are dark,
There shrouded in a gloomy covering;
Then haste thee o'er the sea, my bark,
For bloodhounds are around me hov'ring.
O Scotland, Scotland, fare thee well,
Farewell, ye hills, I dare not tarry;
Let hist'ry's page my sufferings tell,
Farewell, Clanronald and Glengary.

CXCVI.

CHARLIE STUART.

* * * *

O DREARY laneliness is now
'Mang ruin'd hamlets smoking !
Yet the new-made widow sits an' sings,
While her sweet babe she's rocking :

"On Darien think, on dowie Glencoe,
On Murray, traitor ! coward !
On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,
And think on Charlie Stuart."

CXCVII.

DRUMMOSSIE MUIR.

- “ WERE ye at Drummossie Muir,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
Saw ye the Duke the clans o’erpower,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
My heart bleeds, as well it may,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie :
Lang may Scotland rue the day,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
- “ Many a lord of high degree,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Shall never more his mountains see,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Many a chief of birth and fame,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Is hunted down like savage game,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
- “ Few, but brave, the clansmen were,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
But heavenly mercy was not there,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Posterity will ne’er us blame,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
But brand with blood the Brunswick name,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Can it prove for Scotland’s good,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Thus to drench our glens with blood,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
Duke William named, on yonder muir,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Will fire our blood for evermore,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.”

CXCVIII.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, surround my dwelling,
Howling tempests o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave !
Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of Right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend ;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend.

CC.

THE SUN'S BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he ;
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had
 In my ain countrie.

It's nae my ain ruin
 That weets aye my e'e,
 But the dear Marie I left ahin',
 Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bonnily lowed my ain hearth,
 An' smiled my ain Marie !
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie !

O I am leal to high heaven,
 An' it'll be leal to me ;
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

CCI.

FLORA'S LAMENT.

SWEET is the rose that's budding on yon thorn,
Down in yon valley sae cheery,
But sweeter the flower that does my bosom adorn,
And springs from the breast of my dearie.
The lav'rock may whistle and sing o'er the lea,
Wi' a' its sweet strains sae rarely ;
But when will they bring such joys to me,
As the voice o' my ain handsome Charlie ?

The tears stole gently down frae my een,
Nae danger on earth then could fear me ;
My throbbing heart beat, and I heaved a sigh,
When the lad that I loved was near me.
Fu' trig wi' his bonnet sae bonny and blue,
And his tartan dress sae rarely ;
A heart that was leal, and to me ever true,
Was aye in the breast o' my Charlie.

His long-quartered shoon, and his buckles sae clear,
On his shoulder was knotted his plaidie :
Naething on earth was to me half sae dear,
As the sight o' my ain Highland laddie.
Red were his cheeks, and flaxen his hair,
Hanging down on his shoulders sae rarely ;
A blink o' his e'e, wi' a smile, banished care,
Sae handsome and neat was my Charlie.

2 D

FLORA'S LAMENT.

My Charlie, ochon ! was the flower o' them a' ;
For the loss of my mate I am eerie ;
For when that the pibroch began for to blaw,
'Twas then that I quite lost my dearie.
O wae's me, alas ! wi' their slaughter and war,
'Twas then that he gaed awa' fairly ;
And broad is the sea that parts me afar
Frae love and my ain handsome Charlie.

Ance my saft hours wi' pleasure were blest,
But now they are dull and eerie ;
And when on slumber's soft pillow I rest,
I behold the sweet shade o' my dearie.
But as long as I live, and as long as I breathe,
I will sing o' his memory dearly,
Till love is united in the cold arms of death,
Poor Flora shall mourn for her Charlie.

CCII.

THE EXILE TO HIS COUNTRY

THO' rugged and rough be the land of my birth,
To the eye of my heart 'tis the Eden of earth.
Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see,
Half so fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what though the days of her greatness be o'er,
Though her nobles be few, though her kings are no more,
Not a hope from her thralldom that time may deliver,
Though the sun of her glory hath left her for ever !

Dark, dark are the shades that encompass her round,
But still 'mid those glooms may a radiance be found,
As the flush through the clouds of the evening is seen,
To tell what the blaze of the noontide hath been.

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on her story,
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory ;
When nations contended her friendship to know,
When tyrants were trembling to find her their foe.

Let him hear of that story, and where is the Scot
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of her lot ?
Swell with pride for her power, in the times that are o'er,
And with grief that the days of her might are no more !

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his tongue,
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how she sung ;
Ere her blood through black treason was swelling her rills,
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her hills !

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,
Who would lay the high name of a Scotsman aside ;
Would whisper his country with shame and with fear,
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as they hear.

Go tell them, thou fool ! that the time erst hath been,
When the Southrons would blench if a Scot were but seen ;
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled,
As the loud border echoes resounded his tread.

Shall thy name, O my country ! no longer be heard ;
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard ?
Alas ! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
For the name of proud England is echoed alone !

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame,
To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim,
As the meed of their own, what thy children hath won,
And their deeds pass for deeds which the English have done.

Accurs'd be the lips that would sweep from the earth,
The land of my fathers, the land of my birth ;
No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen,
Nor her name left to tell where her glory had been !

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,
As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,
Than the wealth of the world that thy children should boast,
And the heart-thrilling name of old Scotia be lost.

O Scotia ! my country, dear land of my birth,
Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth,
Through the world have I sought, but no land could I see,
Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me !

CCIII.

HAME, HAME, HAME.

I.

HAME, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie ;
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

II.

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a' ;
Bnt I'll water 't wi' the blude o' usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

III.

O there's naught frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

IV.

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave ;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e—
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

CCIV.

MUSSEL MOU'D CHARLIE.

DOLEFU' rings the bell o' Rain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Charlie ne'er will sing again,
My bonny Highland laddie.

Death has closed his mussel mou',
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
To be a warning bell to you,
My bonny Highland laddie.

Had I the power o' parson Wesley,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
I would pray for Charlie Leslie,
My bonny Highland laddie.

'Deed he was a cantie carlie,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
The Episcoples he loved dearlie,
My bonny Highland laddie.

Buchan and Garioch well can tell,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Sae afts he sent the Whigs to hell,
My bonny Highland laddie.

And how he went to Crookie den,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
To see Prince Charlie and his men,
My bonny Highland laddie.

To be the comfort o' his life,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
In Edinburgh he bought a wife,
My bonny Highland laddie.

And for her ga'e but ae puir plack,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
A farthing in he got o' that,
My bonny Highland laddie.

When his strength and sangs did fail,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
He spake o' witchcraft, ghosts, and spells,
My bonny Highland laddie.

Never mair he'll play sic pranks,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Trindling on his spindle shanks,
My bonny Highland laddie.

O it wad make a heart to melt,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie !
To see his coat, his hat, and belt,
My bonny Highland laddie :

MUSSEL MOU'D CHARLIE.

Upon a pole where they are borne,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Scaring the rooks frae Cairnie's corn,
My bonny Highland laddie.

The staff that he had aften wore,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
To rung the tykes frae chapel door,
My bonny Highland laddie.

Death at last has closed his eyes,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
An' at Auld Rain entombed he lies,
My bonny Highland laddie.

CCV.

BY CARNOUSIE'S AULD WA'S.

By Carnousie's auld wa's, at the close of the day,
An auld man was singing, wi' locks thin and grey,
And the burden o' his sang, while the tears fast did fa',
Was, there'll never be peace sin' Charlie's awa'.

Our kirk's gaen either to ruin again,
Our state's in confusion, and bravely we ken,
Tho' we darena weel tell wha's to blame for it a',
And we'll never see peace sin' Charlie's awa'.

My sire and five brethren wi' Charlie they gaed,
On the muir o' Culloden now green grows their bed,
I ran wi' my life, O how didna I fa',
For nae pleasure I've seen sin' my Prince was awa'.

Our auld honest master, the laird o' the lan',
He bauldly set aff at the head o' the clan,
But the knowes o' Carnousie again he ne'er saw,
An' a's gaen to wreck sin' Charlie's awa'.

Yon pale Lammas moon has come threescore times roun'
Sin' my laird tint his lan', an' my Prince missed his crown;
Threescore years I've wandered without house or ha',
For I'll never see pleasure sin' Charlie's awa'.

CCVI.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

THE last of the Stuarts has sunk in the grave,
And their name and their lineage is gone ;
And the land of the stranger a resting place gave
To him that was heir to a throne.
But the noon of their glory was soon overspread,
And their sun he grew dark with dismay ;
And the clouds of misfortune hung over their head,
Till their sceptre had vanished away.

No more for their cause shall the trumpet be blown,
Nor their followers crowd to the field ;
Their hopes were all wreck'd when Culloden was won,
And the fate of their destiny seal'd.
Cold, cold is that heart which could stand o'er his grave,
Nor think of their fate with a sigh,
That the glory of kings, like a wreck from the wave,
Here lone and deserted must lie.

NOTES TO SONGS.

I.

Carle, an the King come.

This song is said to be as old as the time of the Commonwealth; but it was adopted by the Jacobites, and was very popular, though the charm of the air to which it was sung was probably the chief cause of its popularity. The second verse is said to be by Burns, and the rest of the song was perhaps touched up by him. It was in Johnson's *Scot's Musical Museum* in 1790. Robert Burns was born in a cottage in Alloway on the 25th of January, 1759; his father William Burness, shortened to Burns, was a gentleman's gardener. Robert learned farming and flax-dressing, and eventually obtained a post in the Excise at £70 a-year. He died on the 21st of July, 1796.

II.

The Restoration.

This song is chiefly remarkable for its age. It was first sung on the 29th of May, 1660. The 29th of May was the anniversary both of the birth and restoration of Charles II. The words were adapted to a fine air, and, though not strictly Jacobite, the song was for long a great favourite with the party.

III.

Cakes o' Croudy.

This satire on the revolutionists was written in 1688 by Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William, first Marquis of Lothian. The following are some of the heroes mentioned in the song:—*Chinnie*, Lord Melville, called Chinnie from the length of his features; *Rethy*, Lord Raith; *Little Pitcunkie*, Melville's third son; *Leven the hero*, who whipt Lady Mortonhall with his whip (he is the Lord Huffle of Dr. Pitcairn's "Assembly," where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers); *Cherrytrees Davie*, the Rev. D. Williamson; *Greenock, Dickson, Houston*, taxmen of the customs—they were Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr. R. Young; *Borland*, this is Captain Drummond,

a great rogue and a turncoat, who kept the stores in the castle ; *Grave Burnet*, old Gribø ; *Mary, Willie*, and *Annie*, Prince and Princess of Orange and Princess of Denmark.

IV.

Killiecrankie.

The battle of Killiecrankie was fought on the 17th of July, 1689, between a body of 3000 Highlanders, under the command of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, and an English and Scotch force of from 4000 to 5000 men, commanded by General Mackay. Within an hour of sunset, Dundee gave the signal, and the Highlanders descended from the hill on which they were posted, in thick and separate columns, to the attack. After a single desultory discharge, they rushed forward, sword in hand, before the regulars, whose bayonets were then inserted within the muskets, could be prepared to receive or resist their furious attack. Their columns soon pierced through the thin and straggling line, where Mackay commanded in person, and their ponderous swords completed the rout. Within a few minutes the victors and the vanquished, intermingled in the field, in the pursuit, and in the river below, disappeared from view. Mackay alone, when deserted by his horse and surrounded, forced his way with a few infantry to the right wing, where two regiments had maintained their ground. While the enemy were intent on plundering the baggage, he conducted these remaining troops in silence and darkness across the river, and continued his flight through the mountains until he reached Stirling. But Dundee, whose pursuit he dreaded, was himself no more. After a desperate and successful charge on the English artillery, and at the moment of victory, while in the act of extending his arm, to encourage his men forward, he received a shot in his side, through an opening in his armour, and dropped from horseback as he rode off the field. He lived, however, to write a concise and dignified account of the battle to King James. With the loss of 900 of his men, 2000 of his opponents were killed or taken. A rude stone was erected on the spot to mark the victory. His memory, though hateful to the Whigs, was long lamented by his own party, and he was celebrated by some of them as the last of the Scots. The Whigs of the beginning of this century said that Sir Walter Scott had prostituted his genius in making a hero of this man, who, in their opinion, was through life a blood-thirsty political ruffian, only heroic in the accidental circumstance of his death.

V.

The Haughs of Cromdale.

In this song two events are strangely jumbled together, though they are well known to have happened at many years' distance from one

another. The Ettrick Shepherd accounts for the anachronism by supposing that as the celebrated action in which 1500 brave Highlanders were surprised and defeated at Cromdale, in Strathspey, on the 1st of May, 1690, is the only battle on record that ever was fought there, it is more than probable that on that action the original song has been founded. The first twenty lines, he observes, contain a true description of that defeat, and these twenty lines may be considered as either the whole or a part of the original song. As the words were good, and the air beautiful, they had no doubt become popular; and some bard, partial to the clans, and fired with indignation at hearing their disgrace sung all over the land, must have added to the original verses those which evidently refer to the battle of Auldearn, gained by Montrose and the clans in 1645. "It would never do now," says the Shepherd, "to separate this old and popular song into two parts; but nothing can be more evident than that one part of the song describes the victory won by Montrose and the clans (from the Whigs) on the 4th of May, 1645; and the other part, that won by Livingston over the clans on the 1st of May, 1690."

 VI.

When the King comes o'er the Water.

Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, was the heroine of this song, and it appears to have been composed by her. She was so strongly attached to the Stuarts that she never ceased to urge her two sons until they engaged actively in the cause of the exiled family. This song is also called "Lady Keith's Lament." It is sung to the air of "The Boyne Water."

 VII.

This is no my ain house.

This was paraphrased into a love song by Ramsay, and spoilt in the process. The song given here was sung to a fine air and was very popular.

 VIII.

King William's March.

This is a satire on King William's departure to join his army in Ireland in June 1690, previous to the Battle of the Boyne, and it was probably written at that date. "Wi' a bullet in his boretree."—This appears to make somewhat light of King William's fire-arms. Boys make air-guns out of boretrees or elders.

IX.

The Blackbird.

This song first appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*. It is probably of Irish origin, and Mr. Samuel Lover says that its Hibernian origin cannot be questioned for a moment by any one familiar with the phraseology and peculiar structure of Anglo-Irish songs. The Chevalier de St. George (or Old Pretender) was well known by the name of "The Blackbird" from the darkness of his complexion. The allusions in the song are expressed with rather more caution than is usual in Jacobite songs. Probably this was with a view to save the poor ballad-singers from castigation by the Whig authorities.

X.

Willie the Wag.

This song was a satirical complaint of King William's *intrusion*, as it was called by the Jacobites, at the Revolution of 1688, and a squib at his ingratitude to his father-in-law, James.

XI.

O, what's the rhyme to Porringer.

This song celebrates the ingratitude of the Prince and Princess of Orange to James II. from a Jacobite point of view.

XII.

Willie Winkie's Testament.

"Fader Dennison" must mean Dr. Thomas Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury, a celebrated polemic writer against Popery, who attended King William in his last illness. "Darien and dat Macdonell" in the third verse must refer to the Scots settlement at Darien, and the massacre of the Macdonalds at Glencoe.

King William's death was caused by his horse stumbling over a mole hillock. "The little gentleman in black velvet," in allusion to the mole, was afterwards a favourite toast with the Jacobites of that day.

XIII.

On the Act of Succession (1703).

The Earl of Marchmont having one day presented an Act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with

such contempt, that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that it might be sent to the castle; it was at last thrown out of the house by a majority of fifty-seven voices.—*Lockhart's Memoirs*.

"The Duke" in verse eleven refers to James, Duke of Hamilton; it was he who was killed on the 15th November, 1712, in a duel with Lord Mohun, and, as was suspected, received his mortal wound from General Macartney, Lord Mohun's second. Lord Mohun was killed by the Duke. For accounts of this famous duel, see Swift's *Journal to Stella* and Thackeray's *Esmond*.

"Fletcher," mentioned in the next verse, was Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun. He was a high-minded republican, and he left a volume of valuable political discourses.

XIV.

The Awkward Squad.

This song is chiefly valuable as comprising the names of all the leading Whigs who strenuously promoted the Union, a measure to which the Jacobites were violently opposed.

The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *squadron volante*, from their pretending to act by themselves, and turn the balance of the contending parties in Parliament.

The Earl of Rothes fought in the street with a caddie or porter called Black, because, in derision of the Whigs, he wore a hat with white tracing. Rothes is said to have been killed in the affray. David Bailey, and, after his death, Kerr, of Kersland, are said to have acted a double part in the politics of this period. They were employed by Queensberry for the Whigs, and by the leading Jacobites at the same time, and they are accused of having proved traitors to the latter, by revealing all their secret proceedings to the Whig Ministry.

XV.

I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin.

The political allusions in this song evidently refer to the time of Queen Anne. It is probable that the lines—

"The adder i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame,"

may be allegorical of some plot or intrigue which was then going on to further the Pretender's views.

XVI.

My love he was a Highland lad.

It is probable that both this song and the preceding one were written by women. As the Ettrick Shepherd says, "The sympathy, delicacy,

and vehemence manifested are strongly characteristic of the female mind, ever ardent in the cause it espouses."

XVII.

Over the seas and far awa'. (1.)

This is one of the numerous songs which were aptly adapted to all times and circumstances by the Jacobites, and it only lost its popularity when the return of the Stuarts had become hopeless. It appears to have been originally a song for the birthday of Charles II. before the Restoration. The reference to "Will," meaning William III., in the last verse would seem to show that this version was made in Queen Anne's time.

XVIII.

Queen Anne; or, the auld grey mare.

Although the poetry of this song is doggerel, the allegory is good. By the "two mares on the hill," Ireland and Wales are meant, and England by the "ane into the sta'," as enjoying the principal fruits of the Union. Scotland is represented by the "auld grey mare;" while the "farrier stout" and "his smiths" are the Duke of Queensberry and hirelings who effected the Union. The drift of the song is evidently to represent to Queen Anne the danger of forming a union between the two kingdoms. A good story is told by George Lockhart in reference to the horde of excise and custom-house officers (whom he calls the scum and canalia of England) that were poured into Scotland at the time of the Union. "A Scots merchant travelling in England, and showing some apprehension of being robbed, his landlady told him he was in no hazard, for all the highwaymen were gone; and upon his inquiring how that came about, 'Why, truly,' replied she, 'they are all gone to your country to get places.'"

XIX.

The Union.

Queensberry was created a Duke by James II., but nevertheless supported the interests of the Prince of Orange, and took the lead in promoting the Union, which finally became law in 1707.

The Earl of Seafield was bred a lawyer, and at the convention in 1689 supported the cause of King James, but he was afterwards brought over by the Duke of Hamilton to the interest of William, and in 1696 was made one of his secretaries of state. When the treaty of Union, which terminated the independence of Scotland as a kingdom, was

carried, he is said to have exclaimed, "There is the end o' an auld sang." His brother, Captain Ogilvie, who was a considerable farmer and cattle-dealer, being reproved by him for engaging in a profession so mean, is said to have retorted, "True, brother, I dinna flee sae high as you, but we maun baith do as we dow—I only sell *nowt*, but ye sell *nations*." This song is a parody on, "Now, fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

 XX.
The Curses.

This appears to have been written immediately after the passing of the Act of Union. The Union was a deadly blow to the cause of the Stuarts. And the Scottish Whigs, who clung to their country's independence, joined against the Union with the Jacobites, who thought only of the cause of the Pretender. This song might have been written by a cavalier in mad fury against the measure and the English Parliament. Here is George Lockhart's description of the English Parliament of that day:—

"And as what I have said will be found a just enough character of the people of England's notions of liberty and government in general, the members of the House of Commons are much of the same temper, and manage their affairs after the same manner. For, though all of them are vested with equal powers, a very few of the most active and pragmatical, by persuading the rest that nothing is done without them, do lead them by the nose, and make mere tools of them, to serve their own ends. And this, I suppose, is owing to the manner and way of electing the members: for, being entirely in the hands of the populace, they for the most part choose those who pay best; so that many are elected who very seldom attend the House, give themselves no trouble in business, and have no design in being chosen, even at a great expense, but to have the honour of being called Parliament-men. On the other hand, a great many are likewise elected who have no concern for the interest of their country, and, being either poor or avaricious, aim at nothing but enriching themselves; and hence it is that no assembly under heaven does produce so many fools and knaves. The House of Commons is represented as a wise and august assembly: what it was long ago I shall not say, but in our days it is full of disorder and confusion. The members that are capable and mindful of business are few in number, and the rest mind nothing at all. When there's a party job to be done they'll attend, and make a hideous noise like Bedlamites; but if the House is to enter on business, such as giving of money or making of public laws, they converse so loud with one another in private knots that nobody can know what is doing except a very few, who for that purpose sit near the clerk's table; or they leave the House and the men of business, as they call them, to mind such matters."

Are the proceedings in Parliament so very different at the present day?

XXI.

The Thistle and Rose.

An allegorical song, written about 1710, when the effects of the Union were most severely felt in Scotland.

XXII.

Awa', Whigs, awa'.

None of the Jacobite songs have been more popular than this, chiefly on account of the beauty of its air, which is one of the oldest Scottish airs in existence. Part of the verses are said to be as old as the time of Cromwell, other verses are by Burns. A version of the song, supposed to be all by Burns, appeared in Johnson's *Museum* in 1790. There is a tradition that, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the piper to Clavers' own troop of horse stood on the brink of the Clyde, playing it with great glee; but being struck by a bullet, either by chance or by design, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and as he rolled over, so intent was he on this old party tunc, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes yell out two or three more notes of it, till at last he plunged into the river, and was carried peaceably down the stream among a great number of floating Whigs.

XXIII.

Perfidious Britain.

This song appears from internal evidence to have been written in the time of Queen Anne. Hogg says he got it among Sir Walter Scott's original papers, and adds: "I do not always understand what the bard means; but as he seems to be an ingenious though passionate writer, I take it for granted that he knew perfectly well himself what he would have been at, so I have not altered a word from the manuscript, which is in the handwriting of an amanuensis of Mr. Scott's, the most incorrect transcriber, perhaps, that ever tried the business."

XXIV.

Lochmaben Gate.

This song is commemorative of Southern Jacobitism, and refers to a celebrated meeting of the Border partisans of the house of Stuart, which took place at Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire, on the 29th of May, 1714, to ascertain their strength, and to make plans in aid of the in-

surrection, then in contemplation by the Earl of Mar and others in the north. The meeting was held under the pretence of horse-racing; but the parties did not take much pains to disguise the real object of it. Two plates, which were the prizes to be run for, had peculiar devices. The one had a woman with balances in her hand, the emblem of Justice, and over the head was "Justitia," and at a little distance, "Sum cuique." The other had several men in a tumbling posture, and one eminent person erected above the rest; with the inscription from Ezekiel xxi. 27, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it: and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him."

After the race, the leaders, and many more of the Jacobite gentry, went to the cross, where, in a very solemn manner, before hundreds of witnesses, with drums beating and colours displayed, they upon their knees drank *their King's health*. The Master of Burleigh began the health with, "God d—n him that would not drink it," etc. This precious partisan had only a few weeks before made his escape from Edinburgh Gaol, where he had been lying under sentence of death for murder.

 XXV.

At Auchindown.

This is a production of Northern Jacobitism, commemorative of the festival held at Auchindown, on the Chevalier de St. George's birthday, on the 10th June, 1714. Hogg says this was sung to the tune of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

 XXVI.

Jamie the Rover.

Another song in celebration of the festival held on the Chevalier's birthday at Auchindown on the 10th June, 1714; during the festival the Jacobites swore fealty to the house of Stuart. Auchindown, noticed in so many of the Jacobite songs, from the "Haughs of Cromdale" downwards, was not properly a "town," but a romantic old castle, situated in the wilds of Glen Fiddich, in Banffshire. It is now in ruins. It would appear that the festivals held in honour of the exiled Prince were among the last entertainments given there.

 XXVII.

Jamie the Rover.

(SECOND SET.)

This is taken from Peter Buchan's MS. collection of the *Songs and Ballads of the North of Scotland*.

XXVIII.

The Riding Mare.

The *riding mare* is typical of the Government; King William III., Queen Anne, and George I. are the sovereigns satirised; the "unco loon" is William III. The joke of the *sow* refers to the Countess of Darlington, a mistress of George I., whom he brought over with him from Hanover. Being excessively fat, she was always called, "the *sow*." It is reported of this lady that, being insulted by a mob one day, she cried out of her coach, in the best English she could, "Coot peoples, vy do you wrong us? We be come for all your coots." "Yes, d—n ye!" cried one of the crowd, "and for all our chattels, too, I think."

XXIX.

The wee, wee German Lairdie.

This song was a great favourite all over Scotland. Hogg asserted that he composed the air to which it was generally sung in the southern counties.

This version is taken from Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. The four first verses are given as Allan Cunningham's, in an edition of his *Poems and Songs*, edited by his son, Peter Cunningham, and published in 1847. It is said to be founded on an older song. Allan Cunningham was born in the parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire, on the 7th of December, 1784; he was a stone mason. He came to London on the 9th of April, 1810, on the invitation of R. H. Cromek, the editor of the *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, and found employment in the studio of Bubb, the sculptor; he also worked as a newspaper reporter, and after a time he became well acquainted with Chantrey, and was the sculptor's clerk of the works. Allan Cunningham died in London on the 30th of October, 1842, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

XXX.

Came ye o'er frae France?

This is a smart rant, though it is rather disjointed. "Montgomery's lady" may have been the lady of Lord James Montgomery, who was engaged in a plot in 1695, and who, it is likely, would be connected with the Jacobites.

XXXI.

The sow's tail to Geordie.

George the First's mistress, Lady Darlington, is here again designated by "the *sow*."

The Ettrick Shepherd says of this song: "I remember, when a boy, hearing the song frequently sung by an old woman, a determined Jacobite, who always accompanied it with the information that 'it was a cried down sang, but she didna mind that; and that baith it and *O'er Bogie* were cried down at Edinburgh Cross on the same day.'"

XXXII.

The Rebellious Crew.

"Hogan Mogan" are cant terms for the Dutch words, Hoghen Mogedige, signifying high and mighty.

George I., while electoral prince, married his cousin Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell. She was very beautiful, but her husband treated her with neglect, and had several mistresses. This usage seems to have disposed her to retaliate by indulging in a little gallantry on her own account. At that time the famous and handsome Swedish Count Königsmark came to Hanover, and paid a great deal of attention to the Princess; and she, although not supposed to be culpable, appears to have acted imprudently. The old Elector, indignant at Königsmark's presumption, ordered him to leave his dominions immediately. The Princess was persuaded by her women to allow the Count to take leave of her next morning in her private apartments. From this moment he disappeared; and it was not known what had become of him until, at the death of George I., on George the Second's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace were ordered by him; then the body of Königsmark was discovered under the floor of the Princess's dressing-room; it is supposed that the Count was strangled there the instant he left her, and buried on the spot. The Princess was imprisoned for the rest of her life.

XXXIII.

Come, let us drink a health, boys.

This song seems to have been written in 1714, after the death of the Princess Sophia, Electress-Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of James VI., and mother of George I. The Jacobites calculated largely on that event, as loosening the connection between the house of Hanover and the British throne.

"Hogan Mogan." See note to previous song.

XXXIV.

The Cuckoo.

This song was first printed in Hogg's *Relics*. The Shepherd says he had never before seen it either in print or manuscript; but that he

had heard it sung frequently ever since he could recollect. About the time when he first began to know one song from another, all the old people that could sing at all sung "The Cuckoo's a Bonny Bird." He also says that he took these verses verbatim from a shrewd idiot or "half-daft man" named William Dodds, who gave it as a quotation in a mock discourse which he was accustomed to deliver to the boys and lasses in the winter evenings, to their infinite amusement, in the style and manner of a fervid preacher.

The Old Pretender is here meant by "the Cuckoo." Various explanations have been given for the designation. Allan Cunningham, in *The Songs of Scotland*, published 1825, says that the similarity between the cuckoo and the Chevalier was that with the coming of the cuckoo the Chevalier was looked for; the bird and the Prince were expected in April; the cuckoo was, therefore, "a bonny bird when he comes home," since his first note in the land and the war-cry of the Stuarts would be heard together. Dr. Charles Mackay, in his *Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, says: "The cuckoo is the harbinger of spring and summer; and the Jacobites, in the 'winter of their discontent,' may well have prayed for the return of the bonny bird and the fine weather that would accompany it."

XXXV.

The Bonny Moorhen.

Hogg says that he took this song also from Willie Dodd's preaching. It is supposed to refer to one of the great Jacobite rebellions, but it is not certain whether it refers to "the 'Fifteen" or "the 'Forty-five." Neither is it explained why the bird chosen is "the moorhen." If the Old Pretender is meant by "the moorhen," and this is the more likely, his dark complexion might be hinted at, as the moorhen is a bird of dusky plumage. Hogg says: "Had it been a moorcock the likeness would have been much better."

It is thought that the colours allude to those in the tartans of the Clan Stuart.

XXXVI.

The auld Stuarts back again.

This song seems to have been composed on the very eve of the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715; at which time Ayr, Irvine, Kilmarnock, and other towns in the west, were very active in raising men in defence of the Protestant succession. The latter part of the song refers to the famous hunting in the forest of Brae-Mar, contrived by the Earl of Mar as a pretext for bringing the nobles of the South and North together, to concert measures for the rising which immediately afterwards took place.

XXXVII.

Over the seas and far awa'. (2.)

The songs which were based upon the topic of the absence of the exiled family had usually more popularity than any others, and remained much longer in vogue. The Whigs, who are designated as "devil's birds," would have scarcely had Jeddart justice from the vengeance of the writer of this song, or those who held the same political opinions. This and other songs of the same name were probably founded upon the old song of "Over the hills and far awa'."

XXXVIII.

Let our great James come over.

The Act of Abjuration, referred to in the second verse, was made in 1701. By this Act, all persons holding situations in church or state were compelled, by oath, to abjure the Pretender, the Chevalier de St. George; to recognise William III. as their "right and lawful king, and his heirs, according to the Act of Settlement:" they also became bound to maintain the Established Church of England, at the same time tolerating dissenters.

XXXIX.

Weel may we a' be.

The compliment paid to King Charles XII. of Sweden in this drinking song must have been owing to the preparations which that monarch was then making to help James to recover the throne of Britain. The death of the Swede soon after put a stop to his plans, and, at the same time, relieved the apprehensions of the English court.

XL.

O what's the matter wi' the Whigs?

This song must have been written on the accession of the Whigs to power in the beginning of George the First's reign, since it is equally caustic as to that party and as to the monarch himself.

XLI.

The Chevalier's Muster Roll.

On the accession of George I., the dismissal of the Tory Ministry, and the rancour with which its members were prosecuted, greatly in-

creased the number of the disaffected; and there can be little doubt that this song was made about the end of the year 1715, when the Earl of Mar embraced the cause of the Jacobites in the Highlands, and many noblemen and gentlemen joined him. The names of several of these are mentioned in the song.

Hogg supposed that "Jock" and "Tam" might have meant the Lowlands in general or John Paterson and Thomas Forrester. The former proclaimed the Pretender at Braemar, Kirkmichael, and Logierait; and the other carried his standard all that way. Mar, in a letter to the Earl of Breadalbane, speaks of Tam Forrester.

"Borland" was one of the chieftains of the M'Intoshes, and raised two hundred men.

"Cameron and M'Lean" were John Cameron of Lochiel and Sir John M'Lean, the chiefs of these two clans.

"Gordon."—The Marquis of Huntly, the eldest son of the Duke of Gordon, was one of the first to join Mar.

"M'Gregor."—Gregor M'Gregor of Glengyle and his uncle, Rob Roy M'Gregor, led the clan to join Mar; but it appeared, from their conduct afterwards, that plunder, and not the restoration of the Stuarts, was their chief object.

"M'Gillavry" was probably the celebrated Donald M'Gillavry, head of one of the Clan-Chattan, and supposed to be same as the Colonel M'Gillavry who led the M'Intoshes in 1745.

"Nithsdale."—Lord Nithsdale, who afterwards made the wonderful escape from the Tower of London by the aid of his wife.

"Kenmure."—Viscount Kenmure, afterwards beheaded.

"Derwentwater."—Earl Derwentwater, afterwards beheaded.

"Forster."—Thomas Forster, jun., of Etherton, M.P. for Northumberland, and commander of the English rebels. He was taken prisoner at Preston, but afterwards escaped.

"Widdrington."—The Earl of Widdrington.

"Nairn."—Lord Nairn, brother of the Duke of Athol. He was also made prisoner at Preston, but in 1717 he was set free under the Act of Indemnity.

"The Laird of M'Intosh."—The chief of the name and the captain of the Clan-Chattan, which consisted of ten clans all combined in one for their mutual defence.

"M'Donald."—Sir Donald M'Donald appears to have brought four hundred and thirty men.

Lord Seaforth led the M'Kenzies and the M'Craws.

The M'Phersons belonged to the Clan-Chattan.

XLII.

Aikendrum.

Hogg said that he was in possession of this song for two years before he could divine even to what age it alluded, and that it was Sir Walter Scott who first discovered the meaning of it. Sunderland should be

written Sutherland. The song relates to the state of the Jacobite and Whig armies immediately previous to the battle of Sherriff-muir, and must have been a song of that period.

Sutherland was made lieutenant-general of King George I.'s troops in the north, and soon after his arrival there from England he found himself at the head of 1200 effective men, with whom he meant to encounter Seaforth. But at that instant Sir Donald Macdonald came down from Skye, with 700 hardy islanders in his train, and they chased Lord Sutherland's men to the hills.

Lord Seaforth's camp was at the bridge of Alness, but Sir Donald was moving about with his troops, who were not idle; and "the chief could not be found," for Lord Sutherland made no more head against them, nor would have done, had not Mar called them out of the country, and left it altogether exposed.

"Robin Roe," Hogg thought, meant Sir Robert Monroe, who was acting with Sutherland at that period.

XLIII.

The Battle of Sheriff-muir.

When it was known in London that the Earl of Mar had raised the standard of rebellion, the government instantly sent the Duke of Argyle to Scotland, as commander-in-chief, to draw the military force of the kingdom together, and to take other measures to counteract the efforts of the disaffected. This was no easy task, however, for a great portion of the nobility and gentry had already joined Mar, or secretly abetted him, and the muster of the clans by this time amounted to several thousand men; while, on the other hand, the whole of the regular military did not exceed fifteen hundred horse and foot. The clans were, for the most part, the Duke's mortal enemies, and he knew that if Mar's enterprise succeeded, it would be the ruin of the House of Argyle. He accordingly soon increased the national force to three thousand five hundred men, which he concentrated at Stirling. This was little more than a third of the rebel forces; yet when the Duke understood that Mar was on his march to the south, he quitted Stirling, and led his small army north to attack him. On the 12th of November Argyle encamped at Dunblane. The rebels approached that night within two miles of him. Both armies drew up in order of battle, and remained under arms till daybreak. In the morning the action began. The Duke of Argyle placed himself on the right at the head of the cavalry; General Whitham commanded the left, and Major-General Wightman the centre. The Earl of Mar led on the clans under the Captain of Clanronald, Glengary, Sir John M'Lean, and Campbell of Glenlyon, who made such a furious charge on the left wing of the royal army, "that in seven or eight minutes," says an account of the engagement, published shortly after at Perth, under the authority of the Earl of Mar, "we could neither perceive the form of a battalion or squadron of the enemy before us." The Highlanders on the left were not so

successful. The Duke of Argyle charged them with such vigour at the head of the cavalry that they were obliged to retire, which they did in the greatest order, rallying ten times in two miles. Having, however, succeeded in pushing them across the water of Allan, the Duke returned to the field, where, being joined by General Wightman with three battalions of foot, he took possession of some mud-walls and enclosures to cover himself from the threatened attack of the enemy's right wing, which, on hearing of the defeat of the left, stopped the pursuit, and came up to its support; but either through jealousy that the left had not done its duty, or awed by the imposing front which Argyle's troops presented, the Highlanders did not renew the action. Both armies fronted each other till the evening, when the Duke retired to Dunblane, and the Earl of Mar to Ardoch. The slaughter on both sides was nearly equal; about eight hundred of the rebels were killed and wounded, while the loss of the royal army was upwards of six hundred. The victory was claimed by both parties, from the circumstance of the right wing of each army being victorious; but all the advantages remained with the Duke of Argyle, who not only returned to the field next day and carried off the wounded to Stirling, but by this action arrested the progress of the enemy to the south, and destroyed their hopes of success by the delay which it occasioned.

"Laurie the Traitor."—Hogg relates that one Drummond, aide-de-camp to Lord Drummond, first gave false orders and intelligence from Mar to General Hamilton, and then went over to the Duke of Argyle.

"Rob Roy."—One of the causes of Mar's left wing being repulsed was the part which Rob Roy acted in keeping his men together at some distance during the battle, without allowing them to engage; although, it is said, they showed the greatest willingness. His conduct was all the more surprising as he had ever been remarkable for courage and activity. When asked by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he remarked, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is probable, however, that his interference would have decided the day in favour of his own party. Rob Roy was a younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald M'Gregor, by a daughter of Campbell, of Glenlyon. His original employment, like that of many persons of some rank in the Highlands, was that of a grazier and cattle-dealer, but misfortunes and oppressions compelled him to those lawless courses in which he afterwards became so distinguished. While occupied as a grazier he gained the love of all who knew him, for he had good natural parts, was obliging to everybody, and very pleasant and diverting in conversation; he kept good company, and regarded his word with the greatest strictness. But his prospects were soon blasted by the treachery of a person whom he had admitted as a partner into his extensive business, and who absconded with a large sum of his money. This disaster, and the unsuccessful issue of a lawsuit against the Duke of Montrose, involved him in beggary and ruin; and seeing no possibility of retrieving his losses, he first retired with a few of his followers, and lived in seclusion at Craighrostan, a fastness

belonging to him on the banks of Lochlomond. As the very name of M'Gregor had been proscribed, he adopted that of Campbell out of respect to John, second Duke of Argyle, who continued to befriend him. But retirement only gave an opportunity of brooding over his wrongs, and nursing those resentments against his oppressors, which at last burst forth in predatory incursions upon their cattle and property. Being denounced by the government as a suspected person at the beginning of the rebellion, he joined the Earl of Mar, and in the absence of his brother, who was chief of the M'Gregors, took the command of that clan at the battle of Sheriff-muir. He is charged in the verse to which we refer with an unprincipled disregard to the cause in which he affected to embark, and a love of the plunder, and not of the glory, to be derived from the enterprise. But his apologists say, that being patronised by the Duke of Argyle, who commanded the Royal army, Rob Roy could neither engage in a cause of which he did not approve, nor openly resist a patron whom he dared not offend. But his conduct, and that of his followers, immediately after the battle, gives too much room for the opinion that plunder was the chief object they had for assembling. They retired to Falkland, and on pretence of levying contributions for the King's friends, gratified their own rapacity, and then withdrew to the mountains. Rob Roy and the whole clan were afterwards specially excepted from the Act of Indemnity, passed at the close of the rebellion. On his deathbed, being urged by the priest to forgive his enemies, Rob demurred; but the request being again pressed, and enforced by the appropriate quotation from Our Lord's Prayer, he answered, "Ay, now ye hae given me baith law and gospel for't. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel;" then turning to his son, Rob Oig, he said, "My sword and dirk lie there. Never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; *but see you to them*, or may —," and he expired. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquhidder, where a common gravestone covers his remains, without inscription, and no other ornament than a sword in pale, rudely executed.

"The Cock o' the North."—An honorary title of the Dukes of Gordon. The Duke, however, was not present at this engagement.

"Florence."—The name of a celebrated horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntly.

Burns says that this song was written by the Rev. Murdoch M'Lellan, minister of Crathie, on Deeside. Hogg says, "The tune is very old. It was played at the taking away of every bride for centuries before that period, and was called, 'She's yours, she's yours, she's nae mair ours.' Long after the existence of this name to it, but still long previous to the battle of Sheriff-muir, it got the name of 'John Paterson's Mare,' from a song that was made on a wedding bruise, or horse race for the bride's napkin. Some of the old people in my parents' days always called it by its primitive name; but even with the name of 'John Paterson's Mare,' it was always played at the taking away of a bride even in my own time."

XLIV.

Bogie side; or, Huntly's raids.

This song is an inveterate party production; it was probably written by one of the Grants, who were always envious of their more powerful neighbours, the Gordons; it meanly violates the truth with respect to the latter. Hogg says that "though the Marquis of Huntly was on the left wing at the head of a body of horse, and among the gentlemen that fled, yet two battalions of Gordons, or at least of Gordon's vassals, behaved themselves as well as any on the field, and were particularly instrumental in breaking the Whig cavalry, on the left wing of their army, and driving them back among their foot." The second verse seems to refer to an engagement that took place at Dollar, a fortnight before the battle of Sheriff-muir.

The last verse obviously refers to the final submission of the Gordons to the Government, which was made through the Grants and the Earl of Sutherland. The gentleman from whose collection this song was taken by the Ettrick Shepherd said, "Why, Hogg, if you publish this bitter old party squib, you will have to fight duels with every one of the Gordons individually." "Oh, I'll tak' my chance o' that," said the Shepherd; "for if any o' them challenge me, I will just put them into the police office, where they may cool their courage and come to their senses at their ain leisure."

XLV.

Up and warn a', Willie.

"The royal nit upon the tap," etc. This refers to an incident which happened at the great Jacobite meeting, which took place at Brae-Mar, just before the rebellion broke out. The Earl of Mar erected the Chevalier's standard there, on the 6th of September, 1715, and proclaimed him King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. It is reported that when this standard was first erected, the ornamental ball on the top fell off—a circumstance which greatly depressed the spirits of the Highlanders, whose superstition led them to regard the mischance as ominous to the cause.

When the Earl of Mar set up the standard of the Chevalier, he had not above 500 foot and horse; yet, in a few days, his army increased to between three and four thousand, and he was able to take possession of Perth, where he pitched his head-quarters.

XLVI.

O my King.

This is the lament of one of the Highland chieftains, who went into exile shortly after the battle of Sheriff-muir. He strongly deprecates

the defection of Huntly and Seaforth, who went over to the Brunswick interest, to which Huntly remained firm; but on the landing of James in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, Lord Seaforth again espoused his cause and never afterwards deserted it.

The air of this song is "The Broom of the Cowden Knowes."

XLVII.

O Kenmure's on and awa'.

At the same time that the Earl of Mar raised the standard of rebellion at Brae-Mar, William Viscount Kenmure, and other lords of the Scottish Border, rose on behalf of the Chevalier de St. George. The Earl of Mar sent 1500 Highlanders, under Brigadier Mackintosh, to Kenmure's aid, and the two parties, or at least the bulk of them, ultimately effected a junction with the English Catholic gentry in Northumberland, who had been called to arms by the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, the member for the county. They advanced as far south as Preston in Lancashire, and here, on the same day as the battle of Sheriff-muir, they were surrounded by the Royal troops under Generals Willis and Carpenter, and compelled to surrender. Lord Kenmure was afterwards tried at Westminster Hall, where, being advised to plead guilty, he was condemned, and executed with the Earl of Derwentwater, on Tower Hill, on the 29th of February, 1715-6.

XLVIII.

What news to me, Carlin?

This song relates to Lord Nithsdale's escape. The joy of the peasantry was unbounded on hearing of the event.

XLIX.

Derwentwater's Farewell.

James Radcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, was one of the commanders in the rebellion of 1715. He surrendered to the Royal forces at Preston, and he was executed on the same day as Viscount Kenmure. He is said to have possessed remarkable personal attractions. Smollett says of him that he "was an amiable youth; brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people, whom he employed on his estate: the poor, the widow, and the orphan rejoiced in his bounty."—(*History of England*, vol. 2, p. 333, edition of 1805.)

Cromek remarks: "This is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, smells sweetly of heaven."

Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, who furnished this song to Hogg, said:

"I send you all I can recover of this just as I had it. As it seems to me that there is a hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines, there certainly seems some connexion to bring in 'Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,' &c. The following lines may, perhaps, express nearly the sentiments that would have arisen in unison with the preceding ideas:—

'And who shall deck the hawthorn bower,
Where my fond childhood strayed?
And who, when spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade?

'With me the Radcliff's name must end,
And seek the silent tomb;
And many a kinsman, many a friend,
With me must meet their doom.'

"Of the victims who perished in this sad enterprise, none fell more lamented than the young and generous Derwentwater. It is generally supposed that the unfortunate Earl's last request, that of burial with his ancestors, was refused from fear of exciting any popular movement in the North, and that the body was in consequence interred in the churchyard of St. Giles, Holborn. However, either a sham burial took place or the corpse was afterwards removed, for it was certainly carried secretly by his friends—resting by day and travelling only by night—into Northumberland, and deposited, with the remains of his father, in the chapel at Dilston.

'With viewless speed by night they pass,
By day a silent vigil keep;
No priest to chant the holy mass,
But Tynedale peasants wake and weep.'

"A little porch before the farmhouse of Whitesmocks is still pointed out as the exact spot where the Earl's corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part remains. In 180— the coffin which contained the Earl's remains was, from curiosity or accident, broken open, and the body, easily recognised by the suture round the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of complete preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a-piece, till the trustees or their agent ordered the vault to be closed again."

The *aurora borealis*, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of the unfortunate Earl's execution, is still known in the North by the name of *Lord Derwentwater's Lights*.

"The Earl of Derwentwater, when taken at Preston, found means to send a messenger to Capheaton, which prevented that family from

appearing. He also desired the family evidences to be removed to Capheaton, which was done, and they were hid between two walls behind a chimney. One Walton, a slater, in repairing the roof, saw several chests beneath him, and distinguished the Derwentwater arms on some of them. Being a rigid Presbyterian, he informed old Sir Ambrose Middleton of Belsog, who, being deputy-lieutenant for the Duke of Somerset, searched Capheaton for arms; and under that pretence broke open the wall and found the deeds, from the concealment of which Greenwich Hospital had been put to difficulties.

"The Widdringtons of Cheeseburn Grange were deeply engaged in the rebellion, 1715. Ralph Widdrington, Esquire, was imprisoned, and under sentence of death at Liverpool. He and his servant escaped out of the gaol by means of a rope thrown across the ditch or fosse. Mr. Widdrington lost all the nails off one hand by clinging to the rope. They had the gaol fever when they escaped, but recovered. Mr. Widdrington lived long after 1745, and was never molested. He retired a few years to the Continent. The son of Lord Widdrington (engaged in 1715) succeeded to his maternal estate of Stella, on the Tyne (Stella, where the Scots defeated the English at the beginning of Charles's civil war), and led a long life of peace and obscurity, as Henry Widdrington, Esquire, and died 1774."

Shaftsbury should have been written Shalfto. Mr. Surtees says; "The Shaftoes of Bavington forfeited their estate in 1715, which was repurchased from the Crown by their relation, Admiral Delaval, and restored to the family. One of the Shaftoes is buried in the great church at Brussels, with an epitaph expressing loyalty to James III.

"Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark, literally unassisted, secured Holy Island Castle, and hoisted the white flag, but, receiving no assistance, were obliged to escape over the walls, were fired at, wounded (while swimming), and taken. They *burrowed* themselves out of Berwick Gaol, were concealed nine days in a peat stack near Bamborough Castle (then General Forster's seat), reached Gateshead House (a manor of Callaley Clavering's), and sailed from Sunderland for France. Both of them returned to England; and one of them lived long in Newcastle, and, it is said, died of grief for the 1746."

Hogg says: "The conduct of the garrison in yielding the fort to two men, is only equalled by the heroic manner in which it was retaken. The Rev. Mr. Peter Rae, after manifesting no small astonishment at the intrepidity and success of Errington and his nephew in this undertaking, proceeds to relate this exploit of his friends, the Whigs, which is certainly no less worthy of being recorded than the former. 'However,' says he, 'tis most certain he got the command of that fort, and, when he was in possession, made signals to his friends at Warkworth; but it seems they did not notice them; and before he could be supplied with men and provisions, he was again dispossessed of that place; for next day the governor of Berwick Gaol sent 30 men of the garrison, with 50 volunteers of the inhabitants, well-armed, who, marching over the sands at low water-mark, attacked the fort, and took it sword in hand.'"

L.

An excellent new Song on the Rebellion.

Hogg calls this "the best model of a street ballad, poetry, air, and all, that is extant." He says he got it from David Constable, Esq., advocate. It gives a good account in rhyme of the Jacobite expedition into England in 1715, which ended so fatally for the rebels at Preston.

LI.

The White Cockade.

This song was a general favourite among the Jacobites. Probably its popularity was chiefly due to the taking air to which it was sung.

LII.

Merry may the keel row.

This was given in Cromeke's *Remains* as a Jacobite ballad of 1715, and there stated to be "a popular bridal tune in Scotland; and, like many other fragments of Scottish song, has the Jacobitical rose growing among its love sentiments. It seems to be the original of 'Weel may the Boatie row.'"

LIII.

Here's a health to the Valiant Swede.

This is a song of 1716. George I. having joined the famous confederacy against Charles XII. of Sweden, that warrior, "the Madman of the North," as he was called, vowed revenge, and entered into arrangements with the Stuart party to invade England, and establish the Old Pretender on the throne. So alarmed was George I., and so convinced was he of Charles's hostile intentions, that he caused the Swedish ambassador to be secured, and his papers seized—a gross violation of the rights of ambassadors, and contrary to the law of nations. At George's instigation similar measures were adopted against the Swedish Minister at the Hague, Baron Gortz. The Baron owned that he had projected the invasion, but justified it by the King of England's own conduct, who, he said, had entered the confederacy against Charles without the slightest provocation, and had sent a squadron of ships to the Baltic, which had joined the Danes and Russians against the Swedish fleet.

LIV.

Here's to the King, sir.

From Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. It was a popular song, and from the allusion to the King of Swedes, it was probably written about the year 1716. It was sung to the well-known air of "Hey tutti tatti," which no doubt accounted for its great popularity.

LV.

The Piper o' Dundee.

The hero of this song is supposed to have been Carnegie, of Phinhaven, celebrated as the best flyer from the field of Sheriff-muir—namely,

"The laird of Phinaven, who sware to be even
Wi' ony general or peer o' them a', man."

See last verse of song xliii.

Ambulree is a remote village in Perthshire. Hogg supposes the meeting to have been on the eve of one of the great annual fairs.

LVI.

He winna be guidit by me.

Hogg says that this song was made on the defection of Carnegie of Phinhaven, referred to in the last verse of song xliii. Hogg also says that "the last verse appears to allude to some misunderstanding, that at last had led to a fatal incident, that fell out in his hand afterward; whether intentional or not, one may judge from the history of the event in the Criminal Trials."

LVII.

The Chevalier's Birthday.

This appears to have been written about the time that the Chevalier de St. George came over and was crowned at Scone. Hogg says that it was copied from young Steuart of Dalguise's collection.

LVIII.

Let misers tremble o'er their wealth.

The words, used as a toast, "To all we wish and all we want," were, as appears from this song, originally a Jacobite *double entendre*.

LIX.

Somebody.

This song was sung to a beautiful air. It has found a place in nearly all Jacobite collections, and, in the form of a love song, it evidently refers to the representative Stuart in banishment at the time it was written. It is not certain to what period it refers.

LX.

Though Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead.

"The flames will get baith hat and wig," in the fourth verse, is an allusion to a well-known ludicrous custom of King George I., who, when suddenly irritated, was wont to pull off his wig, and throw it angrily into the fire. The air of this song greatly contributed to its popularity.

LXI.

The Young Maxwell.

This ballad was contributed to Crome's *Remains* by Mrs. Copland, of Dalbeattie, and is founded on fact. A young gentleman of the family of Maxwell, an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered greatly in their cause. After seeing his ancestors' house burnt to ashes; his father killed in its defence; his only sister dying of grief for her father and three brothers slain; he dressed himself as an old shepherd, and in one of his excursions singled out an individual who had been instrumental in the ruin of his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he killed him in single combat.

Another somewhat similar story of the "'Forty-five" may be mentioned here. "A party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up lang kale and butter, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness how she lived. 'Indeed,' quoth she, 'the cow and the kale-yard, wi' God's blessing, 's a' my mailen.' He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart, and the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends, or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens; but,' added he, 'she could live for all that, on her God, as

she said.' 'And don't you rue it?' cried a young soldier, starting up; 'don't you rue it?' 'Rue what?' said he; 'rue aught like that?' 'Then, by my G—d,' cried the youth, unsheathing his sword; 'that woman was my mother! draw, you brutal villain, draw!' They fought. The youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, 'Had you but rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!'—*Cromek's Remains*.

Allan Cunningham gives a rather enlarged version of this song in his *Songs of Scotland* published in 1825. In a note there he says: "Instead of saying why or when I wrote this song, or telling the reasons that induced me to imitate the natural ballad style of the North," &c. The song is not included in Peter Cunningham's edition of his father's poems, published in 1847.

LXII.

Whurry Whigs awa'.

This is a sort of historical recapitulation in rhyme of what the Jacobites held to be the political sins of the Whigs. It begins with the Marquis of Montrose's wars against the Covenanters, and closes with the accession of George I. Hogg says it is obvious that the song was composed at different periods, and by different hands.

LXIII.

The wind has blown my plaid awa'.

This was sung to the well-known air of "Over the hills and far awa'."

LXIV.

The Gathering of the Hays.

Mr. J. H. Allan, who first published this song, says:—"The two long stanzas of the Gathering of the Hays are said to be of considerable antiquity. The second stanza cannot, however, be older than the year 1746, for Hay, of Yester, did not receive the title of Tweeddale till that period. . . . The rest of the gathering after the two first stanzas is said to have been written by Captain James Hay in 1715, when the Earl of Errol attended the erecting of Prince James's standard in the braes of Mar." The war-cries of ancient families were often their own names. That of the Douglasses was, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" and that used by the Hays at one period was, "The Hay! the Hay!" The war-cry was always hereditary to the family; but, like the crest, it was

sometimes disused or changed by the humour of a chief. "Holleu, MacGaradh!" was the most ancient slughorn or war-cry of the Hays of Errol, but it is said to have been laid aside at a very distant period.

LXV.

The King's Anthem.

It appears to be quite uncertain who wrote our national anthem, but it was probably of Jacobite origin. There has been a great deal of controversy on the subject; some say that John Bull, Mus. D., composed the song for a dinner given to James I. at Merchant Taylor's Hall in 1606. The French and the Germans have claimed it.

Henry Carey, author of "Sally in our Alley," who died the 4th of October, 1743, has been credited with the two first verses given here. The remaining verses appear to be Scottish.

"Feckie" was the cant name given to Frederick Prince of Wales, the son of George II. He lived on the worst terms with both his father and his mother. The following epitaph on this Prince was found by Horace Walpole among the papers of the Honourable Miss Rollo:—

"Here lies Prince Fede,
Gone down among the dead—
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been his sister,
Few would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fede,
There's no more to be said."

LXVI.

Britons who dare to claim.

This was sung to the same tune as the "King's Anthem."

"Down with Dutch politics," etc. This seems to be a shrewd allusion to the policy of William the Third in keeping fair with his English subjects, while he was advancing the interests of his friends in Holland.

LXVII.

Come, let us be jovial.

This was taken by Hogg from the MS. of Mr. Hardy of Glasgow. It has a fine air.

LXVIII.

Our ain bonny laddie.

Hogg took this song also from the MS. of Mr. Hardy. The author was William Meston of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire. He was educated at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and was for some time one of the teachers in the High School of that city. He was later on preceptor to the young Earl of Mareschal, and to his brother, who was afterwards the celebrated Mareschal Keith; by their family interest Meston obtained the professorship of philosophy in Marischal College. In the rebellion of 1715 he took arms with the Mareschals, who made him governor of Dunnottar Castle. After the battle of Sheriffmuir, he kept in hiding, until the Act of Indemnity was passed, with a few companions, and for their amusement he wrote several of the burlesque poems called *Mother Grim's Tales*. The Countess of Mareschal supported him for some time, and after her death he established academies successively at Elgin, Turiff, Montrose, and Perth; but he failed in all of them owing to his careless style of living. During the decline of his life the Countess of Elgin maintained him. He finally removed to Aberdeen, where he died.

LXIX.

O'er the Water to Charlie.

The political feelings of the women of Scotland in 1745 are strongly shown in this song. Nothing, it is said, could surpass the zeal which they in general displayed for the cause of the young Chevalier. Ray, the volunteer, states in his journal that he uniformly found the ladies most violent. "They would listen," says he, "to no manner of reason." This was a very popular song and tune.

LXX.

Maclean's Welcome.

This was versified by the Ettrick Shepherd from a translation from the Gaelic.

LXXI.

Gathering of Athole.

This is a capital song to a good tune. It is one of the first songs to sound a preparatory note for "the 'Forty Five." Captain Frazer in his book called it a Highland melody, but Hogg said that the air had been sung on the Border for ages to words beginning :

"O that I had ne'er been married,
 I had ne'er had ony care!
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 An' they cry 'crowdy' ever mair.
 Crowdy since, an' crowdy twice,
 An' crowdy three times i' the day,
 An' ye crowdy ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdy a' my meal away."

The name of the tune on the Border was "Crowdy." In Strathmore it was called the "Athole Gathering." Captain Frazer called it "Teaun a nall is cum do ghealladh," which, Hogg said, might, for aught he knew, mean something of the same with the song.

The hero of the present song was Lord George Murray, the fifth son of the first Duke of Athole.

Lord George Murray and his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine had taken part in "the 'Fifteen."

Murray was wounded at the battle of Glenshiel in 1719, and escaped abroad. After being for some years an officer in the service of Sardinia, he obtained a pardon and returned to Britain. He was presented to the king, and it is said that he applied for a commission in the British Army, but was refused. He then lived quietly on his estate in Scotland with his wife and children.

On the Young Pretender's arrival in Scotland, Lord George joined his standard at Perth in September, 1745; he was appointed one of the Lieutenant-Generals of the rebel forces, and acted as such at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden.

Lord George was by far the most skilful officer during the rebellion of 1745. He had great talent in planning a campaign, but he was not a strict tactician, and he relied more on the native courage and dash of the Highlanders than on scientific movements. He was attainted of high treason, but escaped abroad. He went to Paris in June, 1747, but the Young Pretender, in spite of all that Lord George had done for the cause, refused to see him. Lord George left France, and travelled to Rome, where he was received with much ceremony by the Old Pretender, who gave him rooms in his palace and introduced him to the Pope.

He died on the 11th October, 1760, at Medenblinck in Holland.

Lord George left an able military memoir on the exploits of the insurgent army of "the 'Forty-Five."

LXXII.

Gathering of the Macdonalds.

Hogg said that this was a genuine Highland song, translated and sent to him by a lady belonging to the Clan Macdonell. The principal chieftains mentioned appear to be, Glengarry, Clan-Ronald, and Keppoch. Keppoch seems to have been a determined warrior like Ishmael of old, but he was too independent. When advised to get

regular charter rights to his lands from Government he said : " No, I shall never hold lands that I cannot hold otherwise than by a sheep's hide." He trusted still to his claymore. On the restoration of the forfeited estates, having no rights to show for his extensive lands, he lost them.

LXXIII.

Gathering rant.

This is evidently a production of 1745, and must have been written during the excitement caused by the landing of Charles Edward, and the consequent efforts made to rouse the people in his cause. The Prince, with only seven others, landed on the 25th of July, 1745, in Lochnanuagh, close to the district of Moidart, in Inverness-shire. In less than three weeks he had an army of 1800 Highlanders; he unfurled his standard at Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, in another three weeks he was in possession of Edinburgh, and his army numbered upwards of 3000 men.

This is a stirring song, and the Lord President, Duncan Forbes, who in 1745 chiefly directed the civil affairs of Scotland, said that he was more afraid of the Jacobite sympathies of the ladies and poets than of the fierce Highlanders. (And see note to " Royal Charlie " (2), No. lxxxvi., p. 460.)

LXXIV.

Prince Charles.

This is taken from Peter Buchan's MS. collection. It is by the Rev. John Skinner, who was born at Balfour Birse, Aberdeenshire, on the 3rd of October, 1721, and who died at Aberdeen on the 16th of June, 1807. It is one of the effusions which abounded when Prince Charles first arrived in Scotland. It is very fulsome; but it gives evidence of the enthusiastic feeling and blind idolatry of Jacobite loyalty. Oswald set it to music.

LXXV.

My Laddie.

From Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. It appears to have been a birthday song in honour of Prince Charles, and was probably written about the time of his arrival in Scotland. Hogg says he got it out of Sir Walter Scott's manuscript collection, and afterwards collated it with another copy which he found in young Dalguise's collection.

LXXVI.

The Clans are coming.

This version was taken by Hogg from Mr. Moir's collection. Hogg says: "It is a parody on 'The Campbells are coming,' said to be a much older song, as old as the time of Queen Mary. I believe both songs to be of the same date, and having heard it sung always in my youth—

'The Campbells are comin'
By bonnie Loch-lomon'—

I have no doubt that it was made about the time when Colonel Campbell led 1000 Campbells out of Argyleshire, by Loch-lomond, to join the Duke of Argyle at Stirling."

LXXVII.

The Highland Laddie.

There is little doubt that Allan Cunningham wrote this; it is one of the songs communicated by him to Cromek, and purporting to have been taken from the recitation of the young girl of Kirk-bean, who contributed "Derwentwater." Hogg said that there were six different airs designated "Highland Laddie."

LXXVIII.

The Song of the Chevalier. "To Dauntion Me."

This is in Cromek's *Remains*; it was furnished to him by Mrs. Copland of Dalbeattie. The two first verses probably refer to the Chevalier de St. George, but the last verse refers clearly to Prince Charles. In Hogg's version the third verse is rather different; he says it was patched up from Cromek's *Remains* and another manuscript copy. The third verse in Hogg is as follows:

"My mither hecht me meikle might,
And bade me haud my royal right;
My father hecht me kingdoms three,
And bade that nought should dauntion me
Now I hae scarce to lay me on,
O' kingly fields were ance my ain,
Wi' the moorcock on the mountain bree;
But hardship ne'er shall dauntion me."

The last four lines are said to be modern.

LXXIX.

Young Charlie is a Gallant Lad.

This appears to have been written directly after the landing of Prince Charles. It is also entitled "To daunton me." It is in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. He took it from Mr. Hardy's collection.

LXXX.

To Daunton Me.

This is also in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. He took it from Mr. Moir's collection. This and the two preceding songs may all be considered as different versions of "The Song of the Chevalier."

LXXXI.

Be Valiant Still.

Hogg took this from Mr. Hardy's MS., and another manuscript copy. It was sung to the same air as "To daunton me," which appears to have been a very popular tune at the period of the "Forty-five." Hogg says: "Tunes have their day, as well as dogs, or anything else."

LXXXII.

He comes, he comes, the hero comes.

This appears to be a parody on Dryden's "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

LXXXIII.

He's coming here.

This is an imitation of a song on the same subject in the Gaelic, the burden of which begins, "Gu'n d' thanig an Rìgh air tìr i Mhuideart," in allusion to the landing of Prince Charles in Moidart. The first verse and the burden of the song are old. The remaining verses are more modern, and are by Mr. R. Jamieson, who was born in 1780, and died on the 24th of September, 1844.

LXXXIV.

Kane to the King.

"The lady of Moy," referred to in the third verse, was Mrs. Mackintosh of Moy, who joined Prince Charles at the head of two hundred Mackintoshes. Her husband, the Laird, having refused to engage in the cause, she raised these men herself, and put them under the command of Donald Macgillavry, but she herself kept chiefly in the camp, to encourage them, and to see that they did their duty. The song is from the Gaelic, and has a beautiful air.

LXXXV.

Royal Charlie. (1.)

One of the many versions of "Welcome, Royal Charlie," of which there were such numbers at the time of the arrival in Scotland of the Young Pretender.

LXXXVI.

Royal Charlie. (2.)

It was remarked emphatically by Lord President Forbes, that men's swords did less for the cause of Prince Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen.

President Forbes was a shrewd man of the world, and he feared the consequences of the petticoat influence more than all the other causes of excitement put together. In his official correspondence he frequently referred to it as matter for fear as well as for regret. Apart from the natural attraction to womankind of the handsome person, chivalrous nature, and desperate and romantic cause of the Young Pretender, it is difficult to account for the excess of zeal shown on his behalf by the female sex, unless we are to believe that they were less capable than the men of appreciating the probable consequences. In the women's enthusiastic visions of the future, nothing might perhaps arise but the splendour of returning royalty, and all the glittering advantages of Court honours and royal smiles. The men, on the other hand, had to calculate not only on success, but on defeat. They might, doubtless, gain promotion and fame, wealth and honour; but they had also to consider the possibility of forfeited lands, ruined families, the halter, the block, and the axe of the executioner. Allan Cunningham said that the ladies of 1745 resembled Mause Headrigg crying out: "Testify with your hands as we testify with our tongues, and they will never be

able to harl the blessed youth into captivity." It is probable that this song comes from one of the heroines of the family of Mar.

LXXXVII.

Highland Laddie.

The minstrels of 1745 very strongly showed the "cunning of their craft" by the mixing up of love and loyalty to the Chevalier in their songs. This song is only one instance among hundreds.

LXXXVIII.

Lowland Lassie.

This is another song of which there are many versions. The present one is taken from *Jacobite Minstrelsy*, 1829, and was made up partly from other collections, and partly from the version in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, which the Shepherd copied from the MS. sent him by Mr. John Steuart, the younger, of Dalguise.

LXXXIX.

Now Charles asserts his father's right.

This song appears to have been written immediately after the battle of Prestonpans. The Chevalier's partisans must have been very sanguine of success to have begun to give the title of "rebel foe" to their opponents so soon.

XC.

Wha wadna fight for Charlie?

This is a good specimen of the enthusiasm which prevailed among the Jacobites from the time of Charles's landing till the return of the expedition into England. The spirit shown by some of the Highland ladies was wonderful. The enterprise of Mrs. Mackintosh of Moy has been referred to in the note on "Kane to the King." Miss Jenny Cameron, of Glendessery, perhaps excelled Mrs. Mackintosh in courage and daring; when she heard the news of the Prince's arrival, finding her nephew, the Laird, a minor, a youth of no capacity, she immediately set about rousing the men to arms herself, and when a summons was sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charles's headquarters at the head of two hundred and fifty followers of the clan well armed. She herself was dressed in a sea-green riding habit, with a scarlet lapel,

trimmed with gold, her hair tied behind in loose curls, with a velvet cap, and scarlet feathers: she rode on a bay gelding, decked with green furnishing, which was trimmed with gold; instead of a whip, she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage arrived at the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight, and her approach being reported to the Prince, he went out of the lines to meet her. Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least symptom of embarrassment, gave him a soldier-like salute, and then addressed him in words to the following effect—

That as her nephew was not able to attend the Royal standard, she had raised his men, and now brought them to his Highness: that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them; for she found that so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman. "What an effect, then," added she, "must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress? These men, Sir, are yours; they have devoted themselves to your service; they bring you hearts as well as hands; I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your success."

She then ordered her men to pass in review before the Chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with their appearance, but much more so with the gallantry of their female leader. He conducted her to her tent, and treated her in the most courteous manner. Her natural temper was frank and open, and she was as full of gaiety as a girl of fifteen. The Prince was delighted with her conversation, and while she continued in the camp, he spent many of his leisure hours with her. He used frequently to style her Colonel Cameron, and by that title she was often jocularly distinguished afterwards. She remained with the army till they marched into England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return; she was taken prisoner in the battle fought on Falkirk-muir, and committed to the castle of Edinburgh. She afterwards got free, and was chosen guardian to her nephew as long as she lived.

XCI.

Johnnie Cope.

This song has always been a favourite with every class of Scotchmen, from the peer to the peasant. It was sung to a fine tune known some time before "the 'Forty-five" by the name of "Hie to the hills in the morning." When Charles landed in 1745, Sir John Cope was commander-in-chief of the Royal forces in Scotland. Sir John concentrated at Stirling all the disposable force he could muster, and then marched to the North; but, in the meantime, the Prince's force had gained considerable strength, and was in possession of the mountain of Corry Arrack, on the road to Fort Augustus, which was thus rendered impracticable to the king's troops, unless they ran the risk of being cut to pieces. Cope, on hear-

ing this, altered his route, and, at Blarigg Beg, took the road to Inverness. The Prince and his followers then made their way across the mountains of Badenoch, and passing through Perth they, without any hindrance, reached Edinburgh, where, on the 17th September, Charles took up his abode in the palace of his ancestors. When Cope heard of this he at once shipped his troops at Aberdeen, and, after a few days' sail, arrived at Dunbar, where he landed on the same day that Charles entered Edinburgh, and afterwards pushed on to Haddington, which was not far from the Highland camp. Cope encamped at the village of Prestonpans. The night before the battle both armies lay upon their arms. The two forces were less than a mile apart. Cope's force amounted to about 2500 men. The Prince's was nearly the same in point of numbers, but the soldiers were very indifferently armed. As the morning broke, the Jacobite army was discovered formed in order of battle, and advancing to the attack. Just before the engagement, Charles put himself at the head of the second line, saying: "Follow me, gentlemen, and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people." The right wing was led by the Duke of Perth, and consisted of the regiments of Clan-Ronald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe;—the left by Lord George Murray, consisting of the Camerons, under Lochiel; the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardschiell; a body of the Macgregors, under Glencairneg; and the rest of the Macgregors, with the Duke of Perth's men, under Major James Drummond. "Nothing," says an eye-witness, "could parallel the celerity with which the Highlanders obeyed the signal to form and attack, except, perhaps, the courage and ardour with which they afterwards fought; pulling off their bonnets, and looking up to heaven, they ejaculated a short prayer, and then rushed forward. At this moment Cope's artillery began to play furiously upon them, and they received also the full fire of the dragoons on right and left; but their impetuosity was irresistible. Pressing furiously on, they first discharged and threw down their muskets; then drawing their broadswords, with a hideous shout they rushed upon the enemy, and in less than ten minutes both horse and foot were totally overthrown, and driven from the field."

According to the Chevalier Johnstone, who was aide-de-camp to the Prince, the battle was gained with such rapidity that it seemed the effect of magic. "The panic which seized the English," says he, "surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves by their fears of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken entire possession of their minds. I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true. 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.'

"Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along a road between two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling out at the same time, 'Down with your arms.' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them, and then the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on finding themselves made prisoners by a single individual, may easily be imagined. They were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked among the bravest troops of Europe."

When the pursuit of the fugitives was over, the field of battle presented a horrible sight, for the killed all fell by the sword, and nothing was to be seen but heads, legs, arms, and mutilated bodies scattered in every direction. About four or five hundred of Cope's army were killed, and fifteen hundred were taken prisoners. Among the killed was the brave Colonel Gardiner. He was deserted by his dragoons, who galloped off before the fierce attack of the Highlanders. Gardiner then saw a party of foot without an officer to lead them; he went to their help and encouraged them to charge, but he was soon cut down by a Highlander armed with a scythe, and killed close to the wall of his own park. Six field-pieces, two mortars, with all the tents, baggage, and the military chest, containing about £2500, fell into the hands of the victors. One of the Highlanders, who had obtained a watch among the plunder, soon sold it for a small sum, saying that he was glad to be rid of the creature, for she lived no time after he caught her! Another man exchanged a horse for a horse-pistol! General Cope himself escaped by means of a white cockade, which he put in his hat; the cockade was similar to that worn by the Prince's followers; Cope passed through the middle of the Highlanders without being recognised, and escaped to England, where he was the first to communicate the news of his own defeat. The loss of the Highland army did not exceed forty privates and four officers killed, and about seventy of the former wounded. Signal and decisive as the victory was, the chief advantage which the Prince derived from it was the reputation which his army acquired at the outset; for this determined many of his partisans, who were yet wavering, to declare themselves openly in his favour. The arms of the vanquished were also of great service to him. All the prisoners were carried to Edinburgh, but the officers were liberated on their parole, and the wounded were most carefully attended to. Charles returned to Edinburgh the day after the battle; he was received there with the loudest acclamations by the populace; but he forbade all public rejoicings on account of his victory, because it had been purchased at the expense of the blood of his subjects. His army now increased every day, and soon amounted to upwards of five thousand men.

XCII.

Johnnie Cope. Second Set.

This second set of Johnnie Cope is said to be by Mr. Adam Skirving, a well-to-do farmer at Garleton, in Haddingtonshire; he was born in 1719, and he died in 1803. Dr. Charles Mackay says that the phrase "Gang to the coals i' the morning" has been asserted by some to be a senseless corruption of the old chorus, "Gang to the hills i' the morning," and by others to be a local phrase for early rising. Notwithstanding the scorn and ridicule which Cope appears to have incurred, there can be no doubt that he was an officer of unquestionable courage, though perhaps not of great ability.

President Forbes, who had the direction of the civil affairs in Scotland at that period, and had the best means of knowing the characters of all the servants of the Government, uniformly gave Cope the credit of being one of the best English commanders employed in 1745. Lord Mahon, in his *History of England*, says that Cope was a plain, dull officer of indisputable fidelity and courage, who had been previously in action, and behaved respectably under a superior; but endowed with very moderate abilities, and overwhelmed by the feeling of his own responsibility as chief. The position of the English army is described by the Chevalier Johnstone as having been admirably chosen, and but for the circumstance of the Highlanders having discovered a path across a marsh on its left, which was supposed to be everywhere impassable, their army could not have approached Cope's camp without the certainty of being cut to pieces. So silent was the approach of the Highlanders, and so little did Cope expect to be attacked, that in the dim morning light he mistook for bushes their first line, already formed in order of battle at the distance of two hundred paces. They were so close upon him that his cavalry had no room to act, and the Highlanders cut and slashed at the noses of the horses with impunity. Cope seems to have grossly provoked the ridicule which is showered on him in these songs, for previous to the battle he was heard to talk lightly and contemptuously of the Prince's force. Home, in his history of the Rebellion, says, that in the march from Haddington to Preston the officers of the Royal army "assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle; for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army. Such was the tone of the army."

XCIII.

General Cope's Travels.

Taken from the appendix of Jacobite songs to Alexander Macdonald's *Interesting and faithful narrative of the wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Miss Flora Macdonald after the Battle of Culloden*, edited by Peter Buchan.

XCIV.

Gladsmuir.

The engagement with Cope's army was indiscriminately called the battle of Prestonpans, of Tranent Muir, and of Gladsmuir. The above poem was written by William Hamilton of Bangour. Hogg says of it that it "is rather too much overcharged for a Scottish song, and one may truly say of it, as one bard lately said to another, who asked his opinion of the merits of a poem he had sent him, 'I dinna like it ava, man, it's far owre sublime!'"

William Hamilton was born in 1704, probably at Bangour, in Linlithgowshire. He has been called the "Jacobite Laureate" of 1745. Although delicate in health, and of a peaceful disposition, he embraced with ardour the Young Pretender's cause. After the failure of the rebellion, and after many wanderings in the Highlands, he escaped to France. He became reconciled with the British Government and returned to Scotland, and for a time lived on his family estate; but the weak state of his health obliged him to go again abroad, where he remained for the rest of his life. On the 25th of March, 1754, he died at Lyons of consumption, at the age of forty-nine. He is best known, perhaps, by his beautiful and original poem called "The Braes of Yarrow."

XCV.

The Bonny Highland Laddie.

Hogg says that he took this song from Mr. Hardy's MS., collated with one from Mr. John Wallace, of Peterhead. The first intelligence of Charles's arrival was not believed by the Lords of the Regency, who even suspected the integrity of those by whom it was conveyed. But they were soon seriously alarmed when they learned that the information was true. A courier was despatched to Holland to hasten the return of King George, who arrived in England about the latter end of August, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of £30,000 to any one who should take Prince Charles, either dead or alive. This proclamation was met by another from Prince Charles offering the like sum for securing the person of King George, of which the following is a literal copy :—

"Charles, Prince of Wales, etc., regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

"Whereas we have seen a scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under the pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor King Charles I. of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies; we could not but be moved with a just in-

dignation at so insolent an attempt. And though, from our nature and principles, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize and secure, till our farther orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landing, or attempting to land, in any part of his Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

“CHARLES, P. R.

“Given in our camp, at Kinlocheill, August the 22nd, 1745.

“By his Highness's command.

“JO. MURRAY.”

Among other boasting speeches ascribed to Cope, the following is said to have been addressed by him to his army the day before the battle;—

“Gentlemen, you are about to fight with a parcel of rabble, a small number of Highlanders, a parcel of brutes. You can expect no booty from such a poor, despicable pack. But I have authority to declare that you shall have eight full hours' plunder and pillage of Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs (the places which harboured and succoured them), at your discretion, with impunity.”

XCVI.

By the side of a Country Kirk wall.

The Ettrick Sheperd took this from Moir's MS., in which it was said to have been written by the Rev. John Skinner. It is a satire on the Rev. Mr. Forbes of Pitney-Cadell, minister of Old Deer. It at the same time illustrates to some extent the share which the clergy took in the politics of that period, as does also the following anecdote:—After the battle of Prestonpans, and while Prince Charles was residing at Holyrood-House, some of the Presbyterian clergy continued to preach in the churches of that city, and publicly prayed for King George, without suffering the least punishment or molestation. One minister in particular, of the name of MacVicar, being asked by some Highlanders to pray for their Prince, promised to comply with their request, and performed his promise in the following words:—

“And as for the young Prince, who has come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory.”

The song is a parody of Shenstone's “By the side of a murmuring stream.”

XCVII.

To your arms, my bonny Highland lads.

Hogg thought that this must have been composed to the air of "The King shall enjoy his own again;" he says he took the words from the mouth of old Lizzy Lamb, a cottager at Ladhope on Yarrow.

XCVIII.

Cock up your Beaver.

From Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. He called it a clever old song with an original air. Dr. Mackay says that the first stanza is older than the days of the Jacobites, and that the tune has been traced back to Playford's *Collection* in 1657. It is stated that the original was a London production framed in ridicule of the Scotch settlers who made their way into England after James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the English throne. The last half of the first verse is attributed to Burns, and the remainder of the present version may owe a good deal to Hogg. It is a spirited song, and although the whole of it is not strictly Jacobite, the first and second verses would have made a fitting song for the Jacobites just before the Young Pretender's march to Derby.

XCIX.

The Mayor of Carlisle.

This song is also sung to the English air, "Oh, London is a fine town, and a gallant city." Prince Charles, having collected about 5000 men, resolved to enter England, which he accordingly did by the west border, on the 6th of November, 1745. Carlisle was invested and surrendered in less than three days: the keys were delivered to Charles at Brampton, by the mayor (Pattison) and aldermen on their knees. At Carlisle Charles found a considerable quantity of arms: his father was proclaimed King of Great Britain, and himself Regent, by the magistrates. General Wade, being informed of his progress, decamped from Newcastle, and advanced across the country as far as Hexham, though the fields were covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. There he received intelligence that Carlisle was reduced, and he at once returned to his former station. The principal persons in the Prince's army were—The Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, Lieutenant-Generals; Lord Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss, Colonel of the Horse Guards; the Earl of Kilmarnock, Colonel of a regiment mounted and accoutred as Hussars; Lord Pittsligo, General of the Horse; the Lords Nairne, Ogilvie, Dundee, and Balmerino; Messrs. Sheridan and Sullivan, Irish gentlemen; General

Macdonald, his aide-de-camp; and John Murray of Broughton, Esq., his secretary. Prince Charles, however, on advancing farther into the country, found himself miserably disappointed in his expectations of aid from the Jacobites of England. Except a few of the common people of Manchester, not a soul appeared in his behalf. He therefore called a council at Derby, in which, after many warm debates, it was at length resolved to go back to Scotland without delay.

C.

Macleod's defeat at Inverury.

From the appendix of Jacobite songs to Alexander Macdonald's *Wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald*.

"Munro" was Munro of Culcairn.

"Lord Lewis" was Lord Lewis Gordon, brother to the Duke. After Culloden he was hid in the house of Balbithan eight or ten weeks, shipped at Peterhead, and went to France. (See note to Lewie Gordon, No. clxxxv., p. 504).

"Blelock" was Charles Gordon of Blelock.

Mr. "Ferrier" lived near Montrose, and was very active in taking the "Hazard" sloop-of-war.

"Avochy."—Gordon of Avochy.

"Monaltrie."—Farquharson of Monaltrie.

"Stoneywood."—Moir of Stoneywood.

"Chalmers."—Principal of King's College.

CI.

The Highlandmen came down the hill.

The Young Pretender and the Highlanders retreated from Derby by much the same route as that by which they had come. They accomplished their retreat in a masterly manner, though they were between two hostile armies—the one under the Duke of Cumberland and the other under General Wade. Notwithstanding the excessive cold, hunger, and fatigue to which they must have been exposed during such a march in the depth of winter, they left behind no sick, and lost very few stragglers; but retired with deliberation, and carried off their cannon in the face of the enemy. They passed through Manchester, Carlisle, Dumfries, and Glasgow; at Glasgow they stayed for eight days.

Lord Mahon says, speaking of Prince Charles and his army: "On the 26th (December) he entered Glasgow, thus completing one of the most extraordinary marches recorded in history. From Edinburgh to Derby, and from Derby back again to Glasgow, they had gone not less than 580 miles in fifty-six days, many of these days

of halt; yet one of Charles's personal attendants complains, that, during this whole time he was able but once, at Manchester, to throw off his clothes at night."

Charles continued his march to Stirling, where he was joined by Lords John Drummond and Strathallan, with their troops. By these and other reinforcements, Charles's army reached to a total of nearly nine thousand men, and he began the siege of Stirling Castle. The Castle was well garrisoned, in a strong position, and commanded by General Blakeney, an experienced soldier.

General Henry Hawley had succeeded Cope in the command of the Royal army in Scotland, and he hastened to the relief of Stirling Castle at the head of some eight or nine thousand men. General Hawley was said to be an illegitimate son of King George, and though an officer of some experience, he had very little capacity, and his violent and cruel temper caused him to be generally unpopular. The soldiers' nickname for him was "the Lord Chief-Justice." His will says, in reference to his burial: "My carcase may be put anywhere. . . . The priest, I conclude, will have his fee; let the puppy have it!" He boasted that he would drive the rebels before him. He encamped at Falkirk. Charles went to meet him, and marched to Bannockburn; but as the English remained inactive, Charles determined to take the initiative and attack them. On the 17th of January, the next day after reaching Bannockburn, Charles accordingly began to move forward, and before he was discovered he had got within three miles of Hawley's camp. Hawley had a contempt for the "Highland rabble," and at the very time that they were approaching he was amusing himself at Callender House with the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was among the rebels. The Highlanders advanced, and attacked with their usual impetuosity. They carried all before them. The English were seized with panic and fled; and but for General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondely, who commanded on the English right, and made a determined stand, in all probability the Royal army would have been entirely destroyed.

The ease with which the Government army was overcome by the Highlanders at Falkirk-Muir is well described in this popular rant. But although the Highlanders met with such success, they did not follow up the advantage which the panic of their adversaries offered, from a notion that so sudden a flight was only a *ruse de guerre*, and that they should have the brunt of the battle to sustain at the bottom of the field. Under this idea they marched on with more caution than they were accustomed to show on such occasions, and when they reached the camp, and found it deserted, they looked at one another in astonishment, often repeating the question in Gaelic, "Where's the men; where the devil have they gone?"

The following particulars were given by an eye-witness in the Prince's army:—"As our army advanced upon the English lines, a body of eleven hundred cavalry came down upon our right, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line, to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been admonished to reserve their

fire till the enemy was within musket length of them, the moment the cavalry halted, discharged their muskets and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The cavalry, closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses, and rushed upon us at a hard trot, breaking our ranks, throwing down everything before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. A most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. Such of the Highlanders as were thrown down, and not quite disabled, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses; some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several again used their pistols, but few of them had sufficient space to handle their swords. Macdonald of Clan-Ronald, whilst lying upon the ground under a dead horse which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander. 'Fortunately,' said he, 'the Highlander, being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came and drew me with difficulty from under the horse.' At this point the resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate that the English, after being for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect this advantage, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to rally. The English cavalry were thus driven back upon their own infantry, which were consequently thrown into disorder, and a panic flight immediately ensued of the whole of their left wing. The Clan Cameron having at this moment made an attack upon the English right, where there were only infantry, put it also to flight; but the Highlanders, when descending the hill in pursuit of the enemy, received on their left flank a discharge from three regiments placed in a hollow at the foot of the hill, which they did not perceive till the moment they received their fire, which greatly incommoded them. Mr. John Roy Stuart, an officer in the service of France, afraid lest this might be an ambuscade laid for us by the English, called out to the Highlanders to stop the pursuit; and the cry of 'Stop' flew instantly from rank to rank, and threw our whole army into disorder. Nevertheless, the enemy continued their retreat, and the three regiments at the foot of the hill followed the rest. Fortunately they did not perceive the disorder into which our ranks had thus been thrown, and of which Colonel Roy Stuart, by excessive caution, was the only and innocent cause. The Highlanders were in complete disorder, dispersed here and there, and the different clans mingled pell-mell together, while a storm of wind and rain, and the obscurity of nightfall, added every moment to the confusion.

"Although we had no reason for believing that we had lost the battle, as the English army had retreated, yet the pursuit being so suddenly stopped, everybody was at a loss to guess at the real state of matters, and all was suspense and doubt, till about eight o'clock in the evening, when it was rumoured that Hawley and his whole army were

flying in disorder on the great road to Edinburgh. Lord Kilmarnock was the first who discovered their flight. Being well acquainted with the nature of the ground, as a part of his estates lay in that neighbourhood, he was sent by the Prince to reconnoitre the enemy in their retreat, and having crossed the country through by-paths and fields beyond the town of Falkirk, he then saw the English army panic-struck, and flying in the greatest disorder, as fast as their legs could carry them. When his lordship returned and communicated this to the Prince, the enemy's camp and all their tents and baggage were soon in possession of the Highlanders.

"The English lost about 500 killed, and 700 prisoners. The loss of killed and wounded in the Highland army did not exceed one hundred and thirty men. In their flight the English took one prisoner in a very singular manner. Mr. Macdonald, a major of one of the Macdonald regiments, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was a very beautiful animal, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the unfortunate Mr. Macdonald, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor could the animal be stopped till they reached the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous, figure which the poor Highland major would cut, when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, may be more easily conceived than described. It ultimately cost him his life upon a scaffold."

CII.

Oh! he's been lang o' coming.

From the appendix of Jacobite Songs to Alexander Macdonald's *Wanderings of Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald*, edited by Peter Buchan.

CIII.

The appearance of Cromwell's Ghost on the eve of the Battle of Culloden.

"Mighty Noll."—Oliver Cromwell.

"Your great dad."—George I.

"Nassau's prince."—King William III.

"Walpole."—Sir Robert Walpole.

"Loyal Sarum."—Bishop Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who died in 1715.

"Bradshaw."—John Bradshaw, who was one of the judges who passed sentence on Charles I.

"Cumbrian duke."—William, Duke of Cumberland.

"Shelly-coat."—Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.

After the Prince and his army retreated to Inverness, the events of the campaign were a series of mishaps till the final catastrophe in the Battle of Culloden. About the middle of April it was ascertained that the Duke of Cumberland and the English army were approaching from Aberdeen, and, in a council-of-war, it was resolved to march against them, and endeavour to take them by surprise during the night. From various causes, however, the columns of the Highlanders were delayed on the way, so as to prevent their arrival at the Duke's camp before sunrise, and they were reluctantly obliged to retrace their steps. On their return to the position which they had previously occupied, great numbers of the men dispersed in search of provisions, and many, overcome with fatigue and sleep, threw themselves down on the heath, and along the park walls of Culloden. Their repose was soon interrupted in a most disagreeable fashion. Intelligence reached the Prince that the enemy was in full march to attack him, and he instantly resolved to hazard an engagement. The condition of the troops is thus described by the Chevalier Johnstone:—

“Exhausted with hunger, and worn out with the excessive fatigues of the last three nights, as soon as we reached Culloden I turned off as fast as I could to Inverness, where, eager to recruit my strength by a little sleep, I tore off my clothes, half asleep all the while; but when I had already one leg in bed, and was on the point of stretching myself between the sheets, what was my surprise to hear the drum beat to arms, and the trumpet of the piquet of Fitzjames sounding the call to boot-and-saddle, which struck me like a clap of thunder. I hurried on my clothes, my eyes half shut, and mounting a horse, I instantly repaired to our army, on the eminence of which we had remained for three days, and from which we saw the English at the distance of about two miles from us. They appeared at first disposed to encamp in the position where they then were, many of their tents being already erected; but all at once their tents disappeared, and we immediately perceived them in movement towards us. The view of our army making preparations for battle probably induced the Duke of Cumberland to change his plan; and, indeed, he must have been blind in the extreme to have delayed attacking us instantly, in the deplorable situation in which we were, worn out with hunger and fatigue; especially when he perceived from our manoeuvre that we were impatient to give battle, under every possible disadvantage, and well disposed to facilitate our own destruction. The Duke, we are told, remained ignorant, till it was day, of the danger to which he had been exposed during the night; and, as soon as he knew it, he broke up his camp, and followed us closely.”

The Highland army, exhausted as it was, accordingly awaited the attack, drawn up in order of battle to the number of 4000 men in thirteen divisions, supplied with some pieces of artillery. The Royal army, which was much more numerous, the Duke immediately formed into three lines, disposed in excellent order, and about one o'clock in the afternoon the cannonading began. The Prince's artillery was ill-

served, and did very little execution; but that of the Duke made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the Highlanders. The latter showed great impatience under this fire, and their first line was therefore ordered to advance. Five hundred of the clans then charged the Duke's left wing with their native impetuosity, and, as usual, were carrying everything before them, when the English dragoons under Hawley, and the Argyleshire Militia, by pulling down a park wall, were enabled to attack them in flank, and immediately the column was broken and thrown into irretrievable confusion. In less than thirty minutes this portion of the Highland army was totally defeated, and the field was covered with the slain. The right wing retired towards the river Nairn in good order, with their pipes playing and the Prince's standard displayed, and were not molested in their retreat. The fugitives of the left were not so fortunate. They were hotly pursued by the English cavalry, and the road, as far as Inverness, was strewn with dead bodies. A great number of people also, who, from motives of curiosity, had come to see the battle, were sacrificed to the undistinguishing vengeance of the victors. The most shocking barbarities were committed with impunity by the soldiery, and the glory which the Duke of Cumberland might have acquired by this victory was lost or sullied by the cruelties with which it was followed up. Twelve hundred of the Highlanders were slain in the heat of battle and in the pursuit. But not contented with the blood thus profusely shed, the English traversed the field after the action, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring; even some of the officers took part in this scene of deliberate assassination. The Duke ordered a barn, which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers around it, they, with fixed bayonets, drove back into the flames the unfortunate men who attempted to save themselves. In the meantime the Prince had escaped with the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, and a few horsemen; he crossed the water of Nairn, and retired to Gortuleg, where he conferred with old Lord Lovat; then he dismissed his followers, and wandered about, a wretched fugitive, among the isles and mountains, for five months, during which he underwent such a series of dangers, hardships, and misery as have rarely been exceeded.

CIV.

Culloden Day.

The first of a long series of sad ditties in commemoration of the battle of Culloden, by the loss of which the hopes of the banished Stuarts were destroyed for ever. The song is from the Gaelic. The Highland poet addresses it to the lady of his chief; he proposes to kill her rather than that she should fall into the hands of the enemy. Frazer calls the song "*N' cual sibh mar thackair dhuin.*"

After the battle of Falkirk, the Highlanders continued their retreat, and on the 18th of February, 1746, entered Inverness. On the 25th

of February, the Duke of Cumberland's army entered Aberdeen, and both sides engaged in petty skirmishes in their district, till on the 8th of April, the Duke marched upon the northern capital. The Highland army advanced to Drummoissie Muir, about five miles, to meet him, and on the 16th of April, 1746, engaged in the battle of Culloden. In Chambers' *History of the Rebellion* there is the following account of the battle: "The battle of Culloden is said to have lasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the Royal army, and any other result would have been very discreditable to the English army. Their numbers and condition for fighting were so superior, their artillery did so much for them, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favour, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehaviour for which even Preston and Falkirk had not prepared us."

CV.

The White Hare of Culloden.

This is from Peter Buchan's MS. Collection.

CVI.

On Gallia's shore we sat and wept.

Mr. R. Chambers says that it was probably about the time when the hopes of renewed assistance from France were declining, that William Hamilton wrote this imitation of the Scotch version of the 137th Psalm—a composition of much more than his usual energy, and concluding with an almost prophetic malediction.

CVII.

The Tears of Scotland.

This poem was written by Dr. Smollett. The air was by James Oswald. Tobias George Smollett was born at Dalquhurn, Leven, Dumbartonshire, in 1721. He died at Monte Novo on the 21st of October, 1771. When reproached by persons in authority for having given vent to what were then called feelings of disaffection to the existing government, the indignant poet replied by repeating the last verse. As a matter of fact, Smollett, in this poem, only uttered the sentiments of nine-tenths of his countrymen at the time; for whatever might be the differences that reigned among political parties, there was but one opinion as to the cruel and vindictive

character of the measures which followed the battle of Culloden. After the victory of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped. He then sent off detachments on all sides to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengarry and Lochiel were plundered and burned; every house, hut, or habitation met with the same fate without distinction; all the cattle and provisions were carried off; the men were either shot on the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold-blood, without form of trial. The women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were violated, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was shut up in a barn and burnt to death. The Duke's ministers of vengeance carried out their work so promptly and thoroughly that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, or beast to be seen in the compass of fifty miles; all was ruin and desolation, silence, solitude, and death.

CVIII.

Townly's Ghost.

This is a parody on the English ballad "Margaret's Ghost." Colonel Francis Townly led the two hundred Jacobites who joined Prince Charles at Manchester, while on his march to the South. The Colonel and his troop afterwards formed part of the unfortunate garrison left to defend Carlisle, when the Highland army returned to Scotland. He was taken prisoner in that town, and executed with the rest. From the general strain of this song, and especially from the words of the second verse, it would seem that the terms of the capitulation of Carlisle had not been honourably observed by the victorious party. The Duke of Cumberland does not appear, to say the least, to have been very particular in these matters.

CIX.

Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to Skye.

The Ettrick Shepherd said that this was taken verbatim from the mouth of Mrs. Betty Cameron of Lochaber, who was celebrated for her store of Jacobite songs, and for her attachment to Prince Charles and to the chiefs who suffered for him, of whom she could never speak without bursting into tears. She said that the song was from the Gaelic; and the Shepherd thought that if it was, she had made the translation herself.

Prince Charles, after wandering about, hunted like a dog, for many days after the battle of Culloden, at last found himself, with O'Neil for his only attendant, on the island of South Uist, surrounded by his

enemies. Flora Macdonald, the sister of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, happened to be there, on a visit from Skye, at the very moment when Charles was so closely pursued that escape seemed almost impossible. She was applied to by O'Neil to help the Prince. The adventures of Flora Macdonald and her faithful servant, Neil M'Eachan, from their leaving Milton to go to Clanronald's house to prepare a disguise for the Prince, and other necessities for their journey, till she at last saw him beyond pursuit, and took leave of him at Portree, would nearly fill a volume. The hairbreadth escapes which the Prince made in their company, equipped all the while in female clothes, were equally romantic and ludicrous; and, notwithstanding the real danger which surrounded all the parties, these mishaps were frequently the subject of jest to themselves. In wading the rivulets on their route, for instance, when in company with strangers, the Prince would often lift his petticoats so high as to alarm the fears of Neil M'Eachan beyond all measure. Neil would then beg and beseech his Royal Highness to be more circumspect, and, if possible, "to keep down to petticoats, or tay would all pe ruined." The Prince, though sensible of the justice of Neil's complaints, used to laugh heartily on such occasions, and would tell him, jokingly, that "it was surely not the first time he had been brought into jeopardy by a petticoat."

This masquerade dress of the Prince does not appear, from all accounts, to have sat well upon him, for when the party came to the house of Macdonald of Kingsborough, who was let into the secret, and afterwards aided him in making his escape, that gentleman's little daughter and Mrs. Macdonald's maid were quite alarmed at the ungainly figure and huge strides of the "muckle woman," as they called the Prince. It is probable that the disguise would not have passed without detection anywhere but in the Highlands, yet it certainly proved an effectual safeguard during the short time it was used. After parting with the Prince at Portree, Flora Macdonald went to her mother's in Armadale; but the part which she had played in the political drama of the day could not be long concealed, and she was almost immediately taken into custody; she was kept a prisoner in London for a short time. She was finally discharged in July, 1747, and returned to Edinburgh. Her liberation and exemption from punishment have been ascribed to the influence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. Prince Frederick visited her while she was in custody, and was so pleased with his interview that he at once took steps for her liberation. After her return to Scotland, Flora Macdonald married Mr. Macdonald of Kingsborough, the son of the Kingsborough who had helped Prince Charles to escape. Some years after, she went with her husband to America during the Colonial War. After a time, she returned with her family to Skye. Even at that date she retained all the heroic courage of her early years. It was told by her mother, Mrs. Major Macleod, who accompanied her on the occasion, that, a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, she

alone could not be repressed, but came upon deck, and endeavoured, by her voice and example, to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which made her afterwards say, in something like the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now risked her life in behalf of both the house of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and had got very little for her pains. She lived to a good old age, and continued to the last a firm Jacobite. Such a virulent partisan of the Jacobites was she that she would have struck any man with her fist who presumed, in her hearing, to call Charles by his ordinary epithet, "the Pretender."

CX.

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart.

The fifth verse of this song alludes to the share which Flora MacDonald had in enabling Prince Charles to elude the pursuit of his enemies, and finally to escape to France. The sentiment expressed in the last verse but two of this song appears to have been literally true. Johnstone says in his memoirs that "the Duke of Cumberland never failed to say to the commanders of the detachments of English troops who pursued the Prince, 'Make no prisoners; you know what I mean.' They had particular instructions to stab the Prince, if he fell into their hands. The generous and heroic action of a Mr. Roderick Mackenzie signally preserved the Prince on one occasion from those bloodthirsty assassins. This gentleman, who was of a good family in Scotland, had served during the whole expedition in Charles's life-guards. He was of the Prince's size, and to those who were not accustomed to see them together, might seem to resemble him a little. Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with the Prince and two or three other persons, when, all of a sudden, they received information that they were surrounded by detachments of English troops, advancing from every point, as if they had got positive information that the Prince was in this cabin. Charles was asleep at the moment, and was awaked for the purpose of being informed of the melancholy fact, that it would be utterly impossible to save him. His answer was, 'Then, we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands!' 'No, my Prince,' replied Mackenzie, 'resources still remain; I will take your name and face one of these detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I keep the enemy employed, your Royal Highness will have time to escape.' Mackenzie then darted forward with fury, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men, and on falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed aloud, 'You know not what you have done! I am your Prince whom you have killed!' After which he instantly expired. They cut off his head, and carried it, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland, nobody doubting that it was the head of Prince Charles. And the barbarous Duke, having now, as he thought, obtained the great object of his wishes, set off next day for London, with the head packed up in his post-chaise."

This incident proved not only effectual for the safety of Charles, but was productive of considerable relief to the Highlanders generally. The depositions of several persons in London, who affirmed that this was the head of the Prince, had the effect of rendering the English troops less vigilant, and less active in their pursuit of him, as well as less anxious in their search for suspected persons.

CXI.

Highland Harry.

The first three verses of this song were in Johnson's *Museum* in 1790. It is said that Burns altered and amended these three verses from an old song, and that the other two verses have since been added by Sutherland. Burns, speaking of the first three verses in his *Glenriddell Notes*, says: "The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine."

CXII.

The Clans are all away.

Among the Scots the engagement at Culloden was originally called the Battle of Drummossie Muir, from the name of the ground on which it was fought. This song, which appears to be a parody on "The Campbells are Coming," must have been written just after the battle was fought; but the writer does not appear to have known that the final dispersion of the clans was all owing to Prince Charles himself. The Highland army, though defeated at Culloden, was not destroyed; and it is said by many that if the Prince had possessed sufficient fortitude and perseverance, he might have renewed the contest with good chances of success. The Chevalier Johnstone, who was an eye-witness of what occurred at the time, says:—

"I arrived on the 18th at Ruthven, which happened, by chance, to become the rallying-point of our army, without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other chiefs of clans, with about four or five thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible disposition for renewing hostilities, and for taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains. Lord George Murray immediately despatched people to guard the passes, and at the same time sent off an aide-de-camp to inform the Prince that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that

the Grants and other Highland clans, who had till then remained neutral, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who had received leave of absence would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the Battle of Culloden—from the absence of those who had returned to their homes, and of those who had left the army, on reaching Culloden on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep—he might now count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had at any time in his army. Everybody earnestly entreated the Prince to come immediately and put himself at the head of this force. We passed the 18th at Ruthven without any answer to our message, and in the interim all the Highlanders were cheerful and full of spirits, to a degree perhaps never before witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment the arrival of the Prince; but on the 20th Mr. M'Leod, Lord George's aide-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the laconic message, 'Let every man seek his own safety in the best way he can.' This answer, under existing circumstances, was as inconsiderate in Charles as it was heart-breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves in his cause. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when everything is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a Prince ought to have conducted himself, who, with a rashness unexampled, had landed in Scotland with only seven men."

It is, on the other hand, supposed that Charles's conduct was principally due to bad advice.

CXIII.

Young Edward the Prince.

By the Rev. John Skinner. It is taken from Peter Buchan's MS. collection. Air—"The brow of the hill."

CXIV.

Carlisle Ha'.

The Ettrick Shepherd says of this that it is one of the songs which the strictness of the times compelled the publishers to alter. It has, however, still a Jacobite turn. Hogg took it from Mr. Stewart's collection. The air is very old, being the original of that from which "The Lack o' Gowd" was modernised,

CXV.

Callum-a-Glen.

These words were adapted from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd. The song has a Gaelic air, and has also been set to a fine Irish one. The Gaelic air appears in the collection of Captain Frazer.

CXVI.

Farewell to Glen-Shalloch.

This is also from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd. In Captain Frazer's collection the air is called "Bodhan an Eassain."

CXVII.

The Frasers in the Corrie.

Another adaptation from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd. Captain Frazer in his collection has the air to the same name.

CXVIII.

Bonny Charlie.

Hogg says that this seems either to have been made by, or in the name of Captain Stuart of Invernahoyle, and that he took these verses from the singing of his friend, Mr. James Scott.

CXIX.

The Highlander's Lament.

In many versions of this song the verses reproaching certain Highland chiefs have been omitted. The curses are usually supposed to refer to two chiefs of Skye who held aloof, either from fear of the consequences or owing to the persuasions of Argyle. Hogg thought that the song was made by some of the Sennachies of Appin, the old inveterate foe of the Campbells, whose prevailing power crushed and finally ruined him.

CXX.

The Earl of Kilmarnock's Lament.

This is from Peter Buchan's MS. collection. The song is supposed to be addressed by the Earl of Kilmarnock to his Countess, but her name was not Eppie, it was Anne.

CXXI.

That mushroom thing called Cumberland.

From the Appendix of Jacobite Songs to Alexander Macdonald's *Wanderings of Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald*.

CXXII.

The Lament of Flora Macdonald.

The Ettrick Shepherd composed this song from some rude verses translated from the Gaelic, which were communicated to him by Neil Gow, the famous violin-player. The original Highland poet has taken the usual license of representing Flora as bewailing a lost lover in the Prince. Her attachment to Charles, however, appears to have been founded on duty and humanity, not love. Neither did the Prince seem to view her in any other light than that of a devoted and zealous friend. At their final parting, after having run a thousand risks together, and suffered many hardships, the Prince jestingly remarked, "Well, Miss Flora, I hope we shall yet be in a good coach-and-six before we die, though we be now a-foot." This was the last time they ever met.

CXXIII.

Flora and Charlie.

From the Appendix of Jacobite Songs to Alexander Macdonald's *Wanderings of Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald*. As usual, the poet has misrepresented the relations between Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald.

CXXIV.

The Highlander's Farewell.

This was versified by the Ettrick Shepherd from a translation of the Gaelic.

CXXV.

Lenachan's Farewell.

Hogg says that this was translated to him (from the Gaelic) by Mr. John Stuart, who affirmed it to be an Appin song. The air is beautiful, and a true Highland one, and in Captain Frazer's collection is called "Ho cha neil mulad oirh."

CXXVI.

Lament of old Duncan Skene of Clan-Donachie.

From Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. It appears there with the signature T. G. It is from the Gaelic.

CXXVII.

Will he no come back again.

In this song the accusation of treachery against the men of the Isles is hardly just, for although many held aloof from Charles's standard, they had no desire that he should be taken or put to death; on the contrary, several of them secretly helped him to escape. The Laird of M'Leod was suspected; he wrote to Macdonald of Kingsborough urging him to secure the Prince and deliver him to the Government, and be a benefactor to his country by so doing. Kingsborough, however, did not take the advice. He gave Charles shelter in his house, and enabled him to escape his pursuers. Kingsborough was afterwards arrested and imprisoned for this in Fort-Augustus. Here Sir Everard Falkner examined him, and said what a fine opportunity he had lost of making his fortune. Kingsborough indignantly answered—"No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonour. But at any rate, had I gold and silver, piled heaps on heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, the vast mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." Kingsborough was afterwards moved to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept a close prisoner for a year. He was discharged when the Act of Grace was passed.

CXXVIII.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair.

This was a very popular song, and there are many versions of it. Hogg says that the song was very short at first, and that parts were added now and then by different hands. He was told that the song was originally composed by an itinerant ballad-singer called "Mussel-mou'd Charlie." (See note to "Mussel-mou'd Charlie," No. cciv., p. 510.)

CXXIX.

The Song of M'Rimmon Glash.

This is from the Gaelic, and was furnished to Hogg anonymously under the signature T. G.

CXXX.

Bannocks of barley.

This is from Cromeek's *Remains*. It has the same air as "Cakes o' Croudy," and appears to have been modelled upon that song. The first verse is by Burns, and the last two verses are probably by Allan Cunningham. The allusion in the last verse is a sarcasm against the horrid and needless severities which the Duke of Cumberland inflicted on the Highlanders after the defeat at Culloden. After the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland was known in London by the name of "the Butcher."

CXXXI.

On Murray of Broughton.

Murray of Broughton was a man of talent and position in Tweeddale. He held the office of Secretary in the insurgent army. The Highlanders, however, were jealous of him from first to last, and with good reason. When taken prisoner and carried to London, he there made such disclosures as compromised the safety of numerous families, who would otherwise have remained unsuspected. Murray delivered up the correspondence of old Lord Lovat, upon the evidence of which, chiefly, his lordship's conviction and execution immediately followed. By the Jacobites Murray was always afterwards called "Traitor Murray." Hogg says that this poem was sent to him by Mr. George Moir.

CXXXII.

On William, Duke of Cumberland.

Hogg gives this as the first part of an epitaph on the Duke of Cumberland. The remaining part of the epitaph is given in this volume in the note to "Drummossie Muir," No. cxcvii., p. 507.

CXXXIII.

Up and rin awa', Willie.

From Mr. Hardy's MS. The prophecy as to the Highland clans rising again was doomed never to be fulfilled.

CXXXIV.

Clan-Ronald's Men.

The conduct of Clan-Ronald's men, at the battle of Culloden at least, was hardly such as to justify the chorus of this song, and there

can be little doubt that the day was lost owing to their superstitious folly. After the army had been drawn up in order of battle they refused to advance, because they had been posted on the left instead of on the right. They said that from the battle of Bannockburn till that day they had been allowed the post of honour on the right, and they considered their being placed on the left as a bad omen. It is supposed that the author of this song wrote it to cover the unaccountable conduct of the Macdonalds at Culloden.

CXXXV.

Oh! Could in the mools.

This, though generally sung to the air of "Johnnie Cope," is not well adapted to that spirited tune.

CXXXVI.

Langsyne. A Ballad, etc.

The original MS. of this, which belonged to Mr. Hardy of Glasgow, went to show that it was written by a "a skulker in the year 1746." The air is "Auld Langsyne."

CXXXVII.

Here's his health in water.

This was very popular among the Jacobites.

CXXXVIII.

Battle of Val.

The Duke of Cumberland, after reducing the Highlands, embarked for Flanders, and about January, 1747, joined the Allied Powers in their war against France. The forces of the confederates, amounting to 120,000 men, were allowed to lie inactive in their camps for six weeks, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and almost destitute of forage and provisions, while the French, commanded by Marshal Saxe, Counts Lowendahl and De Clermont, were comfortably lodged at Bruges, Brussels, and Antwerp. On the 20th June both armies took the field, and a sanguinary conflict took place at the village of Val, three miles west from Maestricht. Cumberland was defeated, and lost 6000 men, sixteen pieces of cannon, etc. He retreated to Maestricht. Hogg says he got this song among Miss Rollo's papers.

CXXXIX.

Here's a health to the King.

For many years after "the 'Forty-five" the Jacobites had to be very guarded in their utterances in reference to the exiled Stuarts, for fear of getting into trouble with the Government. This song, also called "A Toast," is a good specimen of the equivocal to which the Jacobites resorted in communicating their political sentiments.

The Church here alluded to is the Episcopal Church.

CXL.

Ode on the Birthday of Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

The Rev. Dr. Isaacs of Exeter was the author of this ode, and the MS. was, for three-quarters of a century, in the possession of a family in Somersetshire, to whose ancestor, a Jacobite, the Doctor had presented it.

It is usually stated that Prince Charles was born on the 31st of December, 1720, and, at first sight, the date 20th December given in the heading of this ode would appear to be wrong. It must, however, be remembered that Prince Charles was born in Rome and that the New Style was adopted in Rome in 1582, when the Calendar was rectified by Pope Gregory XIII. In Great Britain the New Style was not adopted until 1752, when, in pursuance of the Statute 24 George II. c. 23, eleven days were omitted, and the 3rd of September was reckoned as the 14th of September. The 20th of December, 1720, in Great Britain, therefore, was the same day as the 31st of December, 1720, in France.

CXLI.

Jemmy Dawson.

Jemmy Dawson was the son of a Lancashire gentleman, and while pursuing his studies at Cambridge he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland. At that time he had committed some excesses, which induced him to run away from his College, and either from caprice or enthusiasm, he went to the North and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and condemned to be executed on Kennington Common, with all the barbarities inflicted by the British law of Treason. Among other relics of barbarism, after being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down. Their hearts were then cut out and thrown into a fire, and

their heads were severed from their bodies. On throwing into the fire the last heart, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, "God save King George!" and the spectators answered with a shout. The journals of the period gave the following account of Jemmy Dawson's betrothed :—

"A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the Royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage. Not all the persuasion of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution;—she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her; and, accordingly, followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart which she knew was so devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and, crying out, 'My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee; sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together,' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking."

This song has generally been ascribed to William Shenstone, and cannot be strictly called a Scottish Jacobite song, but it was very popular in Scotland, and may perhaps be included in a Jacobite collection. Shenstone was born in 1714 at the Leasowes, Halesowen, Worcestershire; he died on the 11th of February, 1763.

CXLII.

O wad ye ken whare she comes frae.

Here again the author has adopted the current notion of many of the Highlanders as to the treachery of Lord George Murray at the battle of Culloden. The fourth verse points to that mistaken idea. Nothing can be clearer than that Lord George did everything that a brave and wise general could do on that fatal day.

CXLIII.

The Hill of Lochiel.

This was versified by Hogg from a translation from the Gaelic. He calls it another song of the Camerons, supposed to be sung by an exile on returning to the scene of his youthful pastimes. It was sent to Hogg by Captain John Stuart. The air is in Captain Frazer's collection under the same title.

CXLIV.

The Beehive.

"Fed" was the Jacobite abbreviation of the name of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II.

CXLV.

The Exile's Lament.

This song was in Johnson's *Museum* in 1792. Burns claimed only the last four lines of it, but Stenhouse believed that it was all his.

CXLVI.

The Jacobite's Pledge.

This was also a popular song for a long time. Allan Ramsay altered the original of it into a love song, for the sake of preserving the old chorus. He altered many Jacobite songs in a similar fashion, as to have published any of them in their original form in his day would have been much the same as putting his neck into a halter. Hogg took this song from a set of old MS. songs belonging to the Honourable Miss Rollo.

CXLVII.

When Royal Charles.

Even after the disastrous failure of "the 'Forty-five," the Jacobite bards did not despair of the cause, and judging by the favourable manner in which Prince Charles and many of his followers were received by the French Court, the minstrels had perhaps some warrant for their hopes.

According to one account, when Charles arrived at Versailles Louis XV. was engaged with his ministers, but he at once rose and went to meet Charles. "My dearest Prince," said Louis, embracing him, "I thank Heaven for thus seeing you returned in safety, after so many fatigues and dangers. You have proved yourself possessed of all the qualities of the heroes and philosophers of antiquity, and I hope you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." The French Queen also received him with much respect and affection. The French people, in their enthusiasm, imagined him to be the beau ideal of chivalry, "un preux Chevalier," and they likened him to their own Chevalier Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." It was officially given out that a new expedition would be prepared for Charles's aid,

and a certain show was made of doing this; but nothing tangible came of it, and by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, made in 1748, France, among other things, acknowledged the right of the House of Hanover to the crown of England, and agreed to renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and no longer to allow them to remain in French territory. Charles was requested, then ordered to leave France, and as he still continued to stay in Paris, he was one evening, while driving to the Opera, seized, bound, and imprisoned in a small dungeon at Vincennes. A few days afterwards he was taken over the frontier and set at liberty in Savoy. He next appears to have gone to the Papal city of Avignon, and after that there is a great deal of mystery about his life. He appears to have visited Holland, Germany, The Ardennes, Paris, and England; but his movements were erratic and uncertain, and very few besides Miss Walkinshaw seem to have been in his confidence. On the death of his father, the Chevalier de St. George in 1766, Charles went to Rome, and the most of the remainder of his life was passed there or at Florence. In 1772 he married the Princess Louisa of Stolberg; she was a Roman Catholic, and only twenty years old. They lived at Florence for some years as the Count and Countess of Albany. The match proved a very unhappy one, and in 1780 the Countess eloped with Alfieri. Charles then lived with his illegitimate daughter, whom he created Duchess of Albany, and in 1785 he went back with her to Rome. Till the end of his life he appears to have fancied that he would one day be restored to the throne of England, and he kept a large sum of money by him in readiness for the event. He died of paralysis on the 30th of January, 1788, and was buried by his brother, Cardinal York, at Frascati. His remains were afterwards taken to St. Peter's.

 CXLVIII.
Baldy Fraser.

This version does not appear to be generally known. It was brought to my knowledge by the kindness of Dr. Charles Mackay. It was sent in April, 1887, by Sir Kenneth Matheson, junior, to the editor of the *Scottish Highlander*, with the following note: "The enclosed ballad, which I think you will admit is worthy of a place in your excellent national paper, was dictated to me last winter by a veteran in his ninety-third year, who served as a lieutenant of the 78th Highlanders at Waterloo. He heard it in his early days, sung by the author, on the streets of Banff." There is another version of this song, by the Ettrick Shepherd, given among the modern songs in this volume, No. clxxxii., p. 388.

 CXLIX.
The Turnimspike.

This is by Dugald Graham, a Glasgow bellman. He was born in 1724, and he died in 1779. "Turnimspike" or "Turnpike" is not

strictly a Jacobite song but it is an amusing description of the trials and outraged feelings of a Highlander occasioned by the introduction of stricter laws and "modern improvements" into the wild Highlands after the suppression of "the 'Forty-five" rebellion. This song is sung to the air of "Clout the Caudron."

CL.

On the restoration of the forfeited estates, 1784.

It was not until nearly forty years after "the 'Forty-Five" that the forfeited estates were restored to the families of the partisans of the Young Pretender, and from that time the political distinction of Jacobite may be said to have existed only in name, until it finally expired altogether on the death of Cardinal York, in 1807.

NOTES TO MODERN SONGS.

CLI.

Bonny Dundee.

By Sir Walter Scott. He was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in Edinburgh; he died on the 21st of September, 1832, at Abbotsford. The song refers to Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. (See Note to "Killicrankie," No. iv., p. 430.)

CLII.

Killicrankie. (2).

This is by Burns. "The bauld Pitcur" was Habburton of Pitcur, a man of extraordinary might and valour, and a great favourite with Clavers. When Clavers was mortally wounded, Pitcur accompanied him to a house and saw him taken care of.

CLIII.

It was a' for our rightfu' King.

This is now supposed to be all by Burns. It was contributed by him to Johnson's *Museum* in 1796. It has been generally ascribed to Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquhar, who was with King James II. in his Irish expedition, and was present at the battle of the Boyne. It is also said that he was one of the hundred gentlemen, all of good families, who volunteered to attend James in his exile in France. They afterwards, for the sake of James, submitted voluntarily to become private soldiers in the French service, rather than return to their country with the permission of the government. They were formed into one company, and fought most bravely in Spain and on the Rhine. At the peace of 1696 only sixteen of them remained alive. Of the whole number only four were Roman Catholics; the rest were Protestants of the Episcopalian persuasion, and several of them had been bred as divines. Curiously enough, the greater portion of them were Lowlanders.

CLIV.

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

This appears to be all by Burns. It was contributed to Johnson's *Museum* in 1792. The Whigs who promoted the Union, and strenuously opposed every measure likely to prove favourable to the Stuarts, were the objects of bitter hatred to the partisans of that misguided race.

CLV.

The Braes of Mar.

This is by Alexander Laing of Brechin. It appeared in *The Scottish Minstrel*. Alexander Laing was born at Brechin on the 14th of May, 1787. His father James Laing was a day labourer. Alexander was apprenticed to the trade of flax-dressing and became a heckler for 14 years; he was afterwards a travelling merchant or packman; he died at Brechin on the 14th of October, 1857.

CLVI.

Pray came you here the fight to shun.

A DIALOGUE, ETC.

This is by the Rev. John Barclay, who was born in 1734, and who died in 1798. It is almost a repetition of the incidents related in "The Battle of Sheriff-muir," song No. xliii. (See note, No. xliii., p. 443.)

CLVII.

The Battle of Sherramuir.

This is an edition of the last song by Burns. It appeared in Johnson's *Museum* in 1790.

CLVIII.

The Waes of Scotland.

This song is by Allan Cunningham. The air is known by the name of "The Siller Crown."

CLIX.

Donald Macgillavry.

This is by Hogg. It appeared in his *Jacobite Relics*, and was there quizzingly said by him to be "one of the best songs that ever was

made, and manifestly alludes to one of the risings either in 1715 or 1745." He also called it "a capital old song, and very popular."

CLX.

Lament for the Lord Maxwell.

This is by Allan Cunningham. It appeared in Cromek's *Remains*. It was written on the imprisonment of the Earl of Nithsdale, for the part he took with the English Jacobites who rose simultaneously with the Earl of Mar.

The Earl of Nithsdale was one of those who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried and sentenced to be beheaded; but, by the extraordinary devotion and presence of mind of his wife, he escaped out of the Tower on the 23rd of February, 1715-6, the evening before his intended execution, and lived till 1744, when he died at Rome. The following extract from a letter of Lady Nithsdale's to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the Augustine nuns at Bruges, gives an account of this wonderful escape:—

"On the 22nd of February, which fell on a Thursday, a petition was to be presented to the House of Lords. . . . The subject of the debate was, whether the king had the power to pardon those who has been condemned by Parliament. . . . As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

"The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and I acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned, and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that

in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child, so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so, because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off.

"I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of

voice, bemoaning bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinels should take notice of his walk, but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could.

"At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together; and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions, in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outer chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for the night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant, as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went downstairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor

Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home, and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go upstairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who, they told me, had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming upstairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any farther trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all; however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distress. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that

he had returned to her house, where she had found him ; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite the guard-house. She had but one small room, up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it ; we threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency ; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape ; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has, at present, a good place under our young master.

"This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, yours most affectionately,

"WINIFRED NITHSDALE.

"PALAIS ROYAL DE ROME,

"16th April, 1718."

The public took so great an interest in this adventure, that, for some time after, women's cloaks and hoods, similar to those in which Lord Nithsdale made his escape, were called "Nithsdales."

CLXI.

Derwentwater.

This is by Allan Cunningham. Cromek, in his *Remains*, said that he could not "find any tradition on which this ballad is founded ; it is taken from the recitation of a young girl, in the parish of Kirk-bean, in Galloway." It was one of the many songs which Allan Cunningham pretended to have collected for Cromek among the Nithsdale and Galloway peasantry, but which in reality Cunningham had written himself.

CLXII.

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

This is by Burns, and appeared in Johnson's *Museum* in 1792. Dr. Mackay says the original name of the tune appears to have been, "There's few gude fellows since Jamie's awa'."

CLXIII.

What's a' the steer, Kimmer?

This is taken from *The Scottish Minstrel*, edited by R. A. Smith. It is there signed Robert Allan. Robert Allan was born at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, on the 4th of November, 1774. In his old age he fancied that he was not duly appreciated in his own country, and, in spite of all that his friends could say, he left Scotland and went to New York, and there, a short time after his arrival, he died on the 1st of June, 1841. The air of this song is "The bonny mill-dams o' Balgonie."

CLXIV.

Charlie's Landing.

Lady Nairne wrote this song. Carolina Oliphant, afterwards Lady Nairne, was the daughter of Laurence Oliphant, the laird of Gask, Perthshire; she was born on the 16th of August, 1766. Her grandfather, Laurence Oliphant, served under the Earl of Mar in "the 'Fifteen." He also joined the rising in 1745 under the Young Pretender, and his son Laurence, Lady Nairne's father, was one of Prince Charlie's aides-de-camp, and carried the news of the victory of Prestonpans to Edinburgh.

Lady Nairne is one of the most successful and spirited of modern Jacobite song writers. She died on the 27th of October, 1845, just a hundred years after the events of which she so forcibly sings, and of which she had first-hand evidence from her father.

CLXV.

Wha'll be King but Charlie?

This song was also written by Lady Nairne. It appeared in *The Scottish Minstrel*, and was marked there "unknown."

CLXVI.

Bonny Prince Charlie.

This is by Hogg. It is also called "Cam' ye by Athol."

CLXVII.

Wha's for Scotland and Charlie.

From Dr. C. Mackay's *Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland*.
Anonymous.

CLXVIII.

Welcome, Charlie, o'er the Main.

This is from Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*; he copied it from the *Scot's Magazine* for February, 1817, in which it was signed "F. C. Banks of Clyde."

CLXIX.

Lochiel's Warning.

This poem is by Thomas Campbell. Campbell was born in Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777, and died at Boulogne on the 15th of June, 1844. The hero of the poem, Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron in 1745, was famed for his social virtues as much as for his loyalty to the cause of the Young Chevalier. Lochiel's influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not. When Charles landed, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassavern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him to communicate by letter with Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reason in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you he will make you do what he pleases."

The interview took place, and Lochiel pressed the Young Pretender to return to France and wait for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, money, or adherents; at all events, he advised him to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, that he was determined to put all to the hazard.

"In a few days," he said, "I will erect the royal standard and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

CLXX.

Battle Song.

By Sir Walter Scott. This is the song sung by Flora M'Ivor to Captain Waverley in Scott's novel of *Waverley*. The Young Pretender raised his standard in the valley of Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, 1745. The banner was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine. There is a monument erected on the spot, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Gregory.

CLXXI.

Turn the blue bonnet wha can.

The Ettrick Shepherd was doubtless the author of this, though he says in his *Jacobite Relics*: "Neither this beautiful air nor song have ever been before published. The name is ancient. I dare not take it on me to say so much for either the words or the music."

CLXXII.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel.

This is by Lady Nairne. It appeared in the *Scottish Minstrel* with the signature "S.M."

CLXXIII.

Charlie is my darling.

These words were written by the Ettrick Shepherd. The popularity of the song was chiefly due to the fine air to which it was sung. An older version, called "Charlie, he's my darling," said to be entirely by Burns, was a favourite of Sir Walter Scott's. Near the close of his life, Sir Walter was in Italy; utterly broken and weary with the prodigious intellectual efforts he had been making to pay his debts, he had gone to the "Land of the Sun" for rest and change; but it was too late; the delicate machinery was worn out. One day when near Naples he saw some scenery which reminded him of his native land; he roused, and with brightening eyes, repeated the concluding lines of Burns' version of "Charlie, he's my darling"—

"It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scraggie glen,
We daurna gang a milking
For Charlie and his men."

CLXXIV.

Charlie is my darling. Second Set.

Lady Nairne wrote these words. They appeared in the *Scottish Minstrel* as "unknown."

CLXXV.

On by moss and mountain Green.

This song is descriptive of the feelings of the Highlanders towards the Chevalier and his cause, when fortune had deserted him, and when his difficulties were daily accumulating after the retreat from Stirling to Inverness. In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics* the song appears with the signature "T. G."

CLXXVI.

The Hundred Pipers.

This is by Lady Nairne. On the 15th of November, 1745, Carlisle was surrendered to Prince Charles by the Mayor, in spite of his proclamation to the inhabitants, a few days previously, that his name was not Paterson, a Scotsman, but Pattieson, an Englishman, and that nothing should make him surrender to the Highlanders. Prince Charles entered the town triumphantly on the 17th, preceded by a hundred pipers; but it appears that the "two thousand" Highlanders, mentioned in the song, swam over the Esk on their return from Derby, not on their entry into Carlisle. Mr. G. G. Mounsey, in his *Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle*, says that "the moment they reached the opposite side the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry again."

CLXXVII.

Ye'll mount, gudeman.

This is by Lady Nairne. It appeared in *Lays from Strathearn*. Dr. Charles Rogers, in his *Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*, following Mr. Philip Ainslie, relates that "during the last rebellion, John, twelfth Lord Gray, had, as Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire, waited on the Duke of Cumberland at Dundee, when on his march to the North for the suppression of the insurrection. He was coldly received by the haughty Hanoverian, and his lordship felt so insulted that he rode home hastily

to Kinfauns Castle, resolved on immediately joining the standard of the Prince. His wife, knowing his obstinate adherence to any purpose he had formed, did not venture to oppose his resolution, but as he complained of fatigue, she recommended him to have his feet bathed before he retired to rest. The lady undertook to perform the ablution with her own hands, and when his lordship's unclothed limbs were placed in the bath, she proceeded to pour upon them a kettle of hot water. The baron was so scalded that he was unable to leave his apartment for several weeks. During the interval the public career of the Prince had closed at Culloden."

CLXXVIII.

The Heath Cock.

This is by William Nicholson. He was born at Tannyhaus, Borgue, on the 15th of August, 1782, and he died on the 16th of May, 1849. He was a pedlar or travelling merchant. Hogg calls him "a most singular being, of considerable genius."

CLXXIX.

Lochiel's Farewell.

This is by John Grieve. He was born at Dunfermline on the 12th of September, 1781, and he died on the 4th of April, 1836. Hogg calls the setting a beautiful Gaelic air. After the battle of Culloden, Lochiel escaped to France with Prince Charles, and was there made a colonel of 1000 men, and held the commission until he died in 1748. Dr. Cameron, his brother, was wounded at Culloden by a musket bullet, which entered at the elbow and went along the arm, and then out at the opposite shoulder. The following story was told by Dr. Spence as a reminiscence of his boyhood:—

"When a boy at Linlithgow School, some years after the rebellion ('the 'Forty-five'), I remember Dr. Cameron, brother to the celebrated Lochiel, being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He wore a French light-coloured greatcoat, and rode a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides; but, considering his situation and prospects, looked remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail; and well do I remember, as I remained with the crowd at the prison door, overhearing the doctor within singing to himself his native song of 'Farewell to Lochaber.'

"'We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.'

"Knowing he had just been apprehended in the Highlands, whither he had returned from France, in the vain hope that his defection might be pardoned or forgotten, and that, when I saw him, he was on his way to London, where he suffered upon Tower Hill, the remembrance has made a strong impression upon my mind, and I never since have heard the air of 'Lochaber' without recalling the tone of voice, with all the circumstances of the unhappy situation and fate of Dr. Cameron."

CLXXX.

The Fate of Charlie.

Hogg says that this is by William Nicholson. The last verse goes to show that the author held the notion prevalent among the Highlanders, after the battle of Culloden, that Lord George Murray had behaved treacherously during the battle, and so had destroyed the cause of the Young Pretender. A party among the clans had strong suspicions of Lord George's political integrity, and even went so far as to publish articles of impeachment against him. But these were satisfactorily answered in a letter written by Lord George, or by one of his friends. The opinion now is that he was blameless. He had given offence to the Highland chiefs by his arbitrary manner, and he had, at Culloden, particularly insulted the pride of the Macdonalds by placing them on the left instead of the right of the line. The insult was never forgotten, and was long afterwards urged by the clan as an apology for their otherwise inexplicable conduct in refusing to advance with their leader, the bold Keppoch, who, with a few of his kinsmen, charged the enemy, and was shot down before the eyes of the clan, without their making an effort to save him. Keppoch's dying words were, "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?"

CLXXXI.

Bonny Charlie's now awa'.

This is by Lady Nairne.

CLXXXII.

Bauldy Fraser.

This is by the Ettrick Shepherd. And see Song and Note, No. cxlviii.

CLXXXIII.

When Charlie to the Highlands came.

This is by Robert Allan.

CLXXXIV.

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

William Glen of Glasgow wrote this pathetic little song. The air is "Johnny Faa; or, The Gipsy Laddie." William Glen was born at Glasgow on the 14th of November, 1789; he died in December, 1826. After the battle of Culloden Prince Charles became, literally, a fugitive and an outcast. For more than five months he was surrounded by armed troops, who chased him from hill to dale, from rock to cavern, and from shore to shore. Sometimes he lurked in caves and cottages, without attendants, and without any other support but that which the poorest peasant could supply. Sometimes he was rowed in fishing-boats from isle to isle, among the Hebrides, and often in sight of his pursuers; and, though he was aware that £30,000 was set upon his head, he was obliged to trust to the fidelity of above fifty individuals, many of whom were in the lowest ranks of life. For some days he appeared in woman's attire, and even passed through the midst of his enemies unknown; but he soon changed this disguise for that of a travelling mountaineer, and then wandered about among the woods and heaths, with a matted beard and squalid locks, exposed to hunger, thirst, and weariness, and in continual dread of being discovered. This is one of the favourite songs of Her Majesty the Queen.

CLXXXV.

Lewie Gordon.

A popular song, and written by Dr. Alexander Geddes. Dr. Geddes was born at Arradoul, Rathven, Banffshire, on the 14th of September, 1737. He was a Roman Catholic priest, and celebrated as a theologian and miscellaneous writer. He died in London on the 26th of February, 1802. Lord Lewis Gordon was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. In 1745 he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy; but on Prince Charles's arrival in Scotland he declared for the Young Pretender, and raised three battalions in Aberdeenshire on his behalf. Gordon defeated the Royal forces under the Laird of Macleod, near Inverury, on the 23rd September, 1745; he then marched to Perth, and joined Prince Charles at Edinburgh. After the battle of Culloden he made his escape abroad; he was attainted by Act of Parliament in

1746, and he died in France on the 15th June, 1754. The air of this song is the northern set of "Tarry woo'."

CLXXXVI.

Carlisle Yetts.

This is attributed to Allan Cunningham. It first appeared in Cromek's *Remains*, and was there said to be furnished by Mrs. Copland.

CLXXXVII.

The Highland Widow's Lament.

This is by Burns. It appeared in Johnson's *Museum* in 1796.

The Highlander, though slow and deliberate in civil pursuits, is quite a different being in time of war. One of a clan at the battle of Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set his back against a wall, and with his target and claymore withstood alone the attack of a party of dragoons. Driven to desperation, he made deadly strokes at his enemies, who crowded and got in each other's way to have the individual glory of killing him. "Save that brave fellow!" was the unregarded cry of an officer. Gillies Macbane was eventually cut to pieces, but thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.

CLXXXVIII.

The Change.

The transition from the high hopes of the Jacobites during the early part of "the 'Forty-five" to the despair and desolation which followed the battle of Culloden is dramatically rendered in this graceful poem.

CLXXXIX.

The Old Man's Lament.

This song is ascribed to Cunningham. It appeared in Cromek's *Remains* as furnished by Mrs. Copland.

CXC.

The Lovely Lass o' Inverness.

This is by Burns. It has been often stated that he adapted it from some old lines, but as they never appeared in print before Burns' version, it is probable that he composed the song entirely. It appeared in Johnson's *Museum* in 1796.

CXCI.

The Lovely Lass of Inverness.

This is also ascribed to Cunningham. It appears in Cromek's *Remains*. It was set to music by Oswald.

CXCI.

The Aged Chieftain's Lament.

From *The Scottish Minstrel*. It appeared there signed Robert Allan.

CXCI.

The Chevalier's Lament.

This beautiful lyric by Burns, and the anonymous song which follows it, ascribe sentiments to Prince Charles which it is exceedingly doubtful if he possessed.

CXCI.

Prince Charles's Lament. (1).

This was signed M. L. in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

CXCV.

Prince Charles's Lament. (2).

This is said to be by Mr. Daniel Weir of Greenock, who was born on the 31st of March, 1796, and who died on the 11th of November,

1831. It gives a good and terse description in verse of Charles's wretched state after the battle of Culloden. At one time in his wanderings, after being forty-eight hours without a morsel of food, he was obliged to throw himself upon the honour of a band of robbers, whose only refuge was a rocky cave upon the side of a hill. These poor fellows, however, who only robbed from necessity, proved kind, humane, and honourable men; for though they knew the Prince the moment he was introduced to them, and were aware of the immense price set upon his head, they faithfully kept his secret. One of them, named Hugh Chisholm, came to Edinburgh many years afterwards, and told Home, the author of "Douglas," some interesting particulars. He said that when Charles was brought to their cave by Macdonald of Glenaladale, he had upon his head a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet. Round his neck he wore a dirty clouted handkerchief. His coat was of coarse, dark-coloured cloth; his vest of Stirling tartan, much worn. A belted plaid was his best garment. He had tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he only had one, was of the colour of saffron. Charles remained with this band of robbers for about three weeks. Chisholm always refused to give any one his right hand to shake, saying that he had got a shake of the Prince's hand on parting with him, and was resolved never to give that hand to any man till he should meet with the Prince again.

CXCVI.

Charlie Stuart.

This is from Cromek's *Remains*. It is probably by Allan Cunningham. Hogg says it was evidently composed to the air of "Barbara Allan."

CXCVII.

Drumossie Muir.

The Ettrick Shepherd wrote this song in early youth. He enters indignantly into the common feelings of his countrymen with regard to the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland. So much had the Duke and his minions exceeded the powers vested in them by Government, that it was afterwards found necessary to get Parliament to pass a bill of indemnity to screen him from all future consequences of his violations of the law. When even Lord President Forbes, who was the main prop of the civil government at that period, mildly complained of some outrages against what he called the laws of the land!—

"The laws of the land, my Lord!" exclaimed the Duke, contemptuously. "By G——, I'll make a brigade give laws to the land."

The Scots transmitted the fame of the Duke to posterity in the following epitaph:—

Here continueth to stink
 The memory of William, Duke of Cumberland,
 Who, with unparalleled barbarity,
 And inflexible hardness of heart,
 In spite of all the motives to lenity,
 That policy or humanity could suggest,
 Endeavoured to ruin Scotland
 By all the means a tyrant could invent.
 Nor was he more infamous
 For the monstrous inhumanity of his nature,
 Than fortunate in accumulating
 Titles and wealth ;
 For,
 Without merit,
 Without experience,
 Without military skill,
 He was created a Field-Marshal,
 And rewarded with
 The Profits of two Regiments,
 Besides a settled income of £250,000 a-year !
 He was the only man of his time
 Who acquired the name of a hero
 By the actions of a butchering Provot ;
 For, having with ten thousand regular troops
 Defeated half that number of famished and fatigued militia,
 He murdered the wounded,
 Hanged or starved the prisoners,
 Ravaged the country with fire and sword,
 And
 After thus rioting in continued cruelty,
 He posted off as if in triumph
 With the supposed head
 Of a brave but unfortunate Prince !
 O, generous and loyal reader,
 Although hope may flee thee for a while,
 And truth, and right, and justice be obscured,
 Let not thy spirit altogether sink ;
 Let not this success once tempt thee to despair.
 Heaven, that punisheth our sins,
 Never overlooks such crimes as these.
 Retribution, though often slow, is always sure.
 This disgrace to royalty
 Having filled up the measure of his iniquity,
 At length lost the favour even of his own friends ;
 And, despised by all mankind, floundered in the mud of contempt,
 His success was forgotten,
 His triumph ceased with the occasion that gave it birth,
 His glory vanished like the morning dew ;
 And
 They who once adored him as a hero and a god
 Did at last curse him
 As a madman and a devil !

CXCVIII.

Strathallan's Lament.

This appeared in Johnson's *Museum* in 1788. Burns wrote the words, and Allan Masterton, an Edinburgh schoolmaster, composed the music to which the song is sung. Burns and Masterton were both

generally supposed to be keen Jacobites of the modern school; though Burns says, speaking of himself and Masterton: "As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*." The subject of the song is James, Viscount Strathallan, whose father, Viscount William, was killed at Culloden.

CXCIX.*The Emigrant.*

This was written by the Ettrick Shepherd. It gives a good description of the feelings of an exiled devotee of the cause of the Stuarts. The severity of the Government after "the 'Forty-five" obliged many to go abroad for safety. Most of those who escaped to France belonged to the better classes and although they lost their property, and their families were ruined, they were kindly received by the French Government. A sum was set apart for their maintenance, and many of them received an annual allowance out of it. The Dutch Government, however, yielded to a demand made by the English residing in Holland, and agreed to deliver up twenty Scotsmen who had taken refuge there; but only one of them was arrested; the others escaped into different countries. As an instance of the supposed revengeful feeling of the British Government against the partizans of Charles, the Chevalier Johnstone did not think himself safe in Canada even after a lapse of thirteen years.

CC.*The sun's bright in France.*

This is from Cromek's *Remains*. It is by Allan Cunningham. Cromek gives it in his book as "from Miss Macartney."

CCI.*Flora's Lament.*

All the song-writers who have associated the Prince and Flora Macdonald in their compositions err greatly as to facts. The above song is no exception to the rule.

CCII.

The Exile to his Country.

From Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*; it appears there with the signature M. L. It enters into the feeling of hatred, and the prejudices with which the Union with England was so long and almost universally regarded in Scotland. Many intelligent, well-educated men were known to have favoured the insurrection in 1745, less from attachment to the family of the Stuarts than from a hope that their restoration would lead to a repeal of what was called the detested Union.

CCIII.

Hame, hame, hame.

This is by Allan Cunningham. The version given here appeared in Cromek's *Remains* with the exception of "larks" for "lark" in the first verse, "begun" for "beginning" in the second verse, and "graves" for "grave" in the fourth verse. In the edition of Allan Cunningham's poems edited by his son, Peter Cunningham, in 1847, the song is called "Its Hame and its Hame," and the burden is:—

'Its hame, and its hame, hame fain wad I be
An' its hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!'

CCIV.

Mussel-mou'd Charlie.

Mussel-mou'd Charlie, like Homer, composed and sung his own compositions for his daily bread. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as "an old Aberdeenshire minstrel, the very last, probably, of the race who, according to Percy's definition of the profession, sung his own compositions, and those of others, through the capital of the county, and other towns in that country of gentlemen." The man's name was Charles Leslie, but he was known more generally by the nickname of Mussel-mou'd Charlie, from a singular projection of his under lip. His death was thus announced in the newspapers for October, 1792 (1782)—"Died at Old Rain, Aberdeenshire, aged one hundred and four (five) years, Charles Leslie, a hawker or ballad-singer, well known in that county by the name of Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death." Charles was a devoted Jacobite, and so popular in Aberdeen that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel calling, no other person being allowed, under any pretence, to chaunt ballads on the causeway or plainstanes of "the brave burgh." Most of Mussel-mou'd Charlie's songs were of a jocose character. The following account of him is taken from a letter written by Mr. James Troup (who knew him personally) to Alexander Irvine of Drum:—

"SIR, — Enclosed I send you 'M'Leod's Defeat at Inverury;' allow me also to send you some accounts of Charles Leslie, the last of the Sennachie or old Scots bards, who, I believe, made the first eight lines of the song, or at least some of them.

"Charles Leslie was a natural son of Leslie of Pitcaple, in the Garioch, an old family on Uryside, commonly called Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He was a remarkable, thin-made man, about five feet ten inches high, small, red, fiery eyes, a long chin, reddish hair, and, since I ever knew him, carried a long pike staff, a good deal longer than himself, with a large harden bag slung over his shoulder before him to hold his ballads, and a small pocket covered Bible, with a long string at it.

"About the year 1780, Mr. Wells, painter, took his likeness. The last time I saw Charlie was in Marischal Street, led by a woman, carrying some milk in his hand. I suppose he was blind. The Magistrates of Aberdeen were very ill-natured to him: they often put him into gaol for singing, and asked him what for he did it? 'Why,' says Charlie, 'for a bit of bread.' 'Why,' says the Provost, 'cannot you sing other songs than those rebellious ones?' 'Oh, ay,' says Charlie, 'but they winna buy them.' 'Where do you buy them?' 'Why, for I get them cheapest.'

"He was in gaol when the news of M'Leod's defeat came to town, and a great many more townsmen, until it could hold no more. Mr. Alexander Macdonald, merchant, Broadgate; Mr. Francis Rose, in the Green; and a good many more were put into the guard-house. Mr. Rose was put in for lending Troup, the dancing master, a pair of pistols to go to Inverury. However, next day the accounts came of the defeat, and they were all liberate, and the prisoners from Inverury put in. Charlie was no sooner at the cross than he began to sing 'Come, countrymen,' &c. This I had from an old lass when I was a prentice in town. She was a servant in a gentleman's house—I believe Mr. Turner of Turnerhall—who sent her every day with victuals, &c., to Charlie, who sung the whole daytime to plenty of company; and she and Charlie had the pleasure of standing in the crowd, and saw some gentlemen and Provost James Morison mount the cross, and caused him take off his hat, and drink a glass of red wine to the Prince's health, and proclaim him Prince Regent."

CCV.

By Carnousie's auld wa's.

From the Appendix of Jacobite Songs to Alexander Macdonald's *Wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald*, edited by Peter Buchan. Anonymous.

CCVI.

The last of the Stuarts.

This is by Daniel Weir. It is taken from *The Scottish Minstrel*.

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GLOSSARY.

A', all.
Abeigh, aloof.
Aboon, above.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Ahin, behind.
Ain, own.
Ainsel, ownself.
Air, before; early.
Aith, oath.
Aiver, an old horse; also a goat.
Alane, alone.
Amast, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and.
An, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Aneath, beneath.
Anither, another.
Arles, an earnest or pledge; a piece of money given to confirm a bargain.
Aught, owed; possessed; possession; of consequence.
Auld, old.
Aumrie, a large cupboard.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Ayont, beyond.

Back at the wa', unfortunate, in trouble.
Bag, built.
Baigonet, bayonet.
Bairn, a child.

Baith, both.
Ballock, a narrow pass.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to go hastily.
Bannet, bonnet.
Bannock, a sort of cake of barley, pea, or oatmeal.
Barkit, clotted; hardened; stript.
Bank, a ridge of land; a cross-beam.
Bauld, bold.
Bawbee, a halfpenny.
Bear, barley.
Bedeem, quickly; in addition; in succession.
Bees, confused.
Beets, boots.
Begane, covered.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, a mountain; into the par-lour.
Bend, a leap; a band; leather.
Bent, the field; the plain.
Bested, overpowered.
Beuk, a book.
Bien, pleased; wealthy; plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building; a house.
Bike, perhaps from stem big, to build; a wild bee's nest.
Bin, to move quickly.
Birken, of, or belonging to, the birch tree.
Birk, birch.
Birse, a bristle; temper.
Blad, a blow; a piece.
Blate, bashful.
Blaw, blow.

- Blawn*, blown.
Blink, to glance ; to flash ; to look kindly.
Blude, blood.
Bluidie, bloody.
Bob, to dance ; to curtsy.
Boonermost, } uppermost.
Bonnermost, }
Bonny, }
Bonnie, } handsome ; beautiful.
Bonie, }
Boot, something added.
Bore, a crevice.
Boretree, } the elder tree ; an air-
Bortree, } gun made of a twig
Boortree, } of elder.
Bothy, a cottage or wooden hut.
Bouk, the body ; size.
Bow, kail ; cabbage,
Bow-kail, cabbage with crooked stalk.
Brace, a chimney-piece ; mantel-piece.
Brae, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Brak, to break.
Brankie, gaudy ; pranked up ; smart.
Braw, fine ; handsome ; able-bodied.
Bree, the eyebrow.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, smooth ; burned.
Brunstane, sulphur ; brimstone.
Brither, brother.
Brog, a coarse kind of shoe.
Broost, a spring forward.
Brose, pottage ; broth.
Bruik, to enjoy.
Brulzie, or *brulyie*, a broil or quarrel.
Burn, water ; a brook.
Buskined, dressed ;
Buskit, dressed.
But, used for without.

Ca', to call.
Cadger, a carrier.

Caird, a gipsy ; a tinker.
Cairn, a large heap of stones.
Callan, a boy.
Canna, cannot.
Cantie, } lively ; cheerful ; merry.
Canty, }
Carle, a man ; an old man.
Carlin, an old woman.
Cauld, cold.
Chafed, struck ; chosen.
Cheek, the side of.
Cherman, German.
Chiel, a child ; a servant ; a young fellow.
Clait, cloth.
Clamb, pret. of climb.
Clankie, a rattling hit.
Clappit, pressed down ; collapsed.
Claucht, snatched ; to lay hold of forcibly.
Claw, to scratch ; to thrash.
Cleadin', } clothing.
Cleedin', }
Cleek, to catch.
Cleuch, clever ; a precipice.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clout, a blow ; to repair.
Cluds, clouds.
Cockaud, cockade.
Coggie, diminutive of cog ; a wooden dish ; a drinking cup.
Coot, good.
Corbie, a carrion crow.
Coronach, a dirge.
Corrie, or *correi*, a hollow in a hill.
Cot, God ; coat ; covering.
Cothouse, cottage.
Coup, to overturn.
Couthie, or *couthy*, kind ; loving.
Cowpit, } tumbled.
Cowpet, }
Crack, conversation.
Craw, a crow ; to crow.
Creeshy, greasy.
Crook, to bend ; to halt.
Croon, to emit a moaning sound ; to hum a tune.
Croudy, } a composition of meal
Crowdie, } and water.

Crouse, brisk ; lively.
Crund, the ground.
Cuddy, an ass ; a stupid fellow.
Cuif, a blockhead ; a ninny.
Cumber, benumbed.

Daddy, a father.
Dan, than, imitation Dutch English.
Dane, gentle ; modest ; done.
Dang, beaten back.
Dat, that, imitation Dutch English.
Daudit, thrashed.
Daur, to dare.
Daurna, dare not.
Dawtit, fondled ; caressed.
Deave, to deafen.
Dee, to die.
Describing, describing.*
Deil, devil.
De, the,
Deir, their,
Dem, them,
Den, then,
Dere, there,
Dese, these,
Dey, they,
Dis, this, } imitation Dutch English.
Dight, to wipe ; to clean corn from chaff.
Dighted, cleaned.
Ding, to drive ; to strike.
Dink, to deck ; neat ; trim.
Dinsome, noisy.
Dochter, daughter.
Doit, a small copper coin ; a fool.
Dool, sorrow.
Douce, sober ; prudent ; soft.
Dought, strength ; power ; a deed.
Doup, the buttocks ; the hinder parts.
Dow, a dove ; am, or are able ; can.
Dowie, dull ; spiritless ; despondingly.
Downa, cannot ; am not ; or are not able.

Drap, drop.
Drappit, dropped.
Dree, to suffer ; to endure.
Drone, part of a bagpipe ; the hinder parts.
Drouth, thirst ; drought.
Duds, clothes ; rags.
Dule, grief.
Dung, worsted ; pushed ; driven.
Dunnie wassal, a nobleman ; a gentleman of secondary rank.
Dwalling, a dwelling.

Edicang, aide-de-camp.
Ee, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
Eerie, timorous.
Eild, old ; old age.
Eizels, hot embers ; the ruins of a country desolated by war.
Eldritch, ghastly ; frightful.
Elwand, an instrument for measuring.
Eneugh, enough.
Ether, an adder.
Ettle, to try ; to attempt ; to expect.

Fa', fall ; lot ; to fall.
Fader, father.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam of the sea.
Fa'n, fallen.
Fand, found.
Fared, ready ; prepared.
Fat, what.
Faught, struggle.
Fauld, to fold.
Fau'tor, transgressor.
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Fecht, to fight.
Feck, vigorous ; many.
Fekless, weak ; worthless.
Fell, hot ; clever ; keen ; a large quantity.
Felly, relentless.
Ferlie, a wonder.

Fey, unfortunate ; a foe.
Fient, corruption from fiend, used as an oath.
Fier, sound ; healthy.
Fidge, to fidget.
File, to soil ; to dirty.
Fil, foot.
Flamm, to baste meat while roasting.
Flang, threw with violence ; danced.
Flaw, a blast of wind.
Fleech, to flatter.
Fleg, a kick ; a blow ; a fright.
Fley, to scare ; to frighten.
Fling, to kick as a horse.
Flype, a sort of leather apron used when digging.
Flyting, the act of scolding.
Foggie, mossy ; dull ; an invalid or garrison soldier.
Fortye, past ; besides ; very.
Forpade, forbade.
Fou, or *fu*, full ; drunk.
Fouth, plenty ; enough.
Frae, from.
Fu, full.
Fuds, the hinder parts.
Fur, a furrow ; went ; fared.
Fyle—see *File*.

Gae, to go.
Gaen, gone.
Gane, gone.
Gang, to go.
Gar, to cause ; to force to.
Gart, forced to.
Gartened, gartered.
Gate, a way.
Gaud, a goad ; a trick.
Gaun, going.
Gaw, a little ditch or trench ; a grip.
Gear, warlike accoutrements ; goods.
Geck, to toss the head in scorn or wantonness.
Gi, or *gie*, to give.
Gif, if.

Gin, if.
Girdle, a plate of iron used for toasting cakes.
Girnin, grinning.
Glaive, a sword.
Glamourye, glamour.
Glaum, to grasp ; to snatch at eagerly ; an ineffectual grasp.
Gled, a hawk or kite.
Glent, a glance ; a sudden stroke.
Gleyed, squint-eyed ; oblique ; gone wrong.
Glinting, peeping ; glancing.
Gloaming, evening ; twilight.
Gloom, to grow dark ; to look morose.
Glour, or *glour*, to stare.
Goosie, a young sow.
Gouk, or *gowk*, the cuckoo ; hawk-weed ; a fool.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy ; dandelion.
Gowd, gold.
Graith, gear ; accoutrements ; to make ready.
Graned, groaned.
Grat, wept.
Gree, to reconcile those at variance ; pre-eminence.
Greet, to weep.
Gripped, } seized.
Grippit, }
Gruitten, cried.
Gude, God ; good.
Guidit, guided.
Gully, a large knife.

Ha, hall.
Hae, to have.
Haffet, the side of the head.
Hain, to spare ; to save.
Haith, a minced oath.
Hale, whole.
Hallowe'en, the evening preceding All-hallows.
Hame, home.
Han, hand.
Hank, to fasten ; a coil.

Hap, an outer garment ; mantle.
Hatter, a heap or cluster.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, valleys ; low-lying rich lands.
Hawkit, foolishly ; having a white face (applied to cattle).
Helmy, rainy.
Hettest, hottest.
Hieland, highland.
Hing, to hang.
Hirst, the summit of a hill ; threshold ; a resting place.
Housie, a small house.
Howe, a hollow or dell.
Howlet, an owl.
Hund, a dog.
Hurdies, the loins.

Ilk, } each ; every.
Ilka, }
Ither, other ; each other.

Jag, to pierce.
Jimp, to jump ; slender in the waist ; handsome.
Jimpy, slender.
Jock to leg, a folding knife.

Kail, colewort ; a kind of broth.
Kame, a comb.
Kane, tribute.
Ken, to know.
Kend, or *kent*, knew.
Kilt, a loose dress worn by the Highlanders in the form of a petticoat.
Kimmer, a gossip.
Kin, kind.
Kipple, to fasten together ; a rafter.
Kirk, church.
Kittle, to tickle ; ticklish ; difficult.
Knapping, a hammer ; a hammer for breaking stones.
Knock, a hill ; a knoll.
Knowe, a small round hillock.

Kye, cows.
Kyle, the central part of Ayrshire ; a sound ; a strait.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover ; to show one's-self.

Laigh, low.
Laith, loth.
Lane, lone ; *her lane*, herself alone ; *my lane*, myself alone.
Lang, long.
Langsyne, long since.
Lat, to let ; to permit ; to leave ; to hinder.
Lave, the rest ; the leavings ; the others.
Laverock, the lark.
Leal, loyal ; true.
Leelang, livelong.
Leeze me, a phrase of strong affection, meaning—O attach me to some loved object ; I am happy in thee.
Leugh, did laugh ; low.
Lift, sky ; firmament.
Lilt, an air ; a ballad ; to sing.
Lingel, to bind firmly ; a bandage.
Linkin, tripping along ; walking smartly.
Lisk, the groin.
Lo'e, love ; to love.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Lookit, looked.
Loon, *loun*, or *loun*, a worthless person ; a ragamuffin.
Loup, a jump ; a leap ; to jump ; to leap.
Lug, the ear.
Luve, love ; to love.
Lyart, grey ; of various hues.

Mae, more.
Maen, to mourn.
Mailin, or *mailen*, a farm.
Mair, more.
Maist, most ; almost.

Mane, a moan.
Mang, among.
Maukin, a hare ; a half-grown female.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Meikle—see *Muckle*.
Merle, the blackbird.
Mickle—see *Muckle*.
Midden, or *middin*, a dunghill.
Minnie, mother ; dam.
Mint, to aim ; to attempt.
Mird, to meddle.
Mirk, dark ; darkness.
Mither, mother.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Mools, earth ; mould ; the dust of the dead.
Morn, to-morrow ; the next day.
Mou', the mouth.
Muckle, much ; great ; big.
Muir, a heath ; a moor.
Mysel', myself.

Na', no ; not ; nor.
Nae, no ; not any.
Naething, nothing.
Nainsell, ownself.
Nane, none.
Naur, near.
Neb, the beak of a bird ; the nose.
Neist, or *niest*, next.
Neither, neither.
Neuk, corner.
Nicht, night.
Nieve, or *nief*, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niffer, to exchange ; to barter.
Ninglan', England.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, or *norlan*, belonging to the North country.

O', of.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, sometimes used for before, ere.
O't, of it.

Ower, *owre*, *ow'r*, over.
Owsen, oxen.

Pack, back ; intimate ; twelve stone of wool.
Paiks, a beating ; a drubbing.
Pairt, part.
Pang, to cram.
Pannel, one brought to the bar of a court for trial.
Parshments, parchments.
Pase, base.
Pat, a pot ; did put.
Pauld, bold.
Pawky, or *paukie*, sly ; cunning.
Pe, be.
Pelled, belted.
Peside, beside.
Pessie pie, a pie baked for Easter.
Philabeg, or *philibeg*, the Highland kill.
Pibroch, a Highland or martial air suited to the bagpipe.
Plack, an old Scottish copper coin, the third part of a penny.
Plade, blade.
Plaid, an outer loose weed of tartan worn by the Highlanders.
Plaidie, diminutive of plaid.
Pleugh, or *plew*, a plough.
Flood, blood.
Plue, blue.
Pluff, bluff.
Ponnet, bonnet.
Ponny, bonny.
Pore, bore.
Poth, both.
Pouk, to pluck.
Pow, the head ; the skull.
Praif, brave.
Praith, breath.
Preak, break.
Preeks, breeches.
Prick't, fastened by a wooden skewer.
Prig, to cheapen ; to dispute ; to importune.
Priggin, cheapening ; haggling.

Prin, to pin.
Pring, bring.
Prod, to job; to prick.
Propine, to lay down; to propose;
 a present; drink money.
Pu', to pull.
Puir, poor.
Purn, to burn.
Put, but.

Quaich, a small and shallow drinking cup with two ears.
Quat, to quit; released from.

Rade, an invasion; an attack.
Rae, an enclosure for cattle; a roe.
Ranting, or *rantin*, joyous.
Raw, a row; a rank.
Reade, perhaps a correction of the English rod; a kind of sceptre.
Reave, to take by force; to rove.
Reaver, a robber.
Reck, to heed.
Reef'd, rumoured.
Reek, smoke.
Reekit, smoked.
Reirde, a loud report.
Remeade, or *remead*, remedy.
Rief, plenty.
Rig, a ridge; a tumult; a frolic.
Riggin, the back; the ridge of a house.
Rin, to run.
Rippet, uproar; disturbance of mind.
Rippling-kame, the wide-toothed comb used for separating the seed of flax from the stalks.
Rive, a rent or tear; to plough.
Rock, or *roke*, the distaff.
Rokelay, a short cloak.
Roopit, or *roupet*, hoarse; as with a cold.
Roust, to cry; to bellow.
Rout, to bellow; to roar; to strike.
Routh, plenty; plentiful.

Rung, a cudgel; worn out by fatigue.
Runt, the trunk of a tree; the stem of colewort; an old cow.

Sab, sob.
Sae, so.
Safily, softly.
Sair, a sore; to serve.
Sairly, sorely.
Sall, shall; stole.
Sang, song.
Sanna, shall not.
Sark, a shirt; a shift.
Saul, the soul.
Saut, salt.
Sax, six.
Scaith, to damage; to injure; injury.
Scaud, to scauld.
Scawed, faded; marked.
Scour, to whip; to flog; to beat.
Scanner, to loathe; to shun.
Sel, self.
Sennachie, a Highland bard.
Shabble, a crooked sword.
Shaft, a handle.
Shafts, a kind of woollen cloth.
Shank, a handle.
Shar'd, charged.
Shaver, a wag; a barber.
Shaw, to show.
Sheaper, cheaper.
Sheen, the pupil of the eye; bright; shining.
Sheer, to divide; to part.
Shentleman, gentleman.
Sheugh, a ditch; a trench.
Sheuighing, planting in a trench or furrow.
Shiel', a shed; a shepherd's cottage.
Shoon, shoes.
Shouter, shoulder.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such kind of.
Sickerly, surely.
Siller, silver.

Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Sinder, to sunder.
Sinsyne, since then.
Skaith—see *Scaith*.
Skale, a skimming dish.
Skeigh, or *skiegh*, proud; nice; high metttled; to startle.
Skelp, to strike; to beat; to walk quickly.
Skyrin, shining; making a great show; partly coloured; the checks of the tartan.
Slab, to sup greedily.
Slae, the sloe.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; to slip; to escape; to carry off.
Sleekit, or *Sleeket*, smooth; sleek; sly.
Sma', small.
Smooored, smothered.
Snaw, snow.
Snell, keen; sharp; bitter.
Sodger, or *Soger*, a soldier.
Sough, a sigh; a throb; a stroke; a blow.
Souk, to suck.
Souks, the flower of red clover.
Souple, flexible; swift.
Sowen, paste.
Sowens, flummery; the fine flour left among the seeds of oatmeal after boiling and straining.
Speir, or *spier*, to enquire; to ask.
Spring, a quick air in music; a Scottish reel.
Sprush, spruce.
Spunk, fire; mettle; wit.
Sta', sty; stole
Stanced, stationed.
Stane, a stone; a weight of wool.
Stank, a pool of standing water; did stink.
Starns, stars.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, disturbance; to molest; to meddle with; to stir.

Stock, a plant or root of colewort; cabbage, etc.
Stound, a moment; a sudden pain at the heart.
Stoup, or *stoup*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoup, and *roup*, completely.
Stoure, or *stour*, dust in motion; trouble.
Stoun, stolen.
Strack, did strike; strict.
Strade, strode.
Strae, straw.
Straik, to stroke; did strike; a stroke; a blow.
Strang, strong.
Straught, straight.
Streekit, stretched; extended.
Sud, should.
Swaird, sword; the smooth grass.
Swappit, exchanged; rolled or huddled together.
Swarf, swoon.
Swoor, or *swure*, did swear; swore.
Syne, since; ago; then.

Tae, a toe.
Ta'en, taken.
Tak, to take.
Tane, taken.
T'ane, the one.
Tangleness, indecision; fluctuation.
Tap, the top.
Targe, a shield.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tartan, cloth checkered with stripes of various colours.
Tat, that.
Tay, they.
Te, the.
Tee, die.
Teeds, deeds.
Teil, a busybody; the devil.
Tem, them.
Teplore, deplore.
Ten, then.

Ter, their.
Tere, there.
Tough, tough.
Thae, those.
Thegither, together.
Thrang, a throng; a crowd; bustle.
Thrave, 24 sheaves of corn, including 2 shocks.
Thraw, a twist; a contradiction; to sprain; to twist; to wreath; to throw.
Thrawart, athwart; perverse.
Threity, thirty.
Thri'en, thriven.
Thrissle, or *thistle*, thistle.
Thud, to strike; to make a loud intermittent noise.
Till, to.
Tine, to lose.
Ting, thing.
Tink, think.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint, lost.
Tirr, to tear; crabbed.
Tirty, dirty.
Tither, the other.
Tod, a fox.
Toom, empty.
Toon, down.
Toor, door.
Tottle, to boil; to walk with short steps.
Touk, a stroke; a blow.
Tow, a rope.
Town, or *toun*, down; a farmhouse; a hamlet.
Tragoon, dragoon.
Traw, draw.
Trews, trousers.
Trig, spruce; neat.
Triggin, decking out.
Trindling, trundling.
Trone, a throne; a trowel.
Trow, to believe.
Tryste, an appointment to meet; an engagement.
Turnimspike, turnpike.
Twa, two.

Tyke, a dog; a selfish, snarling fellow.
Unco, strange; uncouth; prodigious; unknown; very.
Uncos, news; strangers.
Vat, what, imitation Dutch English.
Vaudie, gay; showy; vain.
Vay, way,
Weak, weak, } imitation Dutch
Vell, well, } English.
Ven, when,
Vench, wench, }
Vera, very.
Vill, will, }
Viss, wish, } imitation Dutch
Vit, with, } English.
Voe, woe, }
Vogie, vain; merry.
Vold, would,
Von, one, } imitation Dutch
Vonder, wonder, } English.
Vrom, from, }
Wa', wall; woe; grief. See *Back at the wa'*.
Wa's, walls.
Wab, a web.
Wad, would; to bet; a bet; a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe; sorrowful.
Wae'fu', woeful; sorrowful.
Wae's me, alas! O the pity!
Walyfu', woe be to.
Wame, belly.
Wan, won; black; gloomy.
Wansony, mischievous.
Wark, work.
Warld, world.
Warst, worst.
Wat, to know; to wot; wet.
Waught, a draught; a copious drink; to quaff.
Wauk, to watch; to wake; to full cloth.

Wauken, to awake.
Wauking, waking ; watching.
Waur, worse.
Waygate, space ; room.
Wee, little ; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well.
Weel-faured, well favoured ; handsome.
Weet, rain ; wet.
Weigh-bauk, a balance ; in a state of indecision.
Weir, or *wier*, war.
Weird, fate.
Weirdly, happy ; prosperous.
Wha, who.
Wham, whom ; a wide and flat glen ; a blow.
Whan, when.
Whar, or *whare*, where.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whig, to go quickly.
Whilk, which.
Whinging, *whingin*, or *whingen*, crying ; complaining.
Whisk, to sweep ; to lash.
White, to white or whittle a stick with a knife ; the origin of the American expression whittle.

Wi', with.
Wife, a diminutive term for wife.
Wight, a man ; a person.
Win, delight ; to give ; *win hame*, to get home.
Win', wind ; to wind ; to winnow.
Windlestraw, smooth crested grass ; any trifling obstacle.
Winna, will not.
Wiss, to wish.
Wit, to know ; information.
Woo, to court ; to make love to.
Woo', wool.
Wooster, a suitor ; a wooer.
Wow! an exclamation of surprise or pleasure.
Wrang, wrong.
Wud, mad.

Yaud, an old mare.
Yerk, { to beat ; to do anything
 with agility ; to bind
 tightly ; a smart blow.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Yird, earth.
Yousfed, struck forcibly.
Yoursel', yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.

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